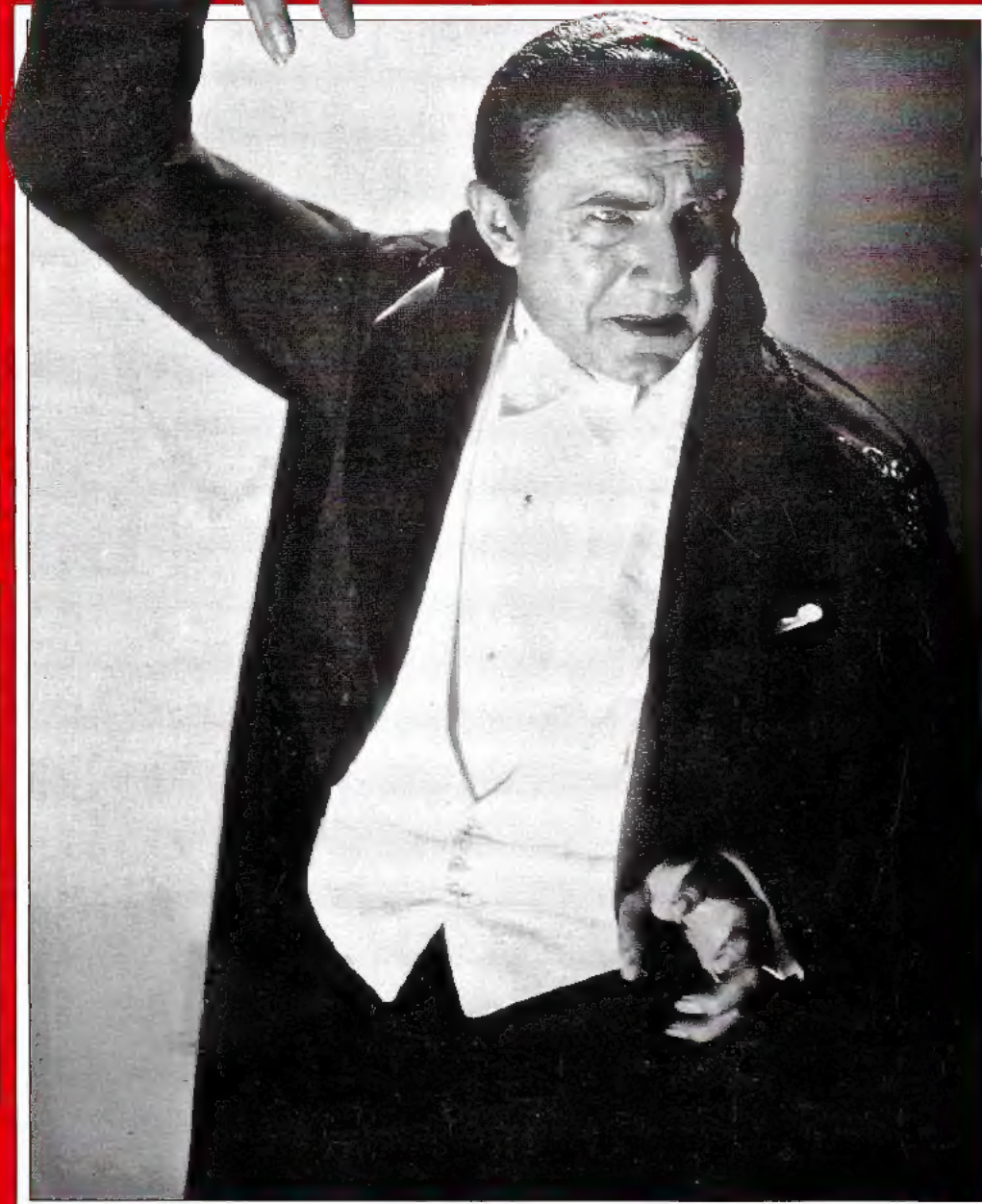


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The Magazine of Mystery and Horror

No. 12/Fall 1993/\$4.95 U.S./\$5.95 Can.



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COVER PHOTOS: Bela Lugosi, Carroll Borland in *MARK OF THE VAMPIRE* (1935), Ruth Roman in *THE WINDOW* (1949), and the Gill Man in *CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON* (1954).

Scarlet Letters

I just want to thank you for such a well written and really nice interview in the summer issue. It honestly is one of the best interviews on myself that I have ever read, and I sincerely thank you for your kindness and professionalism in putting it together so cohesively, intelligently, and most of all, entertainingly with all the correct information! I was truly pleased when I read it, and I need to go out and get several more copies!

Thank you again. We're all looking forward to THE FANTASTIC FOUR film debut!

Rebecca Staab
Burbank, CA

And thanks to the Invisible Girl for revealing herself in our pages. If any one spies a few copies of Scarlet Street floating off the newsstand and down the street, you'll know who's got 'em.

Thank you for remembering to send a copy of your magazine [Scarlet Street #10] to me. I enjoyed the interview you conducted with me last fall and I enjoyed seeing it in print even more. I went out and bought copies for other members of the BATMAN team. Your magazine is a highly professional operation and you should be proud.

As of this writing, the Fox network has ordered 20 new episodes of BATMAN. We've recorded eight so far, with Robin appearing in five. The network specifically asked for "more Robin," so I hope to be in a lot of the new episodes.

Loren Lester
Reseda, CA

First the Invisible Girl, and now Robin the Boy Wonder—who's next, Baby Huey?

I was perusing the magazine rack at the Barnes and Noble Bookstore in Lawrence Park Shopping Center and happened upon Issue #11 of your excellent magazine. I mention the store because it was on the very foundation of the building that the Lawrence Park movie theatre used to exist. This theatre used to show great Saturday afternoon matinees; it was there that I saw a double feature of TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE and WISTFUL WIDOW OF WAGON GAP. TEENAGERS always

stuck with me for some reason, and imagine my surprise to see a magazine on the stands with a great article on it, on the very site of the theatre where I originally saw it. Everything comes around full circle, as they say.

Anyway, thanks for the article on a much beloved old gem from my childhood past. Your magazine has class, looks good, and reads great! One question: If I get a subscription, do you send out your issues in plastic bags, or do I run the risk of the old U. S. Postal Mangle and Mutilate Department?

Gary W. Roberson
Broomall, PA

Hey, Gary, look what mangling and mutilating did for Dr. Moreau! Actually, we've had few complaints about damaged goods—and when we have, we've gladly sent out a new copy upon receipt of the mangled mag. (Just get it back to us within one month of receiving it). It's a great time to subscribe, too—just check out the ad on page 6.

WANTED: MORE READERS LIKE . . .



Carroll Borland



Earl Logan displays a remarkable ignorance of Edward L. Cahn's career when he needlessly and offensively denigrates the director's abilities in his article I WAS A TEENAGE . . . (Scarlet Street #11).

Eddie Cahn was a film editor and assistant director in the days of silent movies. In the early sound era, he was the chief editor at Universal Pictures. He became a full-fledged director in the 1930s with one of the most outstanding Westerns of the period, LAW AND ORDER, starring Walter Huston and Harry Carey. He directed the acclaimed gangster melodrama AFRAID TO TALK with a star cast that included Sidney Fox, Louis Calhern, Edward Arnold, and Eric Linden, followed by such Universal successes as RADIO PATROL and LAUGHTER IN HELL, among others.

Long before American International Pictures, his career included stints at RKO Radio, MGM (certainly not noted for "cranking out the sort of films that one might expect from the pod people of Santa Mira"), and United Artists.

Unfortunately, Eddie is no longer around to defend himself against such libelous statements. However, if Logan had taken the trouble to speak with someone like my brother, Alex Gordon, who produced a number of the films that Cahn directed at AIP, he could have easily obtained all of the above information and more, plus a firsthand appraisal of Eddie's abilities from a man who knew him well and respected his experience.

I hope that Scarlet Street charged Anthony Slide, "Author, The Slide Area," its normal advertising rates for the letter in which Slide promotes the sale of his book A History of Female and Male Impersonators in the Performing Arts. Readers wishing to know more than has already been published about Arthur Lucan, a.k.a. Old Mother Riley, can obtain the infor-

Continued on page 12

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The Magazine of Mystery and Horror

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Beginning with the Winter 1994 issue, *Scarlet Street* will undergo a barely noticeable one-dollar price increase—but, if you act fast, you can still get a four-issue subscription at the same ol' price of \$18. (That's a savings of almost \$1.50 per issue off the cover price—and we'll throw in the mag's insides for free!)

Subscribers—you can take advantage of this great offer, too! Sign up now and four more issues will be yours after your current subscription expires!

Is *Scarlet Street* worth the price? Hey, don't just take our word for it:

Gosh! Wow! Boy, oh boy! *Scarlet Street* has taken a quantum jump into the lead among imagi-movie magazines!

—Forrest J Ackerman

I loved the "spread" on my work and all the nice comments.

—Vincent Price

Scarlet Street is a delight!

—George Baxt

It's a really intriguing magazine. I enjoyed every article.

—Jack Larson

Everything about *Scarlet Street* appeals to the perverse lust for lunacy in me. Congratulations on a job well done.

—Rex Reed

Your standards are beautifully high.

—Yvette Vickers

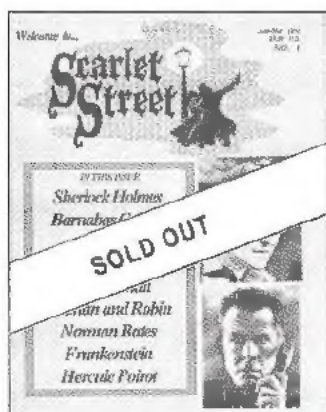
It's really outstanding!

—Robert Bloch

It's truly a terrific magazine! I don't know how you manage to pack so much in one issue. If you can't find something you like in this publication, you might as well give up.

—Neal Barrett, Jr.

... and don't forget these **CHILLING** back issues!



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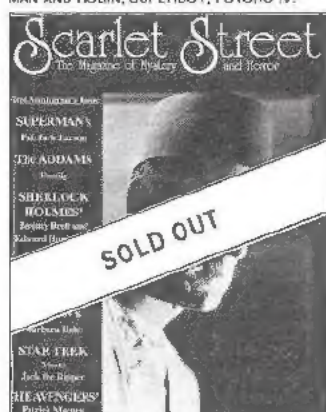
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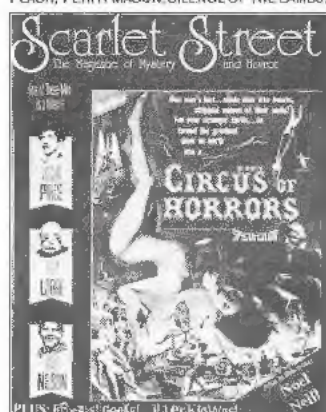
No. 3 (Reprint): THE MAD DOCTOR, DARK SHADOWS, NIGHT OF THE HUNTER, TARZAN, BLACK SUNDAY, THE LODGER, THE DANCING MEN.



No. 4: Christopher Lee, RETURN OF DRACULA, THE LODGER, THE CRUCIFER OF BLOOD, Zachary, Gerard Christopher, BURN WITCH BURN.



No. 5: Barbara Hale, Patrick Macnee, Jack Larson, THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED, Jeremy Brett, Edward Hardwicke, Christopher Lee, Universal vs. Hammer Films, David Suchet, Narciso Ibañez Serrador.



No. 6: CIRCUS OF HORRORS, Noel Nell, David Nelson, THE MASTER BLACKMAILER, VAMPIRE CIRCUS, BATMAN, NIGHTMARE ALLEY, FREAKS, GORG, BERSERK!



No. 7: Vincent Price, John Moulder-Brown, Yvette Vickers, TOMB OF LIGEIA, THE SUSSEX VAMPIRE, Joan Hickson, BLUEBEARD, Elizabeth Shepherd, HOUSE OF WAX, THE RAVEN, LAURA.



No. 8: Peter Cushing, Rosalie Williams, John Landis, BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA, FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN, DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS, SLEEPING MURDER.



No. 9: Richard Denning, Joan Bennett, Thomas Beck, THE BLACK SCORPION, CHARLIE CHAN AT THE OPERA, Veronica Carlson, Peter Cushing, FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED.



No. 10: Tommy Kirk, Tim Considine, Beverly Garland, THE ALLIGATOR PEOPLE, THE HARDY BOYS, AND THEN THERE WERE NONE, BATMAN: THE ANIMATED SERIES.



No. 11: Shelley Winters, Curtis Harrington, Gale Sondergaard, THE FANTASTIC FOUR, ABBOTT & COSTELLO, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HELEN?, TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE, Bob Hastings.



No. 12: Ruth Roman, THE KILLING KIND, THE UNINVITED, Ruth Hussey, I BURY THE LIVING, Aron Kincaid, Carroll Borland, The Bela Lugosi Scrapbook, Zachary's Lost TV Show, Elizabeth Russell.

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Frankly Scarlet

Lately, conventions from coast to coast have been busting out all over with Scream Queens—those overdeveloped beauties who pop up in such instantly disposable classics as *BAD GIRLS FROM MARS* (1990) and *SORORITY BABES IN THE SLIMEBALL BOWL-A-RAMA* (1987)—but, when the *Scarlet Street* staff gathered last spring to shoot its first television commercial, we found that we had inadvertently cast a Horror Hunk! (Well, he was just plain Hunk when we cast him, but the shoot filled him with Horror!) Joe Pallister was the first of dozens of actors auditioned by Jessie Lilley (Madame Publisher), associate editor Tom Amorosi, and yours truly, and little did we know when we offered him the part that we had hired 1993's *Playgirl* Man of the Year!

It wasn't till we noticed that Joltin' Joe's résumé included appearances on *STUDS*, *REAL PERSONAL*, *LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT*, *THE GAME OF LOVE*, *MONTEL WILLIAMS*, and *MAURY POVICH* that we knew what



Reprinted courtesy of Playgirl

we had wasn't a run-of-DeMille struggling young actor/waiter.

Well, a Horror Hunk makes sense, doesn't it? As far as I can tell, *Scarlet Street* is the only horror and mystery mag with a woman publisher, and we do have a very large female following. (No, no, I don't mean Brigitte Nielsen . . .) Besides, Scream Queen fanatics will be more than satisfied when they catch our *Scarlet Street* discovery, Susanna Hobrath, screaming her lovely lungs out while menaced by a maniacal mad doc and his maleficent monster. Susanna's a ravishing redhead, so we knew she'd be perfect for *Scarlet Street*.

Elsewhere in this ish, you'll find a rockin', rollin' article about Zacherley's late, lamented DISC-O-TEEN, and an anecdote concerning the author, Richard Scrivani, dressing up as the Frankenstein Monster and finding himself outclassed by budding make-up wizard Michael R. Thomas. Well, guess what? Rich plays the monster in our movie-within-a-commercial, and he was cosmetically "created" by none other than one of SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE's top makeup wizards, Mike Thomas—who was also on hand to play our ad's slightly cracked scientist! (Anyone for a chorus of "Small World?") Mike has a list of creditable credits to his name, including *THE SENTINEL* (1977) and the recently lensed *WAYNE'S WORLD II*. He also contributed a great piece on the classic Frankenstein Monster makeup to *Scarlet Street* #9, and we hope to have him back in our pages soon.

Monster-maker Mike wasn't the only wiz kid working to make the commercial a horrifying reality. Director Paul Scrabo worked miracles on a minuscule budget, taking the terrific storyboard drawings rendered by *Scarlet Street* art director John Payne and bringing them frighteningly to life. We could never have done it without John or Paul—and, even if we had done it, no one would have been able to see it without lighting director George

Ann Muller, who lit our two sets to perfection. (John, Paul, George Ann—where's Ringo, and does he know that Harrison had the operation?) No flash in the pan, George Ann is a lighting di-



ABOVE: Is it Hazel Court feeding Christopher Lee in a famed *CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1957) publicity shot? No, it's Susanna Hobrath courting "monster" Richard Scrivani. BOTTOM LEFT: Playgirl coverboy Joe Pallister has a meaty role in the new *Scarlet Street* commercial.

Scarlet Street photos by Elinor Bernstein

rector for NBC, lighting such proud-as-a-peacock programs as *THE TODAY SHOW* and *DONAHUE*.

Paul, whose company is called P. S. Productions, not only directed our mini-masterpiece, he also did the editing, mixed the sound, and even found the requisite tinny horror-movie music. His credits include putting together a featurette for John Delancie (Q on *STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION*), working with MGM/UA on the restoration of *IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD* (1963), and interviewing participants for *SOMETHING A LITTLE LESS SERIOUS*, a documentary on the making of the film. In his spare seconds, Paul is a video editor for NBC.

The *Scarlet Street* commercial will be playing in select markets this fall. Hope you catch it, and I hope casting directors look to Susanna Hobrath and Joe Pallister the next time they need a pair of very talented actors.

It's autumn in *Scarlet Street* and time for our swimsuit issue! Just kidding, kids, but we did find, while putting this edition together, that several pieces included photos of their subjects in swim gear. So, if you want to see what folks won't be wearing on the beach this winter, check out Ruth Roman, Aron Kincaid, Julie Adams (in comic-book form), Kirk Douglas, Elizabeth Russell, John Savage—and even Zacherley! Surf's up!

Itsy bitsy bikinis aside, don't miss the chilling articles on *THE UNINVITED* (1944) and *I BURY THE LIVING* (1958) from the nimble-fingered Brunas boys, John and Michael. (Personally, I bury the uninvited; let that be a warning to anyone who shows up unbidden on my doorstep.) This talented brother act has been with *Scarlet Street* from

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ALL HORROR!

AT MIDNIGHT I'LL TAKE YOUR SOUL • 1963 •

The first appearance of Coffin Joe (Jose' Mojica Marins). The evil hero is a grave-digger who haunts a small town in search of the woman who will give him the perfect son to continue his legacy of horror. A classic of South American Horror, this is a gruesome piece of art and a masterpiece of gore and blood. Makes *Night of the Living Dead* look like *Driving Miss Daisy*! A movie that hasn't lost its power after 30 years and a must-see for all of Mojica's fans!



STRANGE WORLD OF COFFIN JOE • 1968 •

3 episodes of blood, horror and despair. The first story shows a bizarre dollmaker whose creations look almost human. Almost? In the second story, Mojica shows us the pleasures and dangers of necrophilia. Then, in the third episode—in order to prove his theory that love is dead—Coffin Joe (Mojica) appears disguised as a doctor. He captures and tortures a couple of non-believers in the most bizarre, cruel and nail-biting moments ever put on celluloid.



AWAKENINGS OF THE BEAST • 1968 •

This movie is so grotesque—and so ahead of its time—that the Brazilian military dictatorship banned it from video and theatres for 18 years! 'The Beast' of the title is LSD. Mojica shows the suffering of a drug user who is tormented by visions of terror and pain.

It's like *The Haunting* on acid! *Awakenings of the Beast* is a psychedelic jigsaw of violence and incredible images.



HALLUCINATIONS OF A DERANGED MIND • 1970 •

Mojica put together all the scenes that were censored by the military dictatorship in Brazil in one movie! *Hallucinations of a Deranged Mind* shows the curse of a young man haunted in his dreams by Coffin Joe. For the first time, Mojica's fans can see the banned scenes from over ten of his movies! It's a mix of color and black & white scenes which prove the genius of this director and actor.



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SOMETHING
WEIRD
VIDEO



LEFT: Director Paul Scrabo sets up a tricky blue-screen shot with Richard Scrivani. **RIGHT:** Madame Publisher thought she was a smooth operator 'til she met the Mad Doctor of Scarlet Street and his madcap crew. Pictured: Joe Pallister, Richard Scrivani, Susanna Hobrath, Michael R. Thomas, and (cringing) Jessie Lilley.

the very beginning, and words can't convey how much we appreciate their writing, their support, and their friendship. Also their parties.

A tip of the cranium, too, to the essential Sean Farrell, without whom we'd never finish an issue. Sean not only writes for our merry mag, he also transcribes the vast majority of our interviews.

Ah, many's the night Sean's had a celebrity stuck in his ear . . .

New to *Scarlet Street* are Steven Eramo (with an incisive Kevin Whately interview), Ross Care (with our new music column), and Don G. Smith, who opens Bela Lugosi's scrapbooks to *Scarlet Streeters* everywhere.

Back in Issue #10, I mentioned that my Dad was a tugboat captain on the Hudson River, and that I used to spend weekends on the tug. That's why I saw the Stockholm entering New York harbor after its collision with the Andrea Doria. And for what that has to do with a mag called *Scarlet Street*, turn to the Ruth Roman interview on page 46.

Next issue marks our fantastic (some might claim unbelievable) third anniversary, and we've got a lot of surprises in store for you. Unfortunately, one of them is a small price hike, but economic necessity makes it—

how shall I say?—economically necessary to up the price a dollar. Readers have asked us how we can pack so much intriguing material into one mag, and one of the answers is that we don't treat *Scarlet Street* as if it were a mere catalogue for our own products. Sure, we offer subscriptions, back issues, mugs, and T-shirts, but we're not in the video or audio business; we're in the magazine business, and we're going to remain here.

Naturally, that means that our revenue comes almost entirely from the sale of said mags, and it has to keep pace with rising costs in printing, mailing, therapy, etc. One of the things we will not do to meet expenses is lower the editorial content of *Scarlet Street*, or in any way deny our crazed readers the quality they have come to expect from us. One of the things you may want to do is take advantage of our terrific Fall Subscription Special. From now until December 31, 1993, you can get the next four issues of *Scarlet Street* at the same ol' price of \$18. That's almost six bucks off the total cost! A *Scarlet Street* subscription makes a great holiday gift, too; in fact, it beats fruitcake all to hell! (More nuts, for one thing.)

Anyway, we'll see you in 1994, when *Scarlet Street* brings you exclusive interviews with Terry Kilburn (Billy the Pageboy in 1939's *THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES* and potential brain donor in 1958's *FIEND WITHOUT A FACE*) and the legendary Ida Lupino!

Richard Valley



Elizabeth Russell models the latest (?) in swimwear

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SCARLET LETTERS

Continued from page 4

mation from me for the cost of a postage stamp.

Richard Gordon
Gordon Films, Inc.
New York, NY

☐
Scarlet Street #11 is a four-fangs issue. I intend to catch up on back issues posthaste. Boze Hadleigh's interview with Gale Sondergaard and Jessie Lilley's talk with Shelley Winters are first-rate. Nice all-around coverage of WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HOLEN? Curtis Harrington made another film I like quite a bit called THE KILLING KIND. Heck, I'm fond of RUBY, too.

Speaking of back issues, I enjoyed #6 very much. CIRCUS OF HORRORS has always been one of my favorite demented shockers. This could have something to do with Vanda Hudson's and Yvonne Romain's black lingerie. Cinematic lust aside, Anton Diffring's Rossiter is a more complex villain than some silver-screen bad guys, as he genuinely loves Nicole. 'Course, I can never forgive him for killing Vanda! Rossiter doesn't throw the knife, but

he's behind it. Here's a bit of trivia concerning CIRCUS OF HORRORS: John Merivale is also in CALTIKI, THE IMMORTAL MONSTER.

Conrad Widener
S. Connellsville, PA

☐
Did someone say THE KILLING KIND? Turn without delay to page 38 of this issue, and don't miss our interview with one of its stars, Ruth Roman, on page 46.

I'd like to think that someday, someone will explain to me why so many bleeding hearts automatically go out to blacklisted actors like Gale Sondergaard [*Scarlet Street* #11]. First of all, let me say that I have no idea what Sondergaard said or did to earn herself a spot on the blacklist; maybe she was wrongly discriminated against. (By the way, why is it a fault to discriminate, but a compliment to be called discriminating?) It's also possible that she did say and/or do things which made her "so [offensive to] American public opinion that [she made herself] unsaleable at the box office" (the Screen Actors Guild's explanation of why some actors weren't being hired). Judging by the way Sondergaard adoringly salutes "Hanoi Jane" Fonda, who entertained the enemy troops that

were killing U. S. soldiers in Vietnam, I think I would have been only too happy to ostracize her myself. By implication, interviewer Boze Hadleigh brands as cowardice the failure of Hollywood to endorse and employ people who criticize America. In our free country, why shouldn't we be free not to have to associate with an individual we don't like? (There was a reverse blacklist in the 50s as well, and a lot of very conservative actors had a tough time getting jobs. And nowadays folks like Charlton Heston aren't being used. But it's not "fashionable" to give a rat's ass about them.)

Maybe it's me. I'll keep trying to figure it out.

Tom Weaver
Author, *Poverty Row Horrors*
North Tarrytown, NY
Mr. Weaver is right. It is him.

☐
Frankly, *Scarlet (Street)*, I don't give a damn about most of today's so-called stars—often less interesting than the people next door!

Thanks for the A-1 interview with Gale Sondergaard by Boze Hadleigh. A supporting player, she was more fascinating than most of today's leads!

I read a book of interviews by Mr. Hadleigh, *Conversations with My El-*

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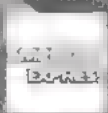
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ders, and hope you'll run more of this
young movie-lover's interviews with
featured or leading performers of
Hollywood's Golden Age—forever
Gone with the Wind, alas.

Thanks, too, for acknowledging what
a terrible time was the McCarthy era
a part of the not-so-good old days!

Mark Thompson
San Mateo, CA

Thank you so much for the inter-
view with Tommy Kirk [*Scarlet Street*
#10]. I grew up on Tommy's films and
have always been a big fan of his.

It was very upsetting for me to
learn that Tommy had suffered so
much in his youth, but I am consoled
by the fact that, unlike many other
stars with similar problems, he has suf-
fered the bad times and is now living a
happier life.

I am very pleased that he decided to
speak his piece before retiring. With
classics like OLD YELLER and SWISS
FAMILY ROBINSON now on video for
new generations to enjoy, Tommy Kirk
will never be forgotten.

Diane Bond

Address withheld on request.

THE ALLIGATOR PEOPLE cover
and stories [*Scarlet Street* #10] were
great fun. Putting the interviews with
Beverly Garland, Tommy Kirk, and
Tim Considine together in one issue

made a fascinating contrast. Kirk keeps
repeating "I've accepted it," but he
sounds as if he's seething. A moving
interview and a sad story.

Lelia Loban Lee
Falls Church, VA

I recently had the pleasure of dis-
covering your magazine and meeting
staff members Sally Jane Gellert and
Kevin G. Shinnick at the *Famous Mon-
sters of Filmiland* convention, all within
a week's span. It rendered a high that
has yet to subside.

For a horror fan, being at that gath-
ering reminded me of an old Max
Fleischer cartoon where a ragged De-
pression-era child dreams himself into
a candy-world in the clouds, tempta-
tion and fulfillment everywhere. Ahh,
the stars . . . ahh, the bootleg videos . . .
not a deadly sin unturned.

While I floated glassy eyed through
this fanfare, I caught sight of the *Scarlet
Street* sign over your camp, where you
had the Tom Johnson and Deborah Del
Vecchio *Peter Cushing* book propped up
proudly like the right fine read it is.

Your publication was well represented
by Gellert and Shinnick. They were
courty, generous with time and informa-
tion, and even went so far as to track
me down and escort me to meet Tom
Johnson, coauthor of the aforemen-
tioned Cushing book. (Tom, being no
mean gentleman himself, regaled me

with scores of anecdotes and photos of
all things Cushing.)

I wish you great harvest, my friends.
Your 'zine is a welcome change of
pace for Charlotte (whose horrors, like
Jim Bakker, NASCAR racing, and World
Federation Wrestling, are real enough),
and I'm proud to count myself among
your growing contingent of fans.

Greg James
Charlotte, NC

As both a friend and a fan of Bev-
erly Garland, I thoroughly enjoyed the
article on THE ALLIGATOR PEOPLE
and the Garland interview in your
Spring 1993 issue [*Scarlet Street* #10].

As I'm sure you are aware, Beverly
was recently in Russia on location film-
ing SYMPHONY for Roger Corman. I
met her for lunch shortly before she
left, and she was very excited about
the project.

Now, the big question: Where can
one obtain a print of CURUCU, BEAST
OF THE AMAZON? I have a preview
trailer, but can't find the film anywhere!

Love your magazine. Looking for-
ward to your next issue.

John Graham
San Francisco, CA

Probably the best place to obtain a
print of CURUCU is in the mud along
the shores of the Amazon River. The film
is not legally available on videotape.

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Entertainment Weekly

I enjoyed reading the Issue #10 piece by Scot Ryerson on Agatha Christie's classic AND THEN THERE WERE NONE (a.k.a. TEN LITTLE INDIANS). The original 1945 film was/is the type one can watch over and over again, unlike its successors. The only novelty with the subsequent three was to see in what isolated place (other than a remote island) the 10 hapless people were to be stranded. Who knows, a fifth production might one day be produced, whereby a future 10 are dumped on another planet or deserted space station. After all, wasn't the 1981 film OUTLAND a sci-fi remake of HIGH NOON?

But hey, don't let me spoil all the good parts—why don't you folks do up a piece on Noble Johnson? I think it's important to show that black actors had a big part in mystery and horror movies (though many were relegated to the "feets, don't fail me now" type characters). Do you know any other black actors who played serious roles in mystery and horror movies? Hey—I think I've found a theme for you! Anyway, I would love to see something on this order turn up in *Scarlet Street* some day soon.

Mark Daughtrey
Lexington, VA

Although we prefer the interview format to doing career profiles (which, too often, are simply rehashes of info everyone already knows), yours is an idea well worth considering. Thanks for the suggestion.

Thank you very much for sending the copies of *Scarlet Street* # 11. It was such a pleasure to relive TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE with your help and the exposé.

I am pleasantly surprised that this horror film, which had the audiences in stitches—practically rolling in the aisles with laughter—found some praise for its originality and even some fame. Your write-up is terrific and makes me realize that there are some very unusual, fascinating aspects to

the production and the circumstances involved in making this sci-fi film.

It would be wonderful if all the other members of the cast would suddenly pop up because of your article. I do hope they find out about it somehow, so that they, too, get a charge out of it.

Ursula Pearson
Los Angeles, CA

Ursula Pearson and former husband Bryan (Thor) Grant helped Scarlet Street blow the lid off TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE last issue.

Earl Logan ended his excellent I WAS A TEENAGE . . . article with the humorous comment that the worst thing that could happen to the teen-monster genre would be a remake of Jerry Warren's TEENAGE ZOMBIES. Bad news, Earl: It already happened. Warren remade it himself as FRANKENSTEIN ISLAND in 1981, wherein a group of long-distance balloonists (including Robert Clarke) wind up on an island where a lady doctor (Kathrin Victor again) has created a gang of dorky, myopic zombies with winter caps. In the climactic lab fight between the heroes and the zombies, the Frankenstein Monster shows up and stands amidst the fighters, growling and flailing his arms furiously, but never getting into the action. The world was cheated of the sequel (!) to FRANKENSTEIN'S IS-

LAND that Warren was planning; he died in 1988. According to what I've read, Clarke and Victor were never paid for their starring roles.

Joe Jaworsky
City of Industry, CA

A great issue is worth repeating! Or gifting—in this case, a copy of *SS* #10, one of your best ever (I think).

Bravo to a great magazine—not only enjoyable writing and interviews, but in the area of layout and graphics you are unrivaled geniuses!

Jack Gourlay
Lincoln, NE

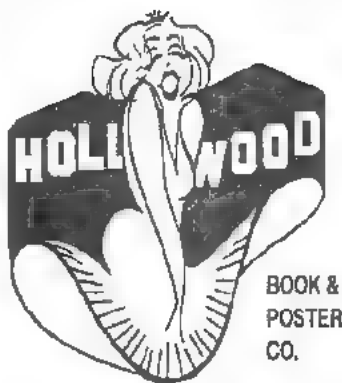
Thanks for the compliment, Jack. Another year on this mag and we'll be unraveled geniuses!

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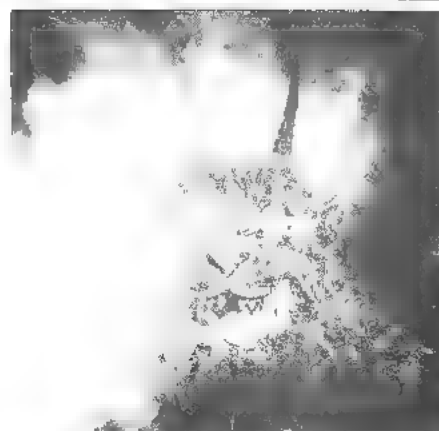
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Film making at its freest was probably never more in evidence than in Ray's movies. There's no denying that they have their own distinct style and a uniqueness that can only be described as, 'Stecklerian'.

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THE INCREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURES WHO STOPPED LIVING AND BECAME MIXED UP ZOMBIES (1964) Cash Flagg, Carolyn Brandt, Brett O'Hara, Alton King, Sharon Walsh. Ray's most famous film is noteworthy for being the world's first musical monster movie. Under the alias Cash Flagg, Ray plays Jerry, a free-lancer who finds himself strangely drawn to an eerie carnival sideshow where he's hypnotized by a gypsy fortune teller and turned into a murdering, hooded zombie. Hidden away in secret cages are other 'zombie-like' hypnosis victims whose faces have been disfigured with acid by the gypsy and her hunchback servant. At the film's climax, the creatures break loose and go on a horrifying carnage of death. A beautifully photographed low budget gem which features several bizarre musical numbers, including the famous "Mixed Up Zombies Stomp". Ray's real life wife Carolyn Brandt, has a nice bit as an alcohol troubled hooper. From 35mm RS01

THE THRILL KILLERS (1965 aka **THE MANIACS ARE LOOSE**) Cash Flagg, Brick Bardo, Herb Robbins, Liz Renay, Keith O'Brien, Gary Kent, Carolyn Brandt. Considered by many (including us) to be Ray's best movie. The riveting, nail biting story of psycho killer, Mad Dog Chick, (played to the hilt by Ray) who kills to satisfy his perverse hatred towards all people. Also on the loose is his equally looneytunes brother and his two axwielding buddies who've recently escaped from the looney bin. An aspiring actor and his wife are caught in the middle of their bloodthirsty insanity. The grueling chase scene with Carolyn Brandt is a real knuckle whitener. An excellent, low budget, black and white shocker that rises far above its budgetary limitations. Much in the tradition of **THE SAD ST.** Look for Arch Hall, Jr. in a small cameo as himself. Our print features the opening, color introduction by well known hypnotist, Amazing Ormand, which was added to the film during its re-release. A must see. From 35mm RS02

THE LEMON GROVE KIDS (1966 aka **LEMON GROVE KIDS MEET THE MONSTERS**) Cash Flagg, Mike Cannon, Carolyn Brandt, Coleman Francis. There was literally hours of Lemon Grove Kids footage shot by Ray back in the mid 60s. When released theatrically, it was all edited down into one long movie and circulated around the kiddie matinee circuit. Experience some of the wackiest humor ever put on film as Ray and his buddies do their amazing imitations of the Bowery Boys while battling aliens and monsters. Three complete shorts are featured in this compilation. **THE LEMON GROVE KIDS**, **LEMON GROVE KIDS MEET THE GREEN GRASSHOPPER AND THE VAMPIRE LADY FROM OUTER SPACE**, and **LEMON GROVE KIDS GO HOLLYWOOD** (much of which was not included in the theatrical release version). Ray's imitation of Huntz Hall is virtually perfect. Try to imagine him and Sammy Petriko together. From 16mm RS03



RAT PFINK A BOO BOO (1966) Vin Saxon, Titus Moede, Carolyn Brandt, George Caldwell, Mike Cannon, James Bowie, Kogar the Ape. An almost indescribable film that has to be seen to be believed. Carolyn plays the girlfriend of rock singer Lonnie Lord, when she's terrorized and kidnapped by a gang of thugs, Lonnie and his moronish gardener then swing into action as the title characters. Almost dreamlike in its moodswings from crime suspense to psycho-terror to pure camp-comedy. Original title was **RAT PFINK AND BOO BOO** but the guy at the film lab blew it while making up the title cards. A black and white film with several sections shot in various sepia tones. From 35mm RS04

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BLOOD SHACK (1971 aka THE CHOOOPER)

Carolyn Brandt, Ron Haydock, Jason Wayne, John Bates, Laurel Spring. A genuinely creepy film about a movie actress (Ray's real life wife Carolyn, playing herself), who inherits a ranch with a haunted shack on the premises. An ancient Indian devil god known as the 'Choooper' is believed to have committed many horrendous slayings there, including the recent murder of a young girl who spent the night trying to find out if the shack was really haunted.

Will Carolyn be the next victim of the sword-wielding hooded monster? A nail-biting PSYCHO-like atmosphere prevails in many of the film's more horrific moments. From 16mm **RS05**

BLOOD SHACK 1971 aka THE CHOOOPER) THE DIRECTOR'S CUT!

When this was made back in '71, Ray was faced with a distinct problem. He had a concept for an hour-long horror film at a time when distributors weren't touching anything that ran under 70 min. Therefore, Ray was forced to pad the film with several minutes of extra footage consisting mainly of rodeo action shots and non-essential dialogue scenes. In this new edition, Ray has carefully stripped out the excess baggage and reconstructed the film to its original, intended running time of just under 60 min. The result is a much better paced and highly atmospheric production. Ray has also laid down a new music score to further enhance the mood of the picture. Comp enthusiasts will want to stick to the 70-plus minute original version, but for those interested in seeing what Ray originally had in mind, (and it's definitely a more entertaining version) then this one's for you. When ordering, list item number and specify 'DIRECTOR'S CUT'. From 35mm. **RS06**

BODY FEVER (1971, aka THE LAST ORIGINAL B MOVIE aka SUPER COOL)

Ray Dennis Steckler, Carolyn Brandt, Bernard Fein, Gary Kent, Brett Pearson. A nifty detective movie set in the sordid underworld of drug trafficking and prostitutes. The ruthless leader of a dope ring is after the woman who ripped him off. It's up to a Humphrey Bogart worshipping private eye named Charlie Smith, (played by Ray) to find her before the drug boss does. This was Ray's only venture into the detective film genre and while the film is quite serious, he manages to successfully add a touch of low key wit to the proceedings. Interesting, exciting, and funny. Definitely worth a look. From 16mm. **RS07**

THE HOLLYWOOD STRANGLER MEETS THE SKIDROW SLASHER (1979)

Pierre Agostino, Carolyn Brandt. Probably Ray's darkest movie. Two homicidal maniacs are on the loose. One slashing the throats of old alcoholic men, the other strangling young cal. girls. The two killers are strangely attracted towards each other which leads to a gruesome and bloody climax. Brutal, shocking, and gory. Ray directed under the pseudonym, Wolfgang Schmidt. Definitely rated 'R'. Nudity and violence. From 35mm. **RS08**

LAS VEGAS SERIAL KILLER (1985)

Pierre Agostino, Ron Jason, Kathryn Downy, Chris Cave, Tara McGowan. Although this was based in part on a true story, this grim film about a sadistic killer of young show girls and prostitutes is almost more of a follow up to **HOLLYWOOD STRANGLER MEETS THE SKIDROW SLASHER** than anything else. This time however, it's apparent that Ray (again as Wolfgang Schmidt) had more of budget to work with as the end result is more polished and better paced. Rated 'R' for nudity and violence. From 35mm. **RS09**

THE FOLLOWING RAY STECKLER FILMS ARE ALSO AVAILABLE

WILD ONES ON WHEELS (1962)

Francine York, Robert Blair, Ray Dennis Steckler, Edmund Tontini. Ray is priceless as a hip, beatnikish member of a ruthless sportscar gang. The gang members stalk an ex-con and his lady into the desert where a treasure in stolen cash is buried. Murder and mayhem follow. Ray also served as cameraman. Recently upgraded from a beautiful 16mm print. **JS20**

WILD GUITAR (1962) Arch Hall, Jr., Cash Flagg, William Water, Nancy Czar, Carolyn Brandt. Ray's directorial debut finds Arch playing a young rock and roll wannabe who comes to Hollywood seeking fame. He falls in with a seazy record producer who takes advantage of him, but his character is so ignorant and glib that you really don't seem to mind. Ray (as Cash Flagg) is priceless as a strong arm man working for the record producer. From 35mm. **JS25**

SECRET FILE HOLLYWOOD (1962)

Robert Clarke, Francine York, Syd Mason. As cameraman, Ray mentioned to his producers that the microphone was hanging too low in many of the scenes being shot. They told him not to worry because the aperture plates in most theatrical projectors would mask it all out. Boy, were they wrong. Microphones are all over the place in this wildly entertaining exploitation schlocker about an ex-detective who digs up dirt for a Hollywood scandal sheet. One of his stories causes a tragic suicide. From 35mm. **X064**

EEGAH (1962) Arch Hall Jr., Marilyn Manning, William Waters, Richard Keil. A camp classic. Arch's good looking girlfriend is abducted by a giant caveman living in a desert cave. Arch comes to the rescue only to find himself threatened by the towering beast. This movie's a scream! Ray was behind the camera on this one. From 35mm. **S162**

SINTHIA, THE DEVIL'S DOLL (1968) Shula Roan, Diane Webber. Weird nightmarish stuff directed by Ray under the name, Sven Christian. A young girl is lost between reality and dreams as she's haunted by a twisted, recurring nightmare of killing her father. Devil Possession? Find out when you watch. This was the closest Ray ever came to making an 'arty' horror film. Definitely rated 'R'. From 16mm. **H181**

RAT PFINK A BOO BOO

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THE STECKLER INTERVIEWS, vol. 1 In this first volume of an ongoing series of interviews, Ray talks all about the making of **THE INCREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURES WHO STOPPED LIVING AND BECAME MIXED UP ZOMBIES**. Interviewed by California critic John Roberts, hear Ray talk about why the film was shot around the Angels Flight historical monument. Find out what it was like for the cast and crew to shoot all the film's musical numbers in one day. You'll also hear many humorous stories about the production, including the time Ray locked Carolyn Brandt in her dressing room while he was doing closeups of young male dancers! Hear about this and many other aspects concerning the making of this cult classic, accompanied by clips from the film itself. **PLEASE NOTE:** This hour-long interview tape is available for the low price of only \$12.95 plus \$2.05 for packaging, handling, and postage. However, buy any 5 Steckler titles at the same time and receive this outstanding tape absolutely free of charge. **RS10**

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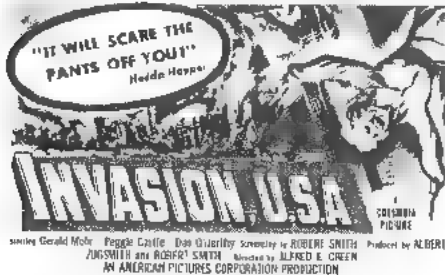
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THE BAT WHISPERS (1930) Chester Morris, Una Merkel, Maude Eburne, William Bakewell. One of the great early sound horror films and a remake of the 1926 silent classic. THE BAT. A group of people gathered in an old dark house are menaced by a maniacal, yet brilliant, hooded criminal known as 'the Bat'. Hidden in a secret room somewhere in the mansion is a fortune in stolen bank money. The use of miniatures is superb and director Roland West creates a genuinely creepy atmosphere. Chester Morris is terrific, especially in the final scene. A classic. From a beautiful 16mm print. H190

TALES OF FRANKENSTEIN/THE PROFESSOR (1958) Anton Delfino, Don Megowan, Helen Westcott, Ludwig Stossel. **TALES OF FRANKENSTEIN** is, in a very real sense, a landmark film. It marks the marriage between Universal and Hammer studios. An extremely well done retelling of the Frankenstein legend with Delfino playing Baron Frankenstein, who creates a misshapen monster (played by Megowan in Karloffian makeup no less). Produced by Hammer and Michael Carreras as a 1/2 hour TV pilot. Terrific old style lab scenes and creepy graveyard settings go hand in hand with the film's beautiful black and white photography. Written and directed by Curt Siodmak. With Universal's regular Ludwig Stossel. Look for clips from THE MUMMY'S TOMB, DRACULA, and other Universal classics. At the end of the tape we've also added on the equally obscure werewolf thriller, **THE PROFESSOR** (1958) starring Doug Hobart as a scientifically created woman who terrorizes a mountain laboratory. As if this isn't enough, we've sandwiched in-between a full, ten minute drive in intermission. It's a knockout. From 16mm and 35mm. H193



INVASION U.S.A. (1952) Peggie Castle, Gerald Mohr, Dan O'Hedlly, Noel Neil. One of the rarest of all sci-fi films. The U.S. is being invaded! Unknown enemy troops pour over the borders. Bombs are dropping on major cities and installations including an H-bomb on New York City at the film's riveting climax. Many of us saw this film on TV when we were kids, then it just seemed to disappear. Very entertaining and a must see for all 50s sci-fi fans. From 35mm. V167

THE DEAD TALK BACK (1967) Aldo Farnese, Scott Douglas, Laura Brock. A previously unreleased horror film! A young blonde is brutally murdered. An eccentric scientist who sidelines as a criminal investigator has created an apparatus that can communicate with the dead! He attempts to contact the dead girl so she can finger her killer. Our scientist/investigator is also heavily into metaphysics. You'll see objects floating around in what has to be the cheapest lab ever created for a horror film (look for a spring water bottle and a rest of his scientific apparatus). Good fun making it as most enjoyable. Ed Wood would've worshipped it. We found his film at Headliner Productions, who never released it. From 35mm. H192

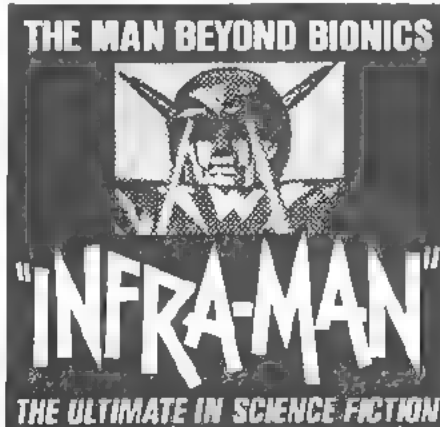


BLOOD AND BLACK LACE (1966) Cameron Mitchell, Eva Babton. Boris Thomas Reiner Claude Danes. One of Mario Bava's greatest films. The beautiful models of a luxurious fashion salon are being ferociously slain one by one. The killer is a masked maniac wearing a glove with metal claws. As usual, Bava creates a beautiful atmosphere, soiling filled with horror and dread. A must see classic transferred from a stunning technicolor 16mm print. H195

GEISHA GIRL (1952) William Andrews, Martha Hyer, Archer Macdonald. A lost, completely forgotten sci-fi film on video for the first time! A mad scientist and his Japanese cohorts develop small explosive pills which are more powerful than nuclear bombs. They shock the world by vaporizing a Pacific island. Plans of world conquest are thwarted though, when the pills inadvertently fall into the hands of two wacky American G.I.s. The secret service sends in a psychiatrist with remarkable hypnotic and metaphysical powers to help the boys out of trouble. They end up in a geisha girl house run by the espionage ring. Just try and find this in the reference books. From 16mm. S166

THE NIGHT EVELYN CAME OUT OF THE GRAVE (1971) Anthony Steffen, Giacomo Rossi-Stuart, Erika Blanc. A psychotic playboy lures prostitutes into the torture dungeon of his castle to satisfy his sadistic cravings. He's haunted by the ghost of his dead wife whose corpse rises from the grave. Or does it? An Italian horror film with a bit of a cult following. From 35mm. H196

THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT (1936) Emlyn Williams, Ernest Thesiger, Anna Konstam. A fascinating film that starts out as a crime thriller, then veers into horror. A young man is falsely accused of murdering his former girlfriend. He and his female companion are pursued across the dark, rainy countryside only to find themselves in the creepy dwelling of a mad killer who sets out to murder them both. Discussed at length in William K. Everson's MORE CLASSICS OF THE HORROR FILM. A must see for 30s horror fans. PLEASE NOTE: Our video master is an NTSC 3/4" transfer of a somewhat soft looking PAL master. While not up to our usual standards, it's definitely acceptable. We feel it's important to make this rare gem available. H191

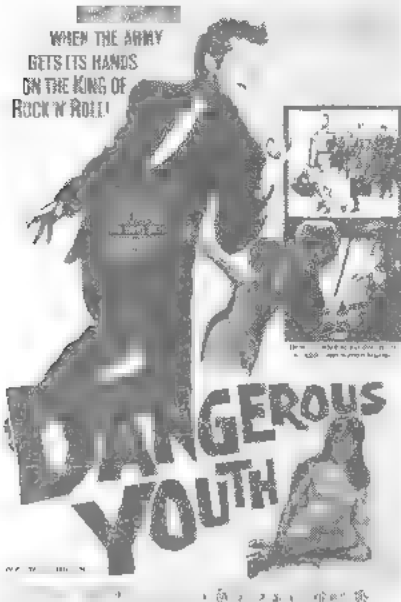


INFRA-MAN (1975) J. Hsu-Hsien, Wang Hsien, Terry Liu, Y. Man-Tzu. Possibly the most action packed sci-fi film ever made. Our little hero battles to save the earth from the ruthless leader of the inner earth and his hordes of horrible creatures. There's so many monsters in this movie it's unbelievable. The action of 50 Superman comics rolled into one. Great fun and totally unforgettable. Letterboxed in the scope format. From 35mm. S171



HEAD OF A TYRANT (1958) Massimo Girotti, Isabelle Corey, Renato Baldi. First time on video! A beautiful, innocent young girl gives herself to a cruel Assyrian tyrant who has conquered her city. She plans to gain his affection and then decapitate him. A quality long unseen sword and sandal gem originally released by Universal in color and letterboxed in the scope format. From 16mm. S369

VIOLATED (1954) Mitchell Kowal, Wim Holland, Lili Daint, Vicki Carlson. In what has to be one of the campiest exploitation films ever made, the police are baffled by a series of hair-fesh murders in which the killer slays his victims and then gives them a haircut. A psychopathologist is brought in to give the police advice (much like in *GLEEN OR GLENDIA*). The suspects are a paucity old man with a thing for young girls, and a sleazy photographer. Unbelievable. From 35mm X076



DANGEROUS YOUTH (1958) Frankie Vaughan, Carole Llesley, George Baker, Jackie Lane. A real w.D. rarity. British teen idol Vaughan stars as a tough, Liverpool gang member who becomes a rock and roll star and then finds himself in the army. An interesting premise, considering Elvis had just been drafted. Produced by Anna Neagle. First time on video. From 16mm J532



KELLY OF THE SECRET SERVICE (1936) Lloyd Hughes, Stella Mannors, Forrest Taylor, Fuzzy Knight, Jack Mulhall. An eccentric scientist develops a radio-controlled bomb accurate within 200 miles. A tear gas grenade is thrown into his lab and the apparatus is stolen. Operative Kelly is called in to solve the case which leads him to a creepy mansion honeycombed with secret passageways. Hypnotism, lab scenes, sinister orientals, and lots of action are part of this colorful, poverty row rarity. \$12.95 plus \$2.05 for packaging, handling, and postage. From 16mm FH47

TARZANA, THE WILD GIRL (1972) Ken Clark, Fran Poles. A small plane carrying the son of a wealthy Englishman crashes in the jungles of Africa. Seventeen years later, an expedition is mounted to find the sons daughter who may have survived the crash. The expedition finds a beautiful, scantily dressed, white girl living wudy in the jungle. Very similar to *LIANE, JUNGLE GODDESS*. Rated 'R'. From 35mm J047

THE GODFATHER SQUAD (1974) Bruce Liang, Shirley Corrigan. An exciting Kung Fu thriller. An organization of drug traffickers hires a maffiosa family known as the Carlo family to eliminate Interpol agents around the world. They're thwarted in their efforts by a Chinese, Kung Fu movie star. Seeking revenge, they offer him a part in a new Kung Fu movie so they can lure him to his death. Lots of Kung Fu and espionage thrills in this entertaining action film. From 16mm KFO1



LAST WOMAN ON EARTH (1960) Betsy Jones-Moreland, Anthony Carbone, Edward Wain. IN COLOR FOR THE FIRST TIME! A gangster, his wife, and his lawyer are vacationing in the Caribbean when nuclear war erupts. They appear to be the only survivors. The gangster finds himself at odds with his lawyer over the affections of his wife. Roger Corman's low budget version of *THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL* is a literate, well acted science fiction thriller. From 35mm S082

GAPPA (1967) Taniro Kawai, Yoko Yamamoto, Koji Wada, Yui Oka. An interesting Japanese monster movie that's similar to *GORG0*. A baby reptilian monster is captured and taken to Tokyo for exploitation purposes. It's parents (who are considerably larger to say the least), get extremely agitated at this and come after him. Needless to say, they stomp Tokyo flat in the process. Very nice special effects. Letterboxed in the scope format. From 16mm S169



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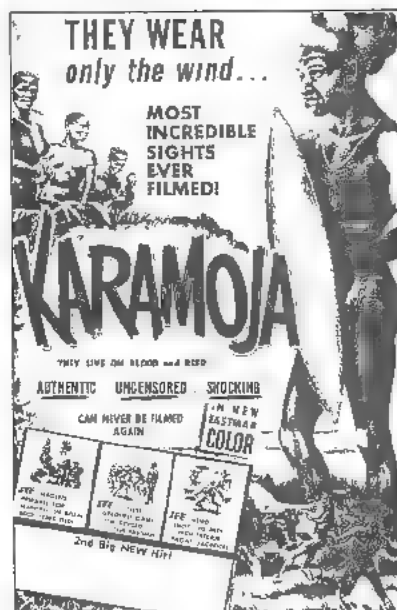
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WANG WANG (1963 aka *KARAMOJA*) One of the strangest Jungla documentaries ever filmed. "They live on blood and beer" the ads claimed. An inside look at many of the strange customs of an African native tribe. Filmed by an American dentist on safari. Rated 'R' upon re-release. Amazing. From 35mm J048



STARK FEAR (1982) Beverly Garland, Skip Homeler, Kennen Toby, Hannah Stone. This is a dark, brooding, sometimes gripping, sometimes brutal tale of a sadistic man who mentally torures his wife and eventually plans to murder her. When you've idolized Beverly Garland over the years the way we have, the rape scene involving her is a bit hard to take. Not a 'happy' film by any stretch of the imagination, but very well added by its three principle players. A real oddity. \$12.95 plus \$2.05 for packaging, handling, and postage. From 16mm M224

PATTERN FOR PLUNDER 1962 aka *CURSE OF St. MICHEL* Keenan Wynn, Mai Zetterling, Ronald Howard. Sometimes excellent British films went unremarked stateside because of poor distribution. *PATTERN FOR PLUNDER* is such a case. It's a wonderful intrigue thriller about a quartet of WWII vets searching for a fortune in lost Nazi loot. Their search takes them to an ancient coastal castle overlooking a beach riddled with quicksand where the cursed 'Idol wave of San Michel' has taken many lives. Elements of mystery and horror add to the proceedings in this terrific 'B' thriller. Released here by Herts-Lion. From 35mm SP12

For more incredible releases, please turn to page 98

the NEWS HOUND



LOIS AND CLARK © 1993 Capital Cities, ABC, Inc.

The Savage Scribe leaps from a languid summer to make his Scarlet Deadline by the skin of his canines. And now the news:

Britain's venerable Hammer Film Productions and American producer/director/Hammer fan Richard Donner have signed an agreement with Warner Bros. to develop new productions and remakes of Hammer classics for the big and small screens. Roy Skeggs of Hammer, Donner, and his production partner, Lauren Schuler-Donner, haven't yet announced any titles; The Hound suggests another QUATERMASS installment and maybe STRANGLERS OF BOMBAY 2 Speaking of sequels, BATMAN III will soon start production at Warners, with Tim Burton as executive producer and Joel Schumacher (THE LOST BOYS, FLATLINERS) as director. The new Bat-chapter is penned by Lee and Janet Bachlet, whose SMOKE AND MIRRORS screenplay may go unproduced now that Sean Connery has disappeared from the lead role of master magician. Hot Bat-rumors have Robin Williams joining the cast as the Riddler and Michelle Pfeiffer starring in her own, Burton-directed CATWOMAN feature film. In the meantime, watch for the animated BATMAN: MASK OF THE PHANTASM on movie screens this Christmas, and Burt Ward's Boy Wonder: My Life in Tights in bookstores soon.

Keep an eye out this Halloween (you can put it back later) for THE REGENERATED MAN, a Trimark release directed by that fiendish friend of Scarlet Street, Ted A. Bohus, and featuring our staff writer Kevin G. Shinnick as the title monster. This horrifying hybrid of a 50s sci-fi plot and a 90s spin on Jekyll and Hyde boasts makeup effects by veteran monster-maker Vincent J. Guastini.

Current creepy releases lying in wait at your local theaters include MALICE (Alec Baldwin as a suspect in campus serial killings), MOTHER'S

BOYS (Jamie Lee Curtis as a hellish prodigal mom), BODY SNATCHERS (delayed from last spring), PHILADELPHIA EXPERIMENT 2, RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD III, and Tim Burton's bizarre NIGHTMARE BEFORE CHRISTMAS. November brings



Dean Cain is Clark Kent and Clark Kent is Superman and Teri Hatcher is Lois Lane and she loves both of them on the new LOIS AND CLARK.

ADDAMS FAMILY VALUES and the opening of ROBOCOP 3 (the latter after being in the can for over two years). Fresher fare in December will include thrillers INTERSECTION with Richard Gere and Sharon Stone, and THE PELICAN BRIEF, a John Grisham suspense tale starring Julia Roberts.

Currently before the cameras: another Grisham thriller, THE CLIENT, starring Susan Sarandon and Tommy Lee Jones; MARY REILLY,

the long-promised Jekyll/Hyde variation from director Stephen Frears; GALATEA, an adaptation of James M. Cain's novel from the producers of THE CRYING GAME; and CEREMONY, a horror thriller from Hickok-Castro Productions starring

Emilie Talbot and the Ackermonster himself, Forrest J Ackerman, in his 44th film appearance! Starting production this fall are MURDER IN THE FIRST starring Christian Slater, a new live-action THE JUNGLE BOOK shooting in India for a release by Disney next year, and Francis Coppola's production of MARY SHELLEY'S FRANKENSTEIN.

Future projects developing in the frightening frontal lobes of Hollywood include a slew of small-screen adaptations: MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE will possibly star Tom Cruise when (or if) he completes his stint as Lestat Robert Evans' production of THE SAINT has a tentative release date of December 1994 Both ends of the sci-fi spectrum will be represented by big-screen versions of STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION and MYSTERY SCIENCE THEATER 3000 Three cartoon series slated for live-action treatments: THE FLINTSTONES, INSPECTOR GADGET, and (watch out for that treeeeee!) GEORGE OF THE JUNGLE.

Soon to be seen on pay-cable TV: a remake of ATTACK OF THE 50 FT. WOMAN starring (and coproduced by) Daryl Hannah, and Showtime's THE BIRDS

II: LAND'S END featuring a cameo by original avian victim Tippi Hedren. In other TV news Live from Metropolis on Sunday nights is the new ABC series LOIS AND CLARK: THE NEW ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN starring Dean Cain and Teri Hatcher in the title roles and featuring John Shea as Lex Luthor, Michael Landes as Jimmy Olsen, and Lane Smith as testy Perry White BATMAN: THE ANIMATED SERIES has been renewed

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Chasing TALES

Mary Ann Singleton was twenty-five years old when she saw San Francisco for the first time.

She came to the city alone for an eight-day vacation. On the fifth night, she drank three Irish coffees at the Buena Vista, realized that her mood ring was blue, and decided to phone her mother in Cleveland.

—*Tales of the City*

At long last, an adaptation of Armistead Maupin's popular *Tales of the City* books is coming to television—and it took a British production company to make it happen.

AMERICAN PLAYHOUSE and KQED San Francisco will present the show as a six-hour miniseries in January, 1994, but it was Britain's Channel Four Television that finally gave the green light to the often announced but never initiated project. (The shows aired in England this fall.)

Tales of the City (Harper and Row, 1978) was the first of five books that began life as a daily serial in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. (A sixth and final book, 1989's *Sure of You*, was not serialized.) The addictive installments

followed the lives and loves of a group of single people, straight, gay, and undecided, living in 1970s San Francisco at 28 Barbary Lane, a unique apartment building of Victorian design and Utopian values. Of particular interest to mystery and horror fans is the fact that, at least in the earliest books in the series, these characters inevitably found themselves involved in suspenseful adventures worthy of Alfred Hitchcock. (San Francisco was, after all, the setting for Hitchcock's 1958 classic, *VERTIGO*.)

The new production, scripted by Richard Kramer and directed by Alastair Reid, has an impressive roster of veterans and newcomers in its cast. Olympia Dukakis stars as Anna Madrigal, the unorthodox landlady of Barbary Lane. (Her name itself is the vital clue to a mystery.) The production also stars Donald Moffat (Edgar Halcyon), Laura Linney (Mary Ann Singleton), Marcus D'Amico (Michael "Mouse" Tolliver), William Campbell (Jon Fielden), Thomas Gibson (Beauchamp Day), Paul Gross (Brian Hawkins), Barbara Garrick (DeDe Halcyon Day), Cynda Williams (D'orothea Wilson), and Chloe Webb

(Mona Ramsey). Stanley Desantis plays Norman Neale Williams, a "strange, raincoated character on a mysterious mission." (Maupin gave this character the real name of his San Francisco crony, Aron Kincaid.) Special appearances are made by Edie Adams, Karen Black, Paul Dooley, Michael Jeter, Sir Ian McKellen, Mary Kay Place, Rod Steiger, McLean Stevenson, Paul Bartel, and Bob Mackie.

Barbary Lane is an address all *Scarlet Streeters* should visit. Tune in. —Drew Sullivan



The cast of *TALES OF THE CITY*

by Fox through the 1996/97 season, for an amazing three more years. Fox will also premiere an original superhero series, *MANTIS*, in early 1994, created by Sam Raimi (*DARKMAN*) and Sam Hamm (*BATMAN*). . . . *SILK STALKINGS* will be removed by CBS to make room for David Letterman's new talk show, but it will be back on cable's USA Network with 22 new hour long episodes . . . The unstoppable *ROBOCOP* returns in a new syndicated series beginning in February . . . Public Television's *MYSTERY!* brings back David Suchet in new episodes of *POIROT*, along with Helen Mirren in her latest Jane Tennison police drama, *PRIME SUSPECT 3*. Granada's *THE LAST VAMPIRE* is a springtime possibility.

Lurking in your local video stores are 10 new releases in the Universal Studios monsters "Classic Collection." This is reportedly the final

group of releases in the series, and includes *HOUSE OF DRACULA*, *INVISIBLE AGENT*, *THE INVISIBLE WOMAN*, *THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN*, and *ISLAND OF LOST SOULS*, along with the three mummy sequels and the follow ups *REVENGE OF THE CREATURE* and *THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US*. . . . MCA has cut the prices of *RAISING CAIN*, *DEATH BECOMES HER*, *PSYCHO IV*, and *AMAZING STORIES Volumes 1-5* to a collectable \$19.98. . . . October releases from Paramount Home Video include the British supernatural thriller *DUST DEVIL*, the murder mystery *FADE TO BLACK* starring Heather Locklear, Charles Band's fantasy thriller *DOLLMAN VS. DEMONIC TOYS*, and the dandy French/Canadian suspense *SWEET KILLING* featuring F. Murray Abraham. In November, Paramount will offer *TAINTED BLOOD*, a small-screen psycho story

starring Raquel Welch, and the video release of the hit Sharon Stone thriller *SLIVER*.

The Hound pays tribute to the one and only Perry Mason, Raymond Burr, who died, following a long illness, as this issue went to press. Accolades, too, to the late Nan Grey (*DRACULA'S DAUGHTER*), Mary Philbin (*THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*'s original Christine), director Jean Negulesco (*THE MASK OF DIMITRIOS*), director Charles Lamont (*ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET THE MUMMY*, among many) and the great Fred Gwynne (forever Herman Monster), whose *Final Curtain* fell this year.

Until your reporter returns for *Scarlet Street*'s third anniversary issue, may all your holidays have a little Halloween in them.



The News
Hound

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Barbara Steele, French 47" x 63" \$300.

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Lee/Cushing, Italian 13" x 27" - \$75.

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OEDIPUS REX (1967) Pasolini, Italian pressbook - \$75.

PIGSTY (1968) Pasolini, Italian pressbook - \$75.

REPTILE, THE (1965) Italian 13" x 27" \$50

SALO, OR 120 DAYS OF SODOM (1975) Pasolini,
Italian 39" x 55" - \$200.

SCARS OF DRACULA (1970) Lee,
Italian 13" x 27" \$75.

TENEBRAE (1982) Dario Argento, Italian
39" x 55" \$75.

TEOREMA (1968) Pasolini, Italian 28" x 39" - \$150.

TEOREMA (1968) Pasolini, Italian 55" x 78" - \$225.

TINGLER, THE (1959) Wm. Castle/Vincent Price,
Italian 13" x 27" \$75.

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The Vampire Game

Tom Cruise, currently starring in the hit film *THE FIRM*, has been cast in the role of the vampire Lestat in Geffen Pictures' Gothic romantic thriller *INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE*, scheduled to begin production October 18 in New Orleans and London.

This notice, coming late in July, has provoked more controversy than any casting decision since Michael Keaton took on cape and cowl for 1989's *BATMAN*. (Scarlet Street's commentary is on page 25.) Ravenous fans of Anne Rice's Vampire Chronicles have made it clear that they consider Cruise's incarnation as a tall, blonde bloodsucker inappropriate. Rice threw in her own two fangs' worth with a scathing denunciation in August 22's *Los Angeles Times*. Producer David Geffen fired back with the claim that Rice herself had once rewritten the role for Cher! (With Sonny Bono as Claudia?) Early in September, special-effects wizard Stan Winston, instrumental in bringing *JURASSIC PARK*'s dinosaurs to life, sought to allay the fears of rabid Rice Readers by demonstrating, at San Francisco's World Con, how effects would transform Cruise into Lestat. The dispute continued

through the waning summer days in the pages of the *Times* and *Entertainment Weekly* ("He's So Vein," July 30), with the majority comment overwhelmingly in favor of sending Cruise on a cruise.

The facts are these: Tom Cruise will play Lestat and has no intention of dropping the role. The rest of the cast includes Brad Pitt as Louis, Antonio Banderas as Armand, Stephen Rea (of *THE CRYING GAME*) as Santiago, and River Phoenix as Molloy, the interviewer. (The latter character, nameless in the original novel but reappearing as Daniel Molloy in 1988's *The Queen of the Damned*, likely will be the subject of fresh controversy when the film is released.) Claudia, the undead child, has not been cast as of September 18. Miranda Richardson (also of *THE CRYING GAME*), announced for the production (most likely for the role of Madeleine), has withdrawn.

INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE will be directed by Neil Jordan from a screenplay by Jordan and Rice. (It was, of course, Jordan's award-winning success with *THE CRYING GAME*, which he wrote and directed, that won him *INTERVIEW*.) The Geffen Pictures release will be distributed worldwide by Warner Bros.

—Richard Valley

Interview with the Comic Book

The filming of Anne Rice's *Interview with a Vampire* has created renewed interest in Innovation Comic's adaptation of the original vampire trilogy.

Innovation has been publishing adaptations of *Interview with the Vampire* (1976), *The Vampire Lestat* (1985), and *The Queen of the Damned* (1988) for more than four years. The just-completed adaptation of *The Vampire Lestat* is a fully-painted, 12-issue series by writer Faye Perozich and artist Daerick Gross.

For Innovation's *Lestat*, Anne Rice indicated that a well-known actor was to be used as the visual model for the title character. "She said to make it look like Rutger Hauer," claims Innovation's former managing editor, David Campiti. "We kept it as close to that general look as we could without it being a blatant rip-off of the face."

Meanwhile, *Entertainment Weekly* reports that fans are up in arms over the casting of Tom Cruise as Lestat, because Rice's other vamp, Louis, is the spitting image of Cruise in Innovation's comic book!

Like the novels, the comic adaptations focus on homoerotic themes. There were reports that Rice was displeased with Innovation's focus on the gay aspects of her Chronicles. However, Innovation Editor in Chief George Broderick stresses that the comic was faithful to Rice's book and that Innovation took very few liberties in altering the story. "If anything, her books are more overtly homosexual than the comic ever was," says Broderick.

"There might have been some male bonding, but not to the point of full-fledged love interests," agrees Daerick Gross. "I have a hard time understanding Rice's point of view on 'too gay or not too gay.'"

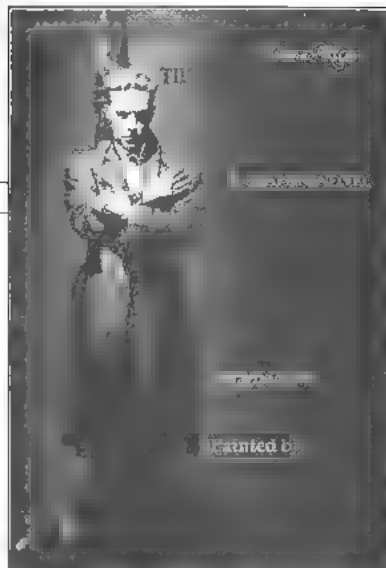
David Campiti feels that some people have misinterpreted the comic due to Gross's painting style. "Gross's male characters have always been more graceful than his female characters" says Campiti.

If there is any misinterpretation, Innovation takes no responsibility for it. Both Broderick and Campiti indicate that the author was consulted frequently throughout the project. Although Rice has criticised Hollywood's Cruise Control, she was not heavily involved in the comic adaptation of *The Vampire Lestat*. "I was looking for more input than I actually got," admits Campiti. "Had she been more involved with it, we could have gotten a better result."

Rice's absence did not doom Innovation's adaptation, though. *The Vampire Lestat* gave an important boost in recognition to the tiny publishing company. Innovation now issues comic interpretations of *Beauty and the Beast*, *Dark Shadows*, *Lost in Space*, and *Quantum Leap*. They also continue to publish *Interview with the Vampire* and *The Queen of the Damned*.

According to Promotions Director Ellen Jones, the comic company has not signed to do any future projects with Rice.

—Buddy Scalera



Book design by George Broderick, Jr. Front cover art by & © 1991 John Bolton

CRUISE AS LESTAT ALL THE WRONG MOVES...?

He came in from the courtyard, opening the French doors without a sound, a tall fair-skinned man with a mass of blond hair and a graceful, almost feline quality to his movements.

—Anne Rice, *Interview with the Vampire*

Never underestimate Hollywood's ability to do the totally expected. Hard on the heels of last summer's *THE FUGITIVE* (starring Harrison Ford as the nimble Richard Kimble), Paramount announced a brand new screen version of yet another veteran series: *MISSION IMPOSSIBLE*, with Tom Cruise as its superstar. The announcement proved confusing, perhaps, to casual readers, who may well have thought that the coupling of the show's title with the Cruise name referred, not to a rehash of the old Peter Graves/Martin Landau starrer, but to the young actor's signing on as Lestat in *INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE*.

Tom Cruise as Lestat! That's a notion to warm the blood of those who thought Michael Keaton was the best choice to play Batman... who thought Dustin Hoffman was Captain Hook... and who think Mel Gibson is going to fill the boots of James Garner as Bret Maverick. (Not even *Bart Maverick*, Mel. Not even Beau.)

Like a vampire at sunset, the question arises: If an actor is so wrong for a role, then how is Hollywood doing the expected by casting him? The answer: Hollywood, as it has done since *A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM* (1935) offered such stellar Shakespearean players as Dick Powell and Mickey Rooney, as it has done since Audrey Hepburn (and Marni Nixon) were thought a match for Julie Andrews in *MY FAIR LADY* (1964), is casting strictly on the basis of star power. To hell with whether someone is right for the role—let's line up those suckers at the multiplex! Let's rake in the dough! Let's rob from the rich and... say, did anyone see Kevin Costner as Robin Hood?

At first it appeared that *INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE* might actually bypass the Tinseltown Casting Curse. The film's power name was director/screenwriter Neil Jordan, fresh from his stunning success (and Best Screenplay Oscar) for *THE CRYING GAME*. It spoke well for *INTERVIEW*'s artistic chances that much was made of Jordan's talents when left to his own devices (as in both *THE CRYING GAME* and 1986's *MONA LISA*), especially compared to his floundering when he played the company way (1988's *HIGH SPIRITS*). Surely *INTERVIEW*'s producer, David Geffen, would let Jordan do things his way. Surely Jordan, who had "gone Hollywood" following *MONA LISA*'s notices, would not make the same mistake twice. Surely, now, he was as incorruptible as... as... did anyone see Kevin Costner as Eliot Ness?

It's tempting to say it could be worse. After all, the names bandied about for the role of Lestat since the picture was first proposed include John Travolta, Richard Gere, Mel Gibson, and Cher! Still, Anne Rice, the author of the *Vampire Chronicles* (of which 1976's *Interview with the Vampire* was the first) is playing the Crying Game

herself over both Cruise's participation and that of Brad Pitt as her other lead vamp, Louis:

"It's like casting Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer," Rice complained in the *Los Angeles Times*. "I was particularly stunned by the casting of Cruise, who is no more my Vampire Lestat than Edward G. Robinson is Rhett Butler."

Quoted in the same piece, Geffen insisted that Cruise should be congratulated. "To his credit, Tom wants to play a broad range of characters, just as Jack Nicholson, Paul Newman, and Al Pacino did before him... Tom was the first person who came to Jordan's mind after Daniel Day-Lewis turned it down. And rumors that Pitt is upset with the selection of Cruise are totally untrue—made up by agents trying to get their own clients cast."

Casting, Geffen went on to say, is the director's job and not a public opinion poll. (Hey, what does the public know? They wanted *Gable* to play Rhett Butler!)

Meanwhile, stories abound that Pitt is upset, that Cruise has demanded that the strong (indeed, essential) homoerotic content of Rice's story be toned down, that Bela Lugosi is doing flip-flops in his grave....

Perhaps Cruise will pull it off. It's arguable that he should at least be allowed an opportunity—but, sadly, if he fails, no one's going to run right out and redo it the right way. This is our one and only shot at a film record of Rice's masterwork, and horror fans can't be blamed if they think that Cruise as a "tall fair-skinned" creature of the night comes up a bit short. Nor can gay filmgoers be blamed for being angry when filmmakers insist that "it's not really about that...!" Like hell it's not!

Did anyone see Kevin Costner as Scarlett O'Hara? No? Well, stick around....

—Drew Sullivan



RISKY BUSINESS © 1983 Warner Bros.—*DRACULA* © 1931 Universal

The Uninvited

by Michael Brunas

Special Research by Tom Weaver

Few horror movies have carved so respectable a niche for themselves as *THE UNINVITED*. Adapted from a widely-read novel, the film was infused with the sort of well-heeled production values and lustrous technical polish that had rarely been expended on the genre since the 30s. The 1944 Paramount picture easily won over the critics, many of whom were openly surprised that they could be beguiled by anything so puerile as a ghost story. Today, almost 50 years later, *THE UNINVITED*'s reputation as Hollywood's best supernatural film is firmly entrenched and seldom challenged.

That so straightforward a ghost story could generate such favorable press in 1944 was almost remarkable. Though the 1940s are nostalgically regarded as the latter part of the "golden age" of horror movies, the cold fact is that, by mid-decade, the genre was pretty much at its nadir of respectability. The days of well-mounted literary excursions (such as 1931's *FRANKENSTEIN* and *DRACULA*) as well as extravagant Grand Guignol thrillers (such as 1932's *DOCTOR X* and 1935's *MAD LOVE*) had passed, giving way to the more modest budgets (and talents) of the 40s. James Whale, Michael Curtiz, and Karl Freund had been replaced by second-string meat-and-potatoes directors with scant artistic flair. The horror film, like the Western, had become a Saturday-matinée staple on which most major studios were unwilling to stake major resources. The critics responded accordingly. Except for the gradual, grudging recognition of Val Lewton's stylish horror series at RKO, the genre was greeted with equal measure of condescension and scorn.

Paramount was scarcely interested in targeting *THE UNINVITED* for the traditional horror audience. The secret of the film's success was that it was styled as an updated Gothic romance; its genteel literary tone owes a good deal more to Daphne du Maurier and the Brontës than to Edgar Allan Poe or Bram Stoker. Like the heroine in *REBECCA* (1940), Stella in

THE UNINVITED struggles to come to grips with her own identity, only to find that the process leads her to several well-concealed family skeletons and at least one murder. Small wonder that *THE UNINVITED* became an instant hit—its skillful,

always tasteful balance of mystery and romance; its able, attractive cast; and Paramount's much-vaunted technical expertise made it a truly irresistible package. The film is carefully paced in a manner befitting its somewhat convoluted plot. Except for the chillingly understated voice-over narration, there is little suggestion of the supernatural until several reels into the film. The richly sentimental strains of Victor Young's background score, played under the bland and unimaginative main titles, hint at nothing more potent than a run-of-the-mill Hollywood "weeper."

Set on the Cornish coast of England in the year 1937, *THE UNINVITED* begins as Roderick "Rick" Fitzgerald (Ray Milland) and his sister, Pamela



Sister and brother Pam and Rick Fitzgerald (Ruth Hussey and Ray Milland) buy their dream home on the rocky Cornish coast, only to find two ghostly houseguests decidedly among THE UNINVITED.

(Ruth Hussey), stumble upon a long-unoccupied 18th-century oceanfront villa. Impulsively, Rick and Pam decide to buy the place and proceed to track down the current owner, crusty old Commander Beech (Donald Crisp).

Stella Meredith (Gail Russell), the commander's 20-year-old granddaughter, boldly tries to prevent the sale, but the Fitzgeralds' suspicions aren't aroused until the Commander accepts a purchase price that barely approaches Windward House's true value. More unsettling are vague stories of unexplained "disturbances" experienced by former tenants, and hints that the homestead has been haunted since the death of Beech's daughter, Mary Meredith, who was killed on the cliffs 17 years earlier.

Rick and Pam settle happily into their new home, only to find that nights at Windward are far from peaceful. After midnight, a woman's unearthly cries reverberate from every corner of the house until dawn. Determined to get to the bottom of



ABOVE: Commander Beech (Donald Crisp) is willing to sell Windward House to Rick (Ray Milland), lock, stock, and ghosts. **BOTTOM RIGHT:** Stella (Gail Russell) visits Rick and Pam (Ruth Hussey) at Windward, where Mother makes an ectoplasmic appearance to Lizzie Flynn (Barbara Everest).

the phenomenon, Rick questions young Stella, who readily admits that, despite her grandfather's protestations, she has always been drawn to the house where her mother lived and died. Rick invites Stella to Windward that evening; again, the supernatural forces make their presence felt. The cook, Lizzie Flynn (Barbara Everest), is terrified upon seeing the eerie spectre of a woman gliding down the staircase. Momentarily possessed, Stella makes a mad dash for the cliff, only to be saved at the last second by Rick.

Stella is attended to by kindly Dr. Scott (Alan Napier), the local physician, who willingly imparts Windward House's sordid history to the eager Fitzgeralds. The culprit, according to the locals, was Stella's father, an artist who forsook his wife for his model, a fiery Spanish gypsy named Carmel. Though the affair seemed to end when Mary gave birth to Stella in Paris, the tempestuous gypsy returned, three years later, directing her vengeance at the child. Carmel attempted to throw Stella from the rocky cliffs, but instead it was Mary who was killed while saving her baby's life. Panic-stricken, the gypsy ran into the

stormy night, only to be found the next day suffering from pneumonia. She died shortly after. It soon becomes apparent that Windward's disturbances are the result of the restless spirits of Mary Meredith and Carmel trying to reach Stella.

In a desperate attempt to end Stella's obsession with her past, Rick fakes a séance, but the plan backfires when the spirit of Carmel momentarily enters the girl's body. Commander Beech breaks in on the scene, whisks Stella away, and promptly sends her to the Mary Meredith Retreat, a clinic named in honor of his daughter and run by Stella's former nurse, the imperious Miss Holloway (Cornelia Otis Skinner).

Rick and Pam arrange an audience with Holloway, whose motto, "health through harmony," does little to disguise the fact that her clinic is actually a highly-regimented asylum. It soon becomes clear that Holloway is doing her best to muddy the past, but her lies are exposed when Scott uncovers an old medical diary. The record clearly implicates that nurse in Carmel's death and suggests further that Mary's saintly reputation is a sham. Carmel is in fact Stella's mother; Mary took responsibility for bringing up the child as her own solely to maintain her social station. The accident on the cliff resulted when Carmel, having second thoughts about the arrangement, returned to reclaim Stella as her own. In a fury, Mary tried to hurl Stella over the cliff, but accidentally fell to her death on the rocks below.

The Fitzgeralds and Dr. Scott confront Miss Holloway, unaware that Stella has been released and is on her way to Windward. There she finds Commander Beech desperately trying to save her from the evil spirit of his own daughter. The Commander dies as Mary Meredith materializes and again compels Stella to try to take her own life. Arriving in the nick of time, Rick, Pam, and Scott rescue Stella before she falls to her death. Content that Stella knows the truth, the spirit of Carmel fades away, but a cold blast signals the fact that Mary's ghost is still on the prowl. In the final showdown, Rick tells Mary that she is powerless now that the truth of the scandal has been revealed, and out spooks the spook by hurling a candelabra at it. The exorcism of Windward House at last complete, Rick embraces Stella as Dr. Scott coyly cuddles up to Pamela for a double happy ending.

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Ruth Hussey Remembers *The Uninvited*

Interview by Michael Brunas

Born Ruth Carol O'Rourke in Providence, Rhode Island, Ruth Hussey was signed by MGM in 1937 after appearing on stage and radio. Initially, she was consigned to small roles in such glossy fare as *THE WOMEN* and *ANOTHER THIN MAN* (both 1939). In 1940, she was nominated for an Oscar for her supporting role as photographer Liz Imbrie in *THE PHILADELPHIA STORY*, the film that marked Katharine Hepburn's return to the screen after being labeled "box-office poison." Hussey lost to Jane Darwell, but went on to star in such films as *FLIGHT COMMAND* (1941), *THE GREAT GATSBY* (1949), *MR. MUSIC* (1950), *STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER* (1952), and *THE FACTS OF LIFE* (1960). But it is for 1944's *THE UNINVITED* that Ruth Hussey is best remembered....

Scarlet Street: Were you familiar with the novel before you made *THE UNINVITED*?

Ruth Hussey: I was in New York for some reason or another, and my agent contacted me and wanted to know if I would play the part. It had been a book, and I don't know if it was called *THE UNINVITED*; I don't think it was.

SS: It was called *Uneasy Freehold*.
RH: That doesn't ring a bell. But I think there was another title, which I might think of and I might not. *The Uninvited Guest*, maybe that was it. I don't know. Well, anyway, I got the book and I came back on the train to do the part. In those days, you would be on the train for, I think it was three nights and two days, or two nights and three days, or whatever. So I had a compartment and I got settled in, and I started to read the book. I was in bed by this time. So I started to read it and I had just got to the point where the ghost bursts through the door, and I began to feel really eerie. I didn't feel as if there were spooks around or anything, but I felt funny. I had been reading all of this stuff, so I thought, "I'll fin-

ish this tomorrow!" and I left the light on all night. Isn't that crazy? So I finished the story the next day. I did the part, which I enjoyed very much.

SS: It was a wonderful role.

RH: Well, it was a good role and an interesting story. And, of course, it was so nice to work with Ray Milland, and little Gail Russell was a dear. I'm trying



to think, was Lewis Allen the director?

SS: Yes, he was.

RH: He was nice, too. We all enjoyed the whole thing.

SS: In fact, it was Allen's first film.

RH: Was it? Well, you see, you know more than I do (Laughs). I don't remember all of that stuff. I thought he did a fine job, didn't you?

SS: Yes, indeed. The movie is a classic.

RH: It's been running lately, and people ask me, "Oh, my gosh, did you go to England to do it?" I say, "No, I never left the back lot!" I don't know how they did those ocean scenes. There's a name for that, when they have a moving picture in the background.

SS: Rear projection.

RH: And the house. I don't remember where that was, whether it was a facade or if we really went out to some house.

SS: Do you remember the producer, Charles Brackett? He was also a very fine writer.

RH: Oh, yes, because he was from Providence, Rhode Island, which was my hometown. I knew him slightly, a very nice person.

SS: According to the publicity, Gail Russell was so nervous that they had a "no visitors" sign posted.

RH: Now, I guess she was. As I remember, she didn't do much rehearsing. She had a coach, a Paramount coach, and he worked on all the scenes, and then she would come in and we would just shoot it. Well, maybe there was a little rehearsal of something. She must have been nervous, because I heard it so many times, but she was fine on the set and there was no carrying on or histrionics. She just played her scenes and played them beautifully.

SS: Were you present during the shooting of any of the special-effects scenes?

RH: No, I don't know how they did the special effects, the ghostly appearances, the misty things and everything. We never saw those, so they must have done these afterward. Now, how they did them, I don't know.

SS: *THE UNINVITED* was so off-beat for the 40s. Were you aware that you were making a classic?

RH: No, I don't think anybody was. This is from what I read, too. We thought it would be a good movie—interesting and kind of different, with well-mounted, gorgeous sets and a good cast. Everything going for it! But as far as being a classic and a big hit... I don't think it was a big hit at first, was it?

SS: Well, after it played on TV, people started referring to it as a classic.

RH: That's right. You know, movie historians know a lot more about these movies than the people who were in them. And some of the fans are so knowledgeable. It's a different point of view. When I was in them, I loved every minute, but I didn't pay much attention to all the ins and outs or the mechanics of it.

I

THE UNINVITED

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Uneasy Freehold, the novel that became better known as *The Uninvited*, was the most famous novel of Dorothy Macardie, the Anglo/Irish writer/journalist whose passion for politics and social action earned her considerable notoriety in her day. Oddly enough, it also led her to a fairly prominent career in supernatural fiction. Choosing the Republican side during Ireland's Civil War, she was arrested by British troops in her classroom at Alexandria College, where she had been teaching. During her incarceration, she wrote her first collection of ghost stories, *Earthbound* (1922), and eventually turned her talents to plays and novels. *The Uninvited* enjoyed a popular success and became a Literary Guild selection when it was published in 1942. Paramount bought the rights almost immediately, reportedly for \$25,000.00, and by September, Executive Producer Buddy De Sylva had entrusted the property to Charles Brackett, who became associate producer of the movie. Brackett's credentials were impressive, the producer having formed, with Billy Wilder, one of Hollywood's most successful writing teams. The chief beneficiary of their teamwork was the premier director of sophisticated comedies, the legendary Ernst Lubitsch, who took full advantage of their incomparable wit in Paramount's *BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE* (1938) and MGM's *NINOTCHKA* (1939). Brackett and Wilder also furnished Paramount's house director, Mitchell Leisen, with a formidable string of hits, including *MIDNIGHT* (1939); *ARISE, MY LOVE* (1940); and *HOLD BACK THE DAWN* (1941).

While Brackett's interests were veering toward producing, his partner Wilder sought the creative challenges of directing. Wilder was already embarking on his second directorial effort, *FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO* (1943), also written by the team, when *THE UNINVITED* went into preproduction.

The task of directing the film went to an untested 38-year-old Englishman named Lewis Allen, who was

signed by Paramount to study directing techniques. Though he hadn't directed a single feature, Allen had a long, varied career in show business. He functioned as an actor/manager in the late 20s, acted in a few British films in the 30s, and went on to become a successful stage director on both sides of the Atlantic. Landing the assignment for *THE UNINVITED* was a major coup for someone with so little film experience, but, with some of the top names of Paramount's technical staff on board, the studio was, at least, assured a thoroughly well-crafted production.

Photographer Charles Lang, Jr., was only one of several Academy Award winners assigned to the project by Brackett. Farciot Edouart's special effects department created not only the ghostly manifestations, but also the complicated rear-projection work (incorporating second-unit shots of the cliffs and turbulent seascapes), which served as a backdrop for the story. The effects sequences proved to be an ordeal for actress Elizabeth Russell, best known for her work in Val Lewton's horror hits for RKO. Appearing as the ghost of Mary Meredith, Russell found herself covered in a gauzelike wrapping and suspended from wires, the better to appear to be floating down the staircase of the haunted villa.

By March 1943, Paramount was already promoting the picture, heralding its entry into the horror-film market with no less than three "shudder pics" in tow. The announcement was fraught with more than the usual Hollywood hype: Except for *THE UNINVITED*, Paramount's so-called horror slate was sadly anemic. Filling out the trio was *MINISTRY OF FEAR* and *THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET*, the latter an adaptation of Barre Lyndon's play about a scientist who discovers a potion for eternal youth. (The movie turned out to be the politest of drawing-room melodramas.) Paramount was mulling over whether to give either Albert Dekker (the former "Dr. Cyclops") or heartthrob Alan Ladd the lead role, but finally decided on Nils Asther. *MINISTRY OF FEAR*, Fritz Lang's white-knuckle cloak-and-dagger thriller based on the Graham

Greene novel, was certainly atmospheric, but hardly a horror movie. Coin-





ABOVE: Dr. Scott (Alan Napier), Rick (Ray Milland), and Pam (Ruth Hussey) attempt to help Stella (Gail Russell) by means of a phony seance that turns chillingly real. **BELOW:** Our heroes visit Miss Holloway (Cornelia Otis Skinner) at the Mary Meredith Retreat.

cidentally, the picture, like *THE UNINVITED*, would star the popular Ray Milland.

Except for some story problems, production on *THE UNINVITED* apparently went smoothly. Ray Milland, Donald Crisp, and Cornelia Otis Skinner were among those cast members finalized quite early; Helen Walker, one of the actresses under consideration, was not signed. For the role of Stella Meredith, Paramount wanted a fresh face. They found one in Gail Russell, a black-haired 19-year-old with fetching but strangely sad blue eyes, who had been placed under contract immediately upon graduating from high school. Inexperienced but a natural talent, the actress was cast as Jimmy Lydon's sweetheart in *HENRY ALDRICH GETS GLAMOUR* (1943), an installment of the series designed as Paramount's answer to MGM's Andy Hardy comedies. Russell was signed for the upcoming *HENRY ALDRICH HAUNTS A HOUSE*, but was replaced when studio heads realized that she would be ideal as the tortured Stella. It was ironic that

Russell was literally plucked from one haunted house only to land in another, and wound up with the best role of her career. (A studio press release relates, probably erroneously, that she also tested for the role of Pamela.)

Russell told Doug McClelland, in an interview published in his book *Forties Film Talk* (McFarland & Co., 1992), that her main concern was perfecting an English accent: "Paramount drama coach Bill Russell locked me in a projection room. I saw *PYGMALION* four times, *REBECCA* twice, and *YOUNG MR. PITT* twice. I finally fell asleep. When I came out I had a British accent thicker than a London fog. I was told it was too pronounced after executives looked at my test. I made another. That one turned out all right."

Two weeks before the scheduled starting date, director Allen and his camera crew embarked for California's northern coast, above San Francisco, near historic Fort Ross. Allen had chosen the site to double for the wild stretch of the Devonshire coast of England. The director was frustrated by the seeming inability of *THE UNINVITED*'s writers to deliver a satisfactory final draft of the script. Two days before the cameras were set to roll, Paramount announced that it was attempting to get the story problems licked in record time.

On April 14th, filming officially commenced on schedule, although by the following week, the studio announced that Gail Russell's intense nervousness had prompted a "no visitors" rule on the set. By June, shooting was forced to come to a halt for two days in order to further untangle the snarled story threads that continued to plague the script.

The final cut of the film, finally delivered by July, more than justified Paramount's confidence in both the project and Gail Russell. Initial play dates were impressive enough for Paramount to put another ghost film in the works, an untitled property to be produced by Kenneth MacGowan and starring Betty Field. The proposed film never got off the drawing board.

THE UNINVITED is probably the supreme example of a horror movie for people who don't like horror movies. Displaying all the glossy craftsmanship of a Hollywood "A" production, the film's wide appeal can't be traced to one particular technical or stylistic distinction, but rather to its enormous likeability and charm, as well as to its first-rate story. There's a beguiling literary flavor to the movie; if it hadn't been based on a novel, one suspects that a novelization would have been inevitable. It's a tale that cries out to be read, preferably on a cold winter evening, to fully appreciate its lively blend of mystery, goose bumps, and romance.

The movie is faithful to the Dorothy Macardle novel in most, but not all, of its particulars. Several extraneous characters were excised (among them an elderly Catholic priest who serves as a spiritual consultant), as were minor plot points, in the interest of pacing. Curiously, none of Macardle's original dialogue survives in the final script, but scenarists Frank Partos and Dodie Smith's substitutions measure up nicely. The transition from the printed page to the silver screen necessitated some interesting adjustments. Rick's vocation is changed from up-and-coming playwright to budding composer, presumably so he can tinkle the theme song, Victor Young's haunting "Stella by Starlight," on the keyboard.

The novel's lack of physical action probably forced the inclusion of the "saved in the nick of time" ending in which Rick and Dr. Scott pull Stella to safety after the



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Elizabeth Russell Remembers *The Uninvited*

Interview by Doug McClelland

Elizabeth Russell is perhaps best known for her brief appearance as a sleeky feline menace in the original CAT PEOPLE, produced by Val Lewton for RKO in 1942, and for her meatier role in 1944's THE CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE, in which she aroused audience sympathy for a woman almost completely lacking in warmth and compassion. The same year that she came close to strangling child actress Amy Carter in the latter film, Elizabeth Russell tried to drive "daughter" Gail Russell (no relation) to her death in Paramount's THE UNINVITED. Interviewed by Doug McClelland for his book *Forties Film Talk: Oral Histories of Hollywood, with 120 Lobby Posters* (1992, McFarland & Company, Inc.), the actress recalled her participation in what is still considered by many to be Hollywood's finest ghost story.

Elizabeth Russell: I had no dialogue or billing in THE UNINVITED, and you could hardly make me out on screen in the few seconds I had, but I made more money from it than I did from some of my large roles. I play a much-discussed ghost named Mary Meredith. Everyone thought that in life she had been a saint, but at the end she is revealed in all her true malevolence haunting this old house on the English coast. I traveled back and forth between

New York and Hollywood in those days. I forget exactly how I got the job. I did a number of films for "horror" producer Val Lewton, some of which were



Elizabeth Russell

written by my friend DeWitt Bodeen—maybe they recommended me to Paramount and Charles Brackett, the producer of the picture. Anyway, prior to the shooting I had to pose for a large portrait that was important to the story and was to be on display in the film. It was painted by a charming Englishman named Kitchen who had lost most of his

stomach in World War I. I went to his studio for about a week and was on payroll all the time.

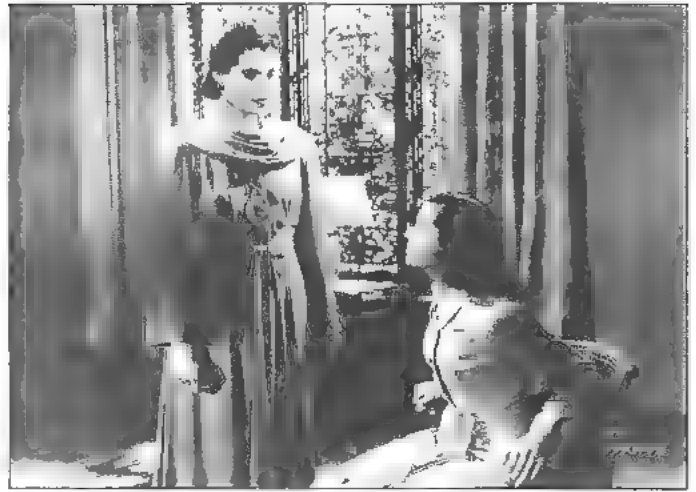
To say that my part in THE UNINVITED wasn't much is an overstatement. I was to be seen (barely) floating down the staircase of this isolated seaside house. Although it was just a stint, it took much longer to shoot than they'd expected. They thought it might take a day—two at most. But no. The main problem was getting me to float believably. I was suspended on wires, like Mary Martin in PETER PAN, which was not the problem. Unfortunately, they had wrapped me in some kind of gauze for the special effect they wanted and I couldn't bend any of my joints—my knees, my arms, nothing. I was stiff as a board, which would never do. They were finally able to modify the gauze wrapping and get the shot, but it took days to work it out.

People tell me the result on screen was very eerie and believable, though, and worth the trouble.

The portrait Mr. Kitchen did of me was lovely, very much in the style of (I think) Sir Joshua Reynolds, which the studio wanted. Afterward, Paramount said I could have it, but it was so huge that I didn't know how to get it home. And I was living in a hotel then. So I just let it go. Now the portrait is hanging in a Los Angeles museum.

The three faces of Elizabeth Russell in 1944's THE UNINVITED: the portrait that hangs in the office of Miss Holloway (Cornelia Otis Skinner) at the Mary Meredith Retreat, the ghost of Mary Meredith herself, and a second portrait hanging in the home of Mary's father, the Commander.





LEFT: This soggy encounter between the Fitzgeralds (Ray Milland and Ruth Hussey) and Stella Meredith (Gail Russell) didn't find its way into the final cut of *THE UNINVITED*. **RIGHT:** Cornelia Otis Skinner brought a hint of Production-Code lesbianism to the role of Miss Holloway. **BOTTOM RIGHT:** Star Gail Russell and director Lewis Allen tried to match their *UNINVITED* success with 1945's *THE UNSEEN*, but the unearthly magic wasn't there. Raymond Chandler had a hand in the screenplay.

THE UNINVITED

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girl rushes toward the cliff. More important, Stella's role is greatly expanded. In the novel, her incarceration at Miss Holloway's palatial madhouse comes much earlier in the action, leaving her conspicuously absent for much of the narrative; in fact, in Macardle's version, it is Pamela who is possessed by the ghost of Carmel in the memorable séance scene.

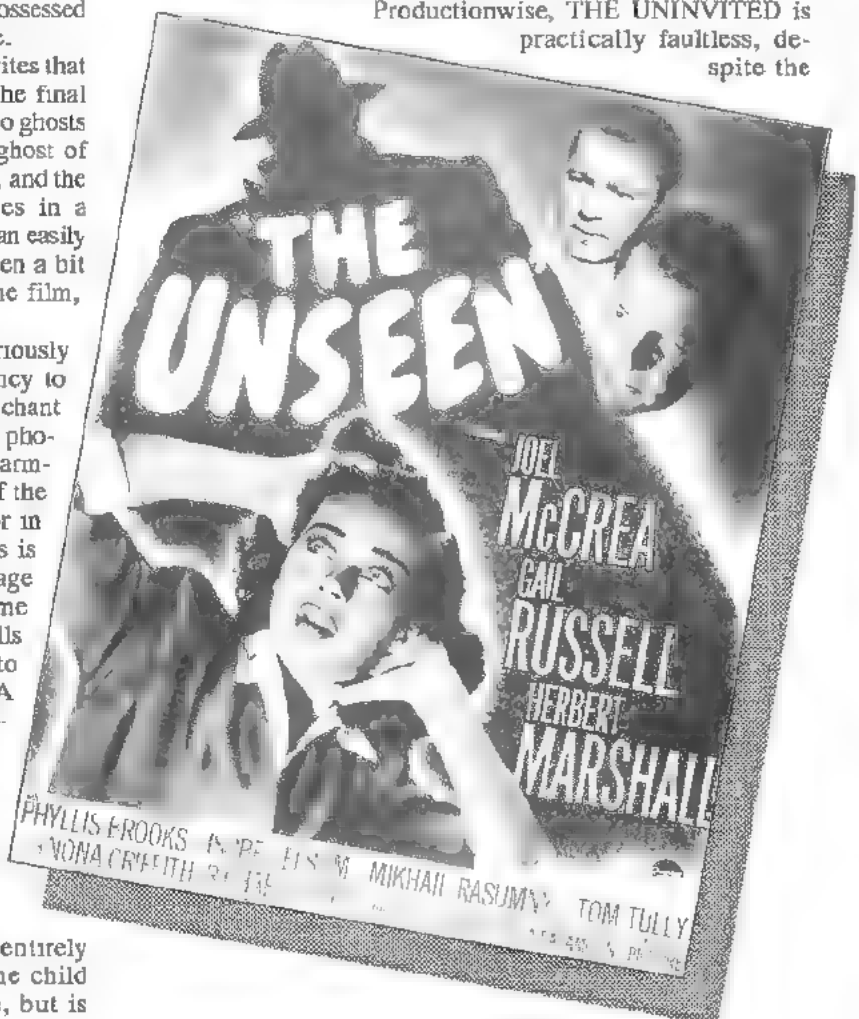
Despite the numerous script hurdles and hasty rewrites that plagued the production, a couple of bugs remain in the final film, most notably the failure to fully clarify that the two ghosts are separate and distinct entities: the warm, sensual ghost of Carmel, marked by the lingering fragrance of mimosa, and the icy presence of Mary Meredith, who materializes in a semitransparent mist of ectoplasm. First-time viewers can easily be confused by which ghost is which, and perhaps even a bit mystified at Rick's proclamation, halfway through the film, that Windward is, in fact, haunted by two spirits.

Some of Macardle's best plot inventions are curiously ignored in the movie, particularly the ghosts' tendency to appear differently to each character and Mary's penchant for exploiting each of her victims' individual fears and phobias. An unfortunate guest at the Fitzgerald's housewarming party feels the full brunt of Mary's wrath in one of the novel's most disturbing scenes. Gazing into a mirror in the haunted studio room, a narcissistic young actress is reduced to hysterics upon seeing her own reflected image as an ancient crone. Retiring to the same room some time later, Rick spends a sleepless night as Mary's ghost lulls him to the depths of despair, forcing the playwright to foresee his own bleak future as a professional failure. (A variation on the scene appears in the film as the high-spirited Rick enters the room only to find himself suddenly crestfallen. The sequence would be an ambiguous one except for a close-up of a suddenly wilting bunch of fresh cut flowers.)

As is often the case in adapting a novel to the screen, there's too much plot for an under-two-hour film. As a result, the theme of Stella coming to grips with her own identity is resolved glibly and not entirely believably. The traumatic revelation that she isn't the child of the woman she's virtually worshipped all her life, but is

rather the daughter of Mary's much-maligned rival, Carmel, hardly brings the expected reaction from poor Stella. The character lamely claims that she now feels liberated and has actually been suppressing her fiery gypsy nature all along. Even so, the viewer comes away with the distinct feeling that the unworldly English girl would be more at home with a volume of Dickens in her hands than a set of castanets.

Productionwise, *THE UNINVITED* is practically faultless, despite the



6

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The truth revealed! The Fitzgeralds and Dr. Scott discover the long-buried facts in an old medical journal, facts which led to the ghostly manifestations at Windward House. Pictured: Ruth Hussey, Alan Napier, and Ray Milland in THE UNINVITED (1944).

grambling of a few English critics who have noted that Cornwall never looked so much like Hollywood. Otherwise, the liberal use of rear projection and glass shots, very well-executed for a film of this vintage, does a fair job of concealing the fact that, except for a few exteriors, the cast hardly got off the sound stage. The overall look of the production is impressively solid. (That wonderful curved staircase was seen in many Paramount features before and since THE UNINVITED's release.)

THE UNINVITED has none of the heavy-handed sinister quality of the standard haunted-house thriller. Windward is, in fact, a house of seductive beauty that just happens to be haunted. In his first, and some say best, film, Lewis Allen's direction is spare and fluent, with a clear focus on mood and characterization. THE UNINVITED was the first major ghost story to be released by a top Hollywood studio, and, as such, was a somewhat dicey enterprise in spite of the popular success of the book. Allen, perhaps more out of caution than aesthetic conviction, chose a realistic approach, eschewing the expres-

sionistic excesses and Gothic flourishes that could easily have been applied to the material. His purposefully light tone is occasionally distracting, as in Rick's low-comedy reaction to the otherwise chilling moment in which the ghostly cries are first heard.

Nevertheless, THE UNINVITED has the reputation of being a spine-tingler of the first order, quite capable of generating *frissons* in even the stoutest horror buffs. The superimposed ghost effects may seem ineffectual, if not crude, but scenes in which the horror is left to the imagination hold up strikingly well. There is a wonderfully intangible feeling of the supernatural as the characters slowly ascend the darkened staircase that the household pets dare not tread, a bone-chilling foreboding as the candles nearly flicker out, signalling that a ghostly visitation is at hand.

The affable characters are well-played by an engaging cast. Ray Milland, still in his prime and decades away from the crusty sullenness of his middle years, had the right touch for playing light leads and even enough dramatic weight when a scene demanded it. Ruth Hussey, one of Hollywood's perennial second leads in the 40s, is excellent as Pamela. The boy-

Michael Brunas is coauthor of Universal Horrors (McFarland, 1991), and has written articles for Filmfax, Midnight Marquee, Fangoria, and Starlog.

Continued on page 109

The "Memoirs" of June Wyndham Davies

Jessie Lilley Interviews the Granada Producer

With Granada TV about to complete its first decade of producing an enormously popular series of Sherlock Holmes programs, and with the latest batch of episodes—under the umbrella title *THE MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*—currently filming in England, *Scarlet Street* thought it was high time to check in with June Wyndham Davies, who has served as producer of the shows since 1986. Holmes, Watson, and their many friends and associates (and adversaries) have undergone quite a few changes since the first episode was broadcast on April 24, 1984. More changes are in store, including Granada's first Watsonless story, and June was more than happy to tell us about them . . .

Scarlet Street: Granada's *THE MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES* will have how many episodes?

June Wyndham Davies: We will have six; the second episode is being completed today, and we go into rehearsal for the third on Wednesday of next week. What we have in the can at the moment is *THE GOLDEN PINCE-NEZ*. Anna Carteret and Frank Finlay are the program's guest stars.

SS: And the show wrapping today . . .

JWD: At the moment, we are completing *THE RED CIRCLE*. It's a sort of Mafioso story, except they didn't call it

that in the Victorian time. I think it's very gripping. We've got Kenneth Connor and Betty Marsden. They're the comedy relief, the landlady and her husband where the Italians go to hide out. And a wonderful new girl called Sophie Diaz is playing the leading role. She's come to us from Rome, and we're very excited about that.

SS: And after that . . .

JWD: The next one, which we start rehearsing on Wednesday, is called *THE THREE GABLES*, and we're delighted to have Mary Ellis with us again. She was in one of the two-hour films, in quite a small part, but she was at one time a very great actress. I'm sure you know, because she is American; she was Ivor Novello's leading lady and she has a great track record. Anyway, she's in it. So is Caroline Blakiston, who is a very well-known actress over here. Edward Hardwicke's young daughter, Emma, is going to play the role of Dora, the leading lady.

SS: How exciting!

JWD: And we have Barbara Young, Peter Wyngard, and a wonderful Mediterranean actress called Claudine Auger; she's going to play the wicked Isadora Klein for us. So, that's what we've got at the moment. After the half-way mark, we shall start rehearsing *THE CARDBOARD BOX*, as yet uncast. Then we go on to *THE DYING DETECTIVE*, and finish with *THE MAZARIN STONE*. And that will be in a collected package called *THE MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*.

SS: If this new series is successful, can we expect to see further episodes?

JWD: I have no idea. I just don't. We now have somebody called a central scheduler, and we can only put our of-



June Wyndham Davies

fers forward. If he accepts them, then we make them. We no longer have the autonomy we had when David Plowright was head of Granada. Then, we knew exactly what we were going to make because we'd probably be about two years ahead. We would know that we were set to do another six, or whatever. But as far as England goes now, we are dependent upon the central scheduler, who is quite separate to all of us. They decide, virtually, what we're going to make.

SS: How many schedulers are there?

JWD: The main one is Vernon Lawrence. Underneath him comes a gentleman called Marcus Plantin, who is really the financial part of it. It's he who decides how much he'll pay for anything—and if he's paying very poor money, then it's very difficult to accept. Quite a few people have to say, "Well, no, we can't make them at that price." It's a difficult situation.

SS: It sounds it, not to know until the 11th hour what you're going to make.

JWD: Very much the 11th hour. I was asked to make these about the beginning of May, and we started shooting on June the 14th. That's terrible, isn't it? The only way we could start is because I had two scripts up my sleeve. They were not scripts that were by any means ready, but they were scripts that could be made ready. Otherwise we could never have started.

SS: When will you complete all six?

JWD: We finish a week before Christmas. The music and so forth will be laid in the first three months of the year and it's going out in this country 'round about mid-March, I'd think.

SS: So we might not see them in the States until the end of '94 or early '95.

JWD: Depending on the way PBS picks them up. We will be ready for your autumn schedule if they want it.

SS: Well, we'll cross our fingers.

JWD: I'll tell you something; I think they'll be good. I think they'll be well-liked. The ones that I've seen so



Jeremy Brett makes a spectacle of himself in *THE GOLDEN PINCE-NEZ*, the first episode of *THE MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*.



LEFT: *THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES* was the second of the two-hour Sherlock Holmes specials, and the last to be based on a novel instead of a short story. Kristoffer Tabori played Sir Henry Baskerville to Brett's Holmes. **CENTER:** June Wyndham Davies takes a break during the filming of *THE LAST VAMPYRE*, another two-hour special. **RIGHT:** Recently, filming began on *THE MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*, a welcome return to the one-hour format.

far—well, I've only seen rushes on the second one—but the first one is excellent. We've even got part of the Russian Revolution in that. God knows how, but we have! (Laughs)

SS: We've heard that *THE MAZARIN STONE* is going to be combined with another story

JWD: Right! It's got a bit of *THE THREE GARRIDEBS* in it.

SS: *THE MAZARIN STONE* is one of the few Sherlock Holmes stories in which Billy the Page appears.

JWD: You love Billy, do you?

SS: Yes, we do.

JWD: I'm glad you reminded me! I'll have to put that down: "America loves Billy the Pageboy!"

SS: There has been occasional criticism that Granada has not used Conan Doyle's supporting characters to their best advantage. For instance, Inspector Lestrade, who is one of the Canon's most popular characters, has appeared in only six out of 34 episodes.

JWD: It is not our fault. The fact is, if you don't know when you're going to be making things, it's difficult to get the actors. I have asked Colin Jeavons if he will appear in *THE CARDBOARD BOX*—if he's going to be free. He has a tremendous amount of work, and he just hasn't been free. We particularly want him. We don't relish the prospect of having to change Lestrade to Bradstreet or Gregory. It's just that he's not often available.

SS: That's too bad.

JWD: We're in no position to be able to hold people on contract. I mean, look at the beginning of *THE MEM-*

OIRS. We were shoved into this so fast that Ted Hardwicke wasn't available for the first episode. In order to make the thing work, we had to bring in Mycroft Holmes, Sherlock Holmes' brother. It worked very well, as it happens, but that was purely because Ted was working with Anthony Hopkins in *SHADOWLAND* and that wasn't due to finish until we'd finished making the first one.

SS: It must be difficult filming under those conditions.

JWD: Most difficult. However, Ted's been in five, so that's all right. Yes, I appreciate it about Lestrade. I'm a great admirer of Colin Jeavons myself.

SS: Why, when it was decreed that the Sherlock Holmes shows were to be two hours long, were two short stories chosen for production instead of the remaining unproduced novels, *A Study in Scarlet* and *The Valley of Fear*?

JWD: Well, as far as *A Study in Scarlet* is concerned, both Jeremy and Ted are too old. *A Study in Scarlet* is when they first meet. As far as *The Valley of Fear* is concerned, which I personally like hugely, it is a very difficult one for us to make. We would have to have sufficient money to go to America.

SS: It's too bad, because then you'd be able to bring Eric Porter back as Professor Moriarty.

JWD: Ah! Well, that would have been nice, wouldn't it? But, if America wants it made, they've got to put up the money for the American end.

SS: We understand that the Baker Street set has become quite a tourist attraction. Are you able to film on it?

JWD: No

SS: How do you get around that?

JWD: With very great difficulty. We have to have very clever directors. No, you can honestly say we're not allowed to shoot there. We thought we were finished, you see. We thought we wouldn't be making any more, and it is a huge tourist attraction. It's all boxed in; I mean, there wouldn't be any way of filming it. In any case, they wouldn't have us in there now.

SS: There was quite a lot of criticism over *THE ELIGIBLE BACHELOR* and *THE LAST VAMPIRE*. Did Granada expect the reaction to be so negative?

JWD: The press over here was divided equally. They said they were, in the main, beautifully made. There's about a half million Doyle enthusiasts, and they look and watch for every single thing. We try desperately to accommodate them. But *THE ELIGIBLE BACHELOR*, *THE MASTER BLACKMAILER*, and *THE LAST VAMPIRE* had nothing to do with the one-hour series. Note that we change the titles always, and we say that it's from an idea by—not that it is absolutely the 100% truthful adaptation. They were all movies and, in order to get money to get this sort of thing done, we had to appeal to a much wider audience. I think they were terribly well written. Okay, one extra character was brought into *THE LAST VAMPIRE*—which I thought helped it along enormously. As far as *THE ELIGIBLE BACHELOR* was concerned, Lord St. Simon really was after the American heiress' money. That's in the story. We took it a phase deeper

and thought, "Why shouldn't he have had a couple of wives beforehand, that he also managed to get their money?" We didn't think that was so dreadful to do, because all the other characters are there. They're all slight stories, and I felt very strongly that we made very good films. We've had some wonderful letters.

SS: *THE MASTER BLACKMAILER* was a tour de force.

JWD: Wasn't it wonderful?

SS: *It was exquisite. It's unfortunate, though, that the final scene with Inspector Lestrade was cut.*

JWD: Well, there's a great rhythm to a movie, and the moment after the shot of the fireplace was virtually the moment to finish, rather than suddenly have a tidy little scene in the way that we do in the *CASE-BOOK*, the *MEMOIRS*, the *ADVENTURES*—that belonged more to a series convention than a movie. And that is why that was removed. I mean, it was a very short thing, but it spoiled the rhythm of the film.

SS: *It's been noted by some critics that there seems to be less friendship and affection between Holmes and Watson in the newer episodes.*

JWD: Well, I hadn't even noticed it, so I'm quite aghast and agape at what you say!

SS: *British television seems to be taking a much more active part in producing or coproducing shows with American settings. Would Granada ever consider an American detective series—for instance, with Nero Wolfe or Ellery Queen?*

© Granada Television International



THE GOLDEN PINCE-NEZ had to go into production so quickly that it is missing what some may consider an essential Holmesian ingredient: Watson. Here, Susan Tarlton (Natalie Morise) finds the body of Willoughby Smith (Christopher Guard), the telltale clue clutched in his hand.

JWD: We could consider it, but we would have to offer it to the central scheduler, and the central scheduler decides. We have stuff coming back all the time. I mean, we've had some wonderful suggestions that have been

put forward—not detective series, I hasten to add, but all kinds of things, and they just come back. "Not interested. No, thank you." That's what we put up with. Indeed, if we did one, we'd have to have a coproduction deal, have a huge staff that puts bums on seats all over the world! (Laughs)

SS: *Have you a favorite episode of the Holmes films?*

JWD: A favorite? My goodness, it's very hard. Of the films, I love *THE MASTER BLACKMAILER*. Of the series, I love *THE PRIORY SCHOOL*, *THE MUSGRAVE RITUAL*....

SS: *If the series continues beyond the six currently scheduled, have you any idea which stories might be filmed?*

JWD: Absolutely not. There are very few left.

SS: *Yes, that's true. Well, we'll look forward to the new one-hour episodes. Perhaps they'll meet with greater approval from the Doyleans.*

JWD: You know, it's quite extraordinary to read any form of criticism directed against these movies when you consider the tripe that was written for Nigel Bruce and Basil Rathbone—ludicrous, terrible stories, if they were to be viewed today. Performance I've nothing to say about, because I thought Basil Rath-

bone was simply wonderful. But the content—I mean, they were really ghastly! And while we have minor changes, we certainly have tried to keep to the spirit of Conan Doyle.

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THE KILLING KIND

AN APPRECIATION by Richard Valley

A middle-aged spinster (Luana Anders) and her invalid father (Peter Brocco) relax in their back yard, reading, writing, and indulging in one of the Great American Pastimes: arguing about the neighbors.

"They're at it again," complains the old man, annoyed by the laughter emanating from the house next door.

"They're having fun," replies his drab, long-suffering daughter.

"Unnatural mother and son behaving like that."

"Poor woman's been alone so long," murmurs the daughter, reflecting on her own isolation as well as her neighbor's. "She's just glad to have him back."

"Cackling laughter at all hours of the night. Idiots, that's what they are. Stupid idiots. Just low-class idiots. Well, you remember what he did, don't you? Set the house on fire? The boy's a psychopath. They should have kept him in prison; that's where he belongs. I don't feel safe with that boy around. And don't you ever go near him, do you hear me?"

The trouble with crotchety, self-righteous old men is that they are as capable of insight as the next man—and, in this case, Louise's father has hit the nail on the head. Just as his daughter is no fresh-faced, auburn-haired Judy Garland, yearning for a love that surely must come, the boy next door is no "boy next door," and the setting is no charming, turn-of-the-century St. Louis, but a seedy California suburb peopled with the weary elderly, the restless young—and the criminally insane.

The couple next door are boarding-house landlady Thelma Lambert (Ann Sothern) and her son, Terry (John Savage), and Curtis Harrington's *THE KILLING KIND* (1973), reflecting the groundbreaking freedom enjoyed by filmmakers following the dissolution of the Production Code in 1968, opens with a prologue dramatizing another patch of trouble involving the young psychopath: A group of teenage boys chase Tina Moore (Sue Bernard) along the beach and trap her beneath a pier. Stripping off Tina's bikini, slipping out of their swim trunks, the boys rape the screaming (though not entirely reticent) girl—stopping only when one of

them glances around and spies Terry, a reluctant member of the gang, standing anxiously and self-consciously in the background. The boys grab Terry, lift him as if he were a battering ram (which, in effect, is what they intend him to be), and lower him on top of the hysterical Tina. They yank his cut-offs down over his buttocks. Terry emits a series of screams, the frame freezes, the credits roll, and the action picks up two years later as the boy returns home after serving a prison sentence for rape.

What follows is one-half tale of vengeance, one-half character study, as the warped Terry brutally destroys the women he holds responsible for his incarceration. Tina is first on the list. Locked in his bedroom, masturbating as he leans over a girls' magazine, Terry suddenly puts the book aside and calls her. (Harrington shoots the masturbation scene with Savage, dressed, lying on the bed in medium shot, intercutting quick flashes of the naked women in the magazine, when Terry's thoughts turn to Tina, the rape on the beach.) At her home, Tina is in bed with her latest boyfriend, but she isn't at all put off by an obscene phone call from an "unknown" admirer:

You still as pretty? You still do it under the pier? You know what I would like to do to you? Would you like me to tell you, Tina?

Terry, his free hand back doing the devil's work between his legs, taunts the girl, but hangs up before Tina can identify her steamy-voiced caller. The next night, she's run off the road and killed in a fiery car crash. (Well, didn't his mother tell Terry that she wished Tina dead?)

Next on the list is lawyer Rhea Benson (Ruth Roman), who Terry feels didn't do her utmost to keep

him out of stir. The spruced-up psycho wrangles his way into Rhea's home, slashes her face with a pocket knife, forces her to down a year's supply of Scotch, and sets fire to the house as she lies drunk on the living-room floor.

At this point, Thelma begins to suspect that Terry might be behind the recent rash of deaths. (No one but she suspects murder; nor do the police, whose siren can be heard mo-



A drunken Louise (Luana Anders) is eager to dive into an affair with boy next door Terry Lambert (John Savage), little suspecting that the young man is really one of THE KILLING KIND (1973).



Ann Sothorn was already a 40-year-plus veteran of show biz when she starred in Curtis Harrington's *THE KILLING KIND* (1973). The above fashion show harkens to the days at Metro Goldwyn Mayer, and includes shots from 1942's *PANAMA HATTIE* (LEFT) and 1947's *UNDERCOVER MAISIE* (CENTER), the latter an entry in a popular MGM series.

ments before the closing credits, ever make an on-screen appearance.) Her fears are confirmed when Terry strangles boarder Lori Davis (Cindy Williams) in her bathtub and spends the night sitting catatonically on the bathroom floor. Thelma helps her son dispose of the girl's body in the city dump, and then takes a final desperate measure to ensure that Terry (not his potential victims) suffers no further.

THE KILLING KIND has the feeling of a case study, and indeed Harrington researched similar cases in preparation for the film. The central relationship between a suffocating mother (Thelma) and her diffident son (Terry), is well-handled and Harrington creates a repressive atmosphere which helps to explain Terry's murderous impulses.

—Cinema, 1974

THE KILLING KIND is essentially a film about voyeurs, and as such has much in common with that father of all voyeur movies, Alfred Hitchcock's *REAR WINDOW* (1954). Throughout the course of the story, almost everyone finds a reason (usually sexual) to watch or spy on someone else. The gang bang, naturally, comes complete with a built-in audience. After Lori moves into the boarding house, Terry stands outside her window, stroking one of his mother's many cats as he watches the girl undress. (Presaging Lori's own fate, the puss winds up dead and dumped in a trash can.) Lori is not above keeping an appreciate eye on Terry, coming on to him even after he nearly drowns her in a "playful" swimming-pool incident. The next-door spinster, Louise, is forever at her bedroom window, watching Terry as he "frolics" with Lori, watching as he takes a midnight swim, watching as he strangles a cat outside Lori's window, watching as Terry and Thelma stuff Lori's limp body in a car and drive it to the dump . . .

Another reference to *REAR WINDOW* is the fact that, like L. B. Jeffries (James Stewart) in the Hitchcock film, Thelma is a photographer. (Whereas Jeffries is an award-winning, globe-trotting photog, Thelma has spent her time as a shutterbug shooting drunks in a tacky nightclub.) The

landlady's favorite subject (indeed, now, her only subject) is son Terry. She takes pictures of the boy mugging by the pool, imitating Charlie Chaplin, and falling off the diving board. Later, after one of Terry's homicidal outings, she yanks aside the curtain and snaps him standing nude in the shower stall. Finally, at film's end, Thelma takes one last picture of Terry as he lies dying on the living-room sofa, victim of a glass of poisoned chocolate milk administered by Mom.

Harrington manages the directorial hat trick of paying homage to Alfred without losing his own distinctive style. (Brian DePalma should take lessons.) Other references to the Master of Suspense include Terry whistling "The Merry Widow Waltz" (à la Joseph Cotten in 1943's *SHADOW OF A DOUBT*) as he prepares to kill Rhea Benson (who, tellingly, is played by a graduate of the 1954 Hitchcock classic *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*), and Thelma serving the glass of poisoned milk on a plate (echoing the famous shot from 1941's *SUSPICION*, of Cary Grant climbing the stairs with a glass of milk, presumably poisoned, on a tray). Two further scenes (Terry's exposure and Lori's murder) are set in showers, surely a Hitchcockian connection easy enough for anyone to make.

THE KILLING KIND's sexual tensions raise it above the level of most thrillers, giving the cast an erotic subtext with which to flesh out their flesh-obsessed characters. Unhappily, though, the Tony Crechalon/George Edwards screenplay is a study in misogyny. Not only are its women, more often than not, victims, they are also fools who, playing the mating game, all but beg to be terminated. (The exceptions: Rhea, who doesn't try to seduce Terry, is killed; Louise, who does, survives.)

The most important woman in the film is Thelma, movingly played by Ann Sothorn. In younger, slimmer days, Thelma was clearly a woman of limited virtue, giving birth out of wedlock to Terry and parading before him a string of "uncles" who blew town at the same time her looks did a vanishing act. That Thelma has smothered Terry with love to the point of incest, that she is largely responsible for his inability to establish a normal relationship, would, in less-talented hands than Harrington's and Sothorn's, render her a thor-



Terry (John Savage) offers Rhea Benson (Ruth Roman) a drink, the first of several bottles' worth of liquor designed to render the woman helpless to prevent her murder. The scene is one of THE KILLING KIND's most brutal.

oughly reprehensible creature. Instead, she comes across as very much a victim of her own, barely-apprehended needs. (Like mother, like son, as Norman Bates might have said.) Midway through THE KILLING KIND, in a scene that the once-glamorous Sothern found particularly difficult to play, Terry explodes at his mother:

You're like this big heavy pillow over my face, and you're suffocating me! Thelma and her bastard son! You fat whore! You're nothin' but a fat whore!

Filming WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HELEN? in 1971, Harrington had experienced a similar "image" problem with Debbie Reynolds, who finally (and reluctantly) agreed to perform a troublesome scene with Shelley Winters. For THE KILLING KIND, an old-style, studio-system star again came through for her director: Sothern, who had made her film debut as Harriette Lake in 1929's THE SHOW OF SHOWS, and counted among her movies MGM's popular Maisie series, 1949's A LETTER TO THREE WIVES, 1953's THE BLUE GARDENIA, 1964's LADY IN A CAGE, and 1987's THE WHALES OF AUGUST, makes Thelma's confusion and humiliation genuinely touching.

THE KILLING KIND's other studio veteran, Ruth Roman, brings professionalism and talent to her one scene role as Rhea, the only woman in the film who isn't primarily defined by her libido. As Lori, Cindy Williams is something of a sex-starved twit—willing to kiss a boy who tried to drown her because she "never did it in a bathtub before." (Williams, in her first outing following her Cukor-directed debut in 1972's TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT, is very much Shirley minus Laverne in the role, making Lori a bright-eyed, self-righteous flirt.) Sue Bernard's Tina is a cheap boardwalk tramp, and Luana Anders' Louise, drunkenly approaching the much younger Terry at

poolside, is saddled with the most unfortunate dialogue in the script:

It must be wonderful, being raped. I wouldn't have told on you.

That Anders, a veteran of Harrington's haunting NIGHT TIDE (1963), overcomes so unpalatable a speech to create a sharply delineated (if emotionally misguided) woman is tribute both to her skills as a performer and her director's ability to generate complexity in (and mixed reactions to) his characters.

■ ■ ■

And then there's Terry Lambert. Taking the lead after playing a supporting role in his debut film (1972's BAD COMPANY), John Savage makes Terry a fascinating study in contrasts. Surrounded and victimized by women (Thelma, Tina, and, though the viewer is given no evidence that she was anything other than professional, Rhea), Terry has a quiet, "little boy lost" quality that is undeniably attractive. Nevertheless, in an early scene with Sothern, laughing wildly over the sudden death of an elderly boarder, Savage demonstrates that something is not quite right with the boy. Terry has a cruel streak that results in dead felines. He taunts another of Thelma's fossilized tenants, Mrs. Orland (Marjorie Eaton, another NIGHT TIDE alumni), with a rat, then sticks the rodent's head in a mouse trap. (Mrs. Orland drops to the floor in a dead faint.) He stalks and teases Tina and Rhea as if they, too, were frightened rats. (The elimination of an early scene, in which Terry coincidentally sees Tina and her boyfriend at the zoo, makes his decision to call, and then kill, the girl far more calculated than Harrington had originally intended.)

Terry's one love is music. He sees himself as a songwriter, but after seven years of strumming a guitar has yet to compose a single complete melody. In their second and last

Continued on page 106

Thelma (Ann Sothern), whose love for son Terry (John Savage) borders on the incestuous, snaps a photo as he showers shortly after killing his lawyer.



SCARLET STREET TAKES TO THE SEASHORE, FOR NIGHT TIDE AND THE KILLING KIND, IN PART TWO OF OUR FASCINATING TALK WITH DIRECTOR

CURTIS HARRINGTON

INTERVIEWED BY
KEVIN G. SHINNICK

Scarlet Street: The killers in your films are often treated sympathetically, while the nominal heroes often have very unattractive traits. Do you strive for moral ambivalence in your movies?

Curtis Harrington: Oh, yes.

SS: In *THE KILLING KIND*, John Savage is as much a victim as he is a killer.

CH: Oh, but completely. I have the greatest sympathy for him. I think that comes across in the film.

SS: Presumably, that didn't help the film at the box office.

CH: No, of course not. It's a tragedy. It's a domestic tragedy. (Laughs) The same thing is true of *WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HELEN?* Poor Debbie Reynolds gets killed in the end. These films are completely against the grain of most commercial films. When I look back on it, I'm sort of amazed that they let me do this. I think it's because they're thrillers; if they were straight dramas they would never have let me get away with those endings.

SS: Yet the endings are logical . . .

CH: I think it adds an inevitability to the stories. Unconsciously, I'm attracted to this and I do it—and then I wake up and say, "Oh, my God! Another tragic ending!" Another flop movie! The masses don't like it. Americans, particularly. You know, many years ago Shauna Alexander wrote an editorial for *Life* magazine, about how Americans are not a tragic people. They have no sense of tragedy, the way Latins do, for instance. I remember being aware of that when I first discovered Mexican movies. None of them

were subtitled, so I didn't understand the plots too well, but, as much as Hollywood, I would always try to turn everything around to come up with a happy ending. Even when it was not merited, it seemed to me that the Latinos in the Mexican films did exactly the opposite. When everything seemed to end happily, they would inevitably, at the very last minute, have something tragic happen.

SS: *THE KILLING KIND* is more violent than your other films.

CH: That's true.

SS: Of course, *HELEN* was intended to be more violent.

CH: Just the final, climactic murder. I wanted to do a Hitchcock with that. I readily admit it. I wanted to do something similar to the shower scene in *PSYCHO*, because I thought it would be good to have something sensational to make the film more talked about. I don't know; I like to feel that I can justify anything artistically, but it's very hard when you know that you're going to do something sensational and that it will have an effect on the talk about the film; it's hard to be totally pure about that.

SS: *THE KILLING KIND* was an independent film.

CH: It was made on a very, very low budget. I mean, I was back to making a film like *NIGHT TIDE*. *THE KILLING KIND* was made for only about \$250,000.

SS: Did that enable you to have more creative freedom?

CH: Well, not really. Even on that level, the people who put up the money are idiots; they want to put their two cents in. I had the key scene cut out of the film, arbitrarily, by those idiots.

SS: What was the scene about?

CH: The film, as it stands, shows Terry, the John Savage character, lying on his bed, looking at girlie photos and getting horny. Then he seems to get the idea of calling the girl from under the pier . . .

SS: The girl whom the other boys force him to rape.

CH: Well, preceding the scene was one in which he visits the zoo. He's watching apes behind bars—he's just gotten out of jail—and now he's watching these innocent creatures cavorting behind bars. Visually it was full of resonance. He suddenly hears a piercing laugh, and he glances over and sees the girl with another boy. Then he looks back at the apes, and you see that something is happening in his mind. John Savage played it so well; it was all in his eyes. It was absolutely wonderful, and those sons of bitches cut it out!

SS: It connects strongly to the later scene, when he kills her.

CH: Yes! It was essential! And it's gone. I wish I'd stolen the footage, so that somehow it could've been put back later, but I didn't have enough presence of mind to do that.

SS: *THE KILLING KIND* stars John Savage and Ann Sothern. Was there much contrast in their approach to the film?

CH: Not really, no. There was some rivalry from her. I mean, she realized that he was very good, and I think she was a bit jealous of him. She was sort of thinking, "Oh, God. Maybe he's stealing this scene from me"—particularly in the scene where he denounces her and calls her a fat whore. She got very difficult during that scene.

SS: Really?

CH: Yes, but those are the problems of shooting a film. We got through it okay—and John was wonderful.



Photos courtesy of Curtis Harrington



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THE KILLING KIND (1973) starred brooding John Savage as a psychotic who killed just about everyone except his mom (Ann Sothern), but that didn't stop her from poisoning him at the end of the film.

SS: All the characters seem to lead such sad lives. They're all voyeurs. Savage kills the cat while watching Cindy Williams. And the librarian played by Luana Anders watches and doesn't take action until the very end.

CH: Right. She's a frustrated young spinster with a crippled father.

SS: In the dream sequence, the father appears in drag.

CH: (Laughs) Oh that's just a little Harrington touch. The Savage character is smothered by women, so that everyone becomes a female to him because he has so many sexual hangups.

SS: *THE KILLING KIND* is a very sexual film. Is it your only film containing nudity?

CH: Yes, I think so. I wanted the opening rape scene to be as brutal as possible. That was very important.

SS: The sex is tied in with the film's acts of violence.

CH: Because of the rape, and the impotence in the act of rape, which triggers the whole story.

SS: Filmmakers in the late 60s and early 70s were taking full advantage of the freedom following the end of the Production Code.

CH: Yes, well, it was a new-found freedom, but I feel I was totally justified in what I did with it.

SS: Nowadays, there's a push for more censorship...

CH: Obviously, I'm one of those people who'd be against censorship, but at the same time I am appalled by the amount of violence in films today. I think it was very revealing when my film *MATA HARI* opened in Copenhagen. I have a Danish friend and we talked via long distance. I said,

"Well, is it censored there?"—because the film was very much censored here by the MPAA. He said, "Oh, no! Not at all. In Denmark, we censor violence in films, not sex." And I thought, "My God. What a much healthier society they must have than America's." There's so much hypocrisy in America. This lingering Puritanism goes on and on and on, generation after generation. The idiot religious right-wingers have caused so much trouble in this country recently. They're the most repellent people in America, in my opinion, and their influence is totally pernicious. It's the sanctimoniousness of saying, "Oh, we're into family values." It's hypocrisy of the worst sort. They don't practice Christian virtues at all. It has nothing to do with true Christianity; it's narrow-mindedness. Thank God they've been knocked out of office! It's the greatest thing that's happened to this country in 20 years!

SS: As with *WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HELEN?*, you were extremely unhappy with the ad campaign for *THE KILLING KIND*.

CH: The release of the film was a joke. The people who financed it were a couple of guys from Texas who'd never been involved in the film business. I don't even know how they got in there; I guess George Edwards found them and got them to invest in this project. They were naïve. They were nice enough people, but they were worried about getting their money back. They made a kind of half-assed attempt to sell it to a major and didn't succeed. Then they met a man who had a successful company making commercials for television, and he had this fan

tasy about getting into feature production and having his own distribution arm. He said, "I'll guarantee a return on your money if you'll give me the distribution rights to this film." Well, it was like handing the distribution rights to my grandmother! I mean, the ad campaign was the cheapest thing they could put together; there was no money behind it, and then he began to do what they call "States' Righting" the film, and it didn't even play in most states. Later, when we tried to get a proper distributor, it was too late. They said, "Well, if it's been distributed in a half-assed way, we really don't want to bother with it." The film really was essentially buried before it even had a chance to be seen.

SS: Samuel Fuller pushed to get *THE KILLING KIND* distributed.

CH: Yes, he did, with no success. Sammy loved it. I'm very proud of it; I think it's one of my best films, and Ann Sothern is very proud of it. They had a special tribute to Ann Sothern at the Santa Barbara Film Festival three or four years ago, and she insisted that they show it. It was very well received at the Festival and Ann is very proud of it. She should be, because she's absolutely wonderful.

SS: Let's backtrack. You began making movies when you were 14...

CH: I made a version of *The Fall of the House of Usher* in 8mm, yes, at the age of 14.

SS: Were you a Poe enthusiast?

CH: Oh, yes. Poe is the seminal influence in my life, yes. I discovered the stories of Edgar Allan Poe when I was about 11 or 12. It was just a total resonance with my own soul.

SS: Did you see many horror films when you were a boy?

CH: Oh, yes. My earliest movie memory is begging, begging my mother to take me to BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN. She wouldn't take me, because it was a horror film and I was probably only four or five years old. I finally coaxed and cajoled her to take me to see THE RAVEN, and she took me out of the theatre after the first 20 minutes or so, at the moment when Karloff begins shooting the mirrors.

SS: When he first sees that his face has been scarred by Lugosi.

CH: She said I crawled under the seat! (Laughs) So I didn't get to see another horror film until later, when they were doing the revival of DRACULA and FRANKENSTEIN on a double bill in the late 30s. I got my father to take me to see them.

SS: And after that you were hooked?

CH: I was hooked, yes. Later, I got to know James Whale quite well. He and I had an instant rapport when I met him as a young fan. I used to have dinner at his house occasionally. Also, when I was in Europe in the early 50s, just after I got out of school, he came over and I spent some time with him in Paris.

SS: Whale's death is considered something of a Hollywood mystery.

CH: Not really. He committed suicide. He left a note.

SS: Did he seem sad or despondent in his later years? He wasn't working...

CH: He never seemed to be too sad about not working; he had plenty of money and he lived a very elegant and lavish lifestyle. I lost touch with him in the last three or four years of his life. I didn't see him anymore, so I can't really say what was going on in his mind. I just feel that he was weary, and tired of life. He may have had some incipient illness. The note said, "I know I shall be much happier where I am going than where I am."

SS: Did he influence you to invest in other things besides making movies?

CH: I suppose. I mean, I saw how he lived in later life. I've always been a very practical person on that level.

SS: Did you make other 8mm films?

CH: There was one other, but it was never finished. It's of no interest particularly. None of my short films are horror films; they're all trying to be poetic, cinematic expressions.

SS: Most of your films involve dreams and mythology.

CH: Yes, that's true. I was very interested in the work of the surrealists.

SS: That comes through in such films as NIGHT TIDE and GAMES.

CH: Yes, illusion and reality. They're two themes that fascinate me. Illusion and reality on the most basic level—and also European decadence versus American innocence. Time-honored themes.

SS: You were friends with Kenneth Anger. Both of you began making experimental films at about the same time.



CH: Kenneth, of course, has totally remained in that area. We were interested in the use of the medium for the creation of a poetic, imaginative cinema, which had nothing to do with commercial things. In fact, I launched my career by showing my short films to the one man in Hollywood who I felt would be sympathetic to them: the producer/director Albert Lewin, who directed THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY. I took my films to Albert Lewin and I showed them to him and said, "I'd like to get a toehold in the Hollywood film industry." I was intuitively right, because he did re-

spond to them. He was a collector of surrealist art; he was that anomaly in Hollywood: an extremely literate, bright man who was an executive at MGM and a director in his own right. He responded very positively and he led me to my first job, which was working as an assistant to Jerry Wald.

SS: Was it very difficult to make an adjustment from experimental to commercial films?

CH: Well, yes—but I loved the film business and everything about it, so it was utterly fascinating for me to be on the inside, to go to dailies every day, go on the sets and work on story material, work with the writers. My chief function was to help mold the screenplay, so it was a wonderful experience and training ground for me.

SS: Among other films, you worked on RETURN TO PEYTON PLACE as associate producer. Did you help cast anyone for that film?

CH: I don't think so; I think Jerry Wald made all those choices. I created the original story line, which Jerry Wald sent to Grace Metalious, who had written the original novel. She used it as a basis for her novel Return to Peyton Place, which in turn became the basis for the screenplay. But I don't think I had too much to do with the casting. I was thrilled with Mary Astor; I used to have lunch with Mary Astor whenever I could. She was an absolutely marvelous human being.

SS: How did you move into directing?

CH: Well, I finally wrote the original screenplay of NIGHT TIDE and then, with Roger Corman's help, got enough money together to make it on an extremely low budget. It was my first original screenplay; I wrote it based on a

short story, an unpublished short story that I had written earlier, called "The Secrets of the Sea." Roger Corman gave me some distribution guarantees through a company that he had at the time, called The Film Group. Armed with those, I was able to get a deferment of laboratory costs, plus some cash from the laboratory. I went into partnership on the film with a young Armenian American named Aram Kantarian, who had ambitions to become a film producer. Between the two of us, we managed to raise the additional money necessary. The entire budget, with deferments, was about



LEFT: Dennis Hopper played the young sailor who falls for a lovely mermaid in *NIGHT TIDE* (1963), directed by Curtis Harrington and financed with the help of Roger Corman. **RIGHT:** Harrington (in shades) and cinematographer Floyd Crosby on the set of *NIGHT TIDE*.

\$75,000. But, you know, costs were very different then. That was around 1960.

SS: Did Jerry Wald offer any help?

CH: No. No, in fact I did all this secretly. I didn't want to rock the boat, because he was only interested in me in relation to my support and help to him. He wasn't interested in furthering my career.

SS: *NIGHT TIDE* shares some plot points with *THE CAT PEOPLE*.

CH: Yes. That was my own intention. I mean, everyone is influenced, and I would readily admit that I was influenced by the Val Lewton films, which I admired when I was younger.

SS: You even cast *CAT PEOPLE*'s Kent Smith in several films.

CH: That was because, when I made *THE CAT CREATURE* and *THE DEAD DON'T DIE* for TV, the producer Douglas Cramer and I signed as many of the minor players from the horror films of the 30s and 40s as we could

find. We rediscovered Milton Parsons for *THE DEAD DON'T DIE*. We brought back Gale Sondergaard; that was her first major role since the time she had been deposed as a communist by the Hollywood establishment. Kent Smith was one of those people, because he'd been in some of the Lewton films.

SS: Now, you cast Dennis Hopper in *NIGHT TIDE* . . .

CH: His film before *NIGHT TIDE* was *GIANT*, the George Stevens film. There had been a showing of some of my short experimental films at a coffee house in Los Angeles, and Dennis had attended that and liked the films, and we got to know each other slightly. Then, when it came time to do this film, I cast him. He'd never played a leading role before, but he just seemed to me to be perfect for it. I talked to him about it and he said he would be willing to do it. All the actors were

paid Screen Actors Guild minimum. He didn't get any more than anyone else in the film. It was very much a labor of love for everyone.

SS: What was it like working with Dennis Hopper?

CH: Well, he was wonderful. He's a very inventive actor; we got along extremely well on the production. There were only two things that were difficult with Dennis. One was that he had been in high-budget films for major studios, even though he hadn't played a leading role, and we were very pressed for time because of our low budget. It was very funny; one day he looked at me and said, "Well, George Stevens didn't make me do it this fast!" (Laughs) I'll never forget that, you know? I thought, "Oh, my God! Is he off in Cloud Cuckoo Land!"

SS: You seem to have a fascination for the sea in your movies.

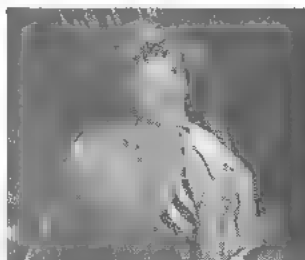
Continued on page 107

LEFT: Curtis Harrington directing *NIGHT TIDE* (1963), his first professional feature. **RIGHT:** Dennis Hopper discovers the severed hand in the jar, a vital clue to the mystery of *NIGHT TIDE*.



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- Deated Dentist footage (1932)
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- The Ghost of Sumbur Mountain (1919)

Poor video master
■ Creation (1931)
Enjoyable examples of early stop motion animation from the man who did the animal on for *King Kong* (1933). Except *Ghost of Sumbur Mountain* are from excellent 16mm prints. A steal at \$14.95!

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (1951)

Carol Reed. No, this isn't the Disney version, and it isn't the WC Fields version, and it isn't even the Steve Allen version. It's a rare film using Willis O'Brien-style animation. The original was color, but we could only locate a black and white 16mm print. All the same, it's an interesting variation from the various versions you've already seen, and a little truer to Carroll than usual. \$14.95

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Spanish (1934) is hugely upgraded in quality, although content is still awful! What were you thinking, Bob? The other Edison shorts are about the same, but the Chaplin shorts are much sharper than before. Even after all this work, we're still just charging \$9.95.

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- *How Jones Lost His Roll* (1905)
- *The Whole Dam Family and the Dam Dog* (1905)
- *Rescued by Rover* (1905)
- *Going Spanish* (1934; Bob Hope)
- *The Cure* (1917) Charlie Chaplin
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- About half an hour of 1890's-1900's newsreel-type things.
- Clips from *Without Benefit of Clergy* (1920) with Boris Karloff
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THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW



RUTH ROMAN

INTERVIEWED BY JESSIE LILLEY



LEFT: Early in her career, Ruth Roman held sway over a Hollywood back lot in *JUNGLE QUEEN* (1945). Earlier still, she wrote the story for another chapterplay: *ZORRO'S BLACK WHIP* (1944). **RIGHT:** Ruth Roman's fortunes took a step up (the fire escape) when she terrified Bobby Driscoll in *THE WINDOW* (1949), based on a story by Cornell Woolrich.

Born in Boston, famed in Hollywood for such classics of suspense as *THE WINDOW* (1949) and *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN* (1951), sultry Ruth Roman's career has spanned six decades and includes a fatal encounter with John Savage in Curtis Harrington's *THE KILLING KIND* (1972). Here's her story . . .

Scarlet Street: *THE KILLING KIND* was an independent film. How did you become involved in the project?

Ruth Roman: Well, my golly, that was a long time ago. I think it was just a matter of work. It was a very interesting role. It wasn't a very big part; it was a small part, but it was very interesting. *THE KILLING KIND* was with John Savage. It was one of his first roles, and when I met him on the set I thought, "My God, this boy's gonna be big. This boy is really a fine actor"—because he was out of the ordinary. We got along beautifully together; we had a difficult scene to do where he pours Scotch down my throat and kills me. Ann Sothorn was in it, too, wasn't she?

SS: Yes.

RR: See, I never worked with Ann in it. I had no scenes with Ann Sothorn at all, but she seemed to be a very nice person. I worked only with John.

SS: Did he seem at all nervous or unsure of himself?

RR: Not at all. He was very intense. I think you could have misunderstood

him at that time; he was so eager and a very intense actor. I had been in the theatre when I was younger and had met a lot of kids who work like he works, you know? You just gotta let them alone; you gotta let them do what they want to do. A lot of people might have thought he was temperamental, but I didn't find that at all. I think he just wanted to do such a good job, and he was so intense. He was strange. He was an odd boy, and you had to give him space.

SS: Curtis Harrington seemed pleased with him. Had you worked with Harrington previously?

RR: I just worked with him on this film. I don't believe I met him before that. The only trouble we had was, at the end of the sequence, the character that John played burns me up in the room; he lights fires all around me and burns me. Curtis explained it to me, and I said, "My dear, you have to get a dummy for that." (Laughs) They wanted to put me in the middle; they said, "Well, there's no danger!" But I'd been in the business a long time, and I just don't do my stunts. I said, "No, I won't do it." That was the only discussion we had. I think he might recall that—but, you know, get a dummy and I'll give you the clothes!

SS: That sounds reasonable.

RR: I was wearing my own wardrobe and I said, "I don't care if you burn it up." So that's where that was at, but other than that I thought the scene was really a very fine scene, directorially. It was so realistic that even I was a little shocked when I saw it—and I had performed it!

SS: Do you recall how long it took to film that scene?

RR: Oh, I don't think I was there any more than a day or two. It was not made on a big budget, that film. It isn't like when you're working on a major, where you can reshoot and reshoot. You gotta get it, period.

SS: Well, you got it!

RR: A lot of independents are that way; they've got just so much money. It's like TV; you don't reshoot too much TV. Unless it's really bad. Then you do—but it has to be pretty bad!

SS: When and how did you first come to Hollywood?

RR: Oh, God! Are you gonna go into all that? I came to Hollywood during the war.

SS: That's not so long ago.

RR: Not the Korean War, dear! (Laughs) I came to Hollywood; I was gonna conquer the world. I had about a hundred bucks on me. It took me 10 years to get successful.

SS: Some of your early work included writing and acting in serials.

RR: I did one serial called *LOTHEL, THE MYSTERY QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE*. I always remember that one; I thought it was funny. She was the head of the Tongolese of Tongu. She was a mystical character; you couldn't kill her in 13 chapters! (Laughs)

SS: Our sources have the title listed as *JUNGLE QUEEN*, with you as Lothel.

RR: Well, that was me: The Mystery Jungle Queen!

SS: Didn't you also write *ZORRO'S BLACK WHIP*?

RR: I did! I did a thing called *WHIP SONG*, which I sold to Herb Yates at Republic. They called it *ZORRO'S BLACK WHIP*. It's a piece of junk. It was a little Western, and I was killing off everybody. I'm not a very good



It's another rip-snortin', hard-hittin' scene from *ZORRO'S BLACK WHIP*. The movie starred Linda Stirling, but Ruth Roman wrote the original story.

writer. A lot of people think I should write, but I don't like writing.

SS: You also acted opposite the Marx Brothers in *A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA*.

RR: There's a story behind that. I did a one-day bit in the harem and they used that picture of myself with Groucho Marx on the big poster advertising the picture, but I wasn't in the movie. I was cut out of the movie!

SS: But you were the poster girl.

RR: Yes, they used Groucho and me to sell *A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA*.

SS: What were the brothers like?

RR: I only met Groucho, and he was nice. I really haven't had many problems with people I've worked with. I'm nice to them, so they're nice to me. I don't know; I have no envy of other people. I don't feel in competition with anyone. I figure they know what they're doing; that's their part. I

Ruth Roman established her versatility by starring in both *THE WINDOW* and *CHAMPION* (pictured here with costar Kirk Douglas) in the same year: 1949.



know what I'm doing; that's my part. And I don't try to step into their territory. It's only when you get out of line that you run into trouble.

SS: You were in *BEYOND THE FOREST*, Bette Davis' last film under contract for Warners.

RR: Oh, sure! We had a lot of fun together. We got along beautifully.

SS: Davis hated making the film....

RR: If you recall, that's the picture that the line "What a dump!" comes from. They later used it in *WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF*. I later did *VIRGINIA WOOLF* and I had to say that line and I thought to myself, "My God! I was in the picture!" I was the ingenue. Yes, that was Bette's last picture for Warners. She hated the part. She didn't want to do it, and there was a story around that, if Bette walked, I would get the part—which would have been great!

SS: Yes!

RR: But Bette didn't walk! (Laughs) She made a deal with Jack Warner to do this picture, and then they'd let her have her freedom.

SS: But you had fun on the set?

RR: Oh, yeah! Well, Bette was a big star—I mean, you just don't bother the big stars—but she used to have me in her trailer for tea, and she was very friendly. She thought I should fight for better parts, and I think she was right. I did a lot of small parts—this, that, and the other thing—and my first break came in *THE WINDOW*. That was the first big role I did.

SS: Tell us about it.

RR: We shot that in 1947 or 1948. I had been under contract to David Selznick and Paramount and RKO, but nothing had ever happened. That was my first big role, and then, right after that, I made *CHAMPION* with Kirk Douglas. They both came out at the same time, although they were made a year apart. I think that is what helped me so much, because in *THE WINDOW* I played a killer and in *CHAMPION* I played a sweet wife.

SS: They displayed your versatility.

RR: They happened to be two of the biggest sleepers of the year, too. I was very lucky.

SS: *THE WINDOW* is one of the best suspense films of the period.

RR: That was with Bobby Driscoll. He was a darling kid. He was a real nice kid; he never misbehaved. He was always there, he knew his lines—there was nothing nasty about him. I remember we had to go 'way up to 115th Street; a poor area. It got kind of tough, you know? A lot of little boys made fun of him being an actor, but he handled it pretty well. Arthur Kennedy was in that, too. He was also in *CHAMPION* and so was Paul Stew-

art. So we were like a little repertory company. (Laughs)

SS: *On the set, was there an awareness that THE WINDOW was going to be a cut above the rest?*

RR: Not to me, there wasn't, because they wouldn't allow me to wear any makeup. They wanted me to look older. I saw a rough cut of THE WINDOW without the music; I remember seeing it in a projection room all by myself. I left crying and thinking, "They'll never let me perform again."

SS: *Were you wrong?*

RR: I sure was. I later saw it in Westwood with a full audience and with all the sound, and the people were screaming! Goes to show you, doesn't it?

SS: *Trust your directors, right?*

RR: Teddy Tetzlaff directed that. He was a very famous cameraman.

SS: *Speaking of directors, we're sure you know who said, "All actors are cattle."*

RR: Hitchcock!

SS: *Hitchcock. You starred for him in STRANGERS ON A TRAIN.*

RR: Now, him I got along with beautifully! I also knew his daughter, Patty Hitchcock. I haven't seen Patty since we made STRANGERS, but I used to have dinner with the family and everything. Bobby Walker was in the film, and Farley Granger.... It was the first picture that touched on homosexuality, I think.

SS: *To that extent, yes.*

RR: That they passed!

SS: *Did Hitchcock give much direction, or did he simply expect his actors to "get on with it?"*

RR: He gave you direction, but you hardly noticed. When Hitchcock came in, he knew exactly what he wanted. He cut as he shot. He never used extra film; he is one director who always did his homework. He knew exactly what he wanted for the day's shoot. I remember, there was an actor in it who had a rather long monologue and he kept the camera on me. I think they were a little unhappy about that, and somebody said, "But, Mr. Hitchcock, you didn't cover so and so." He said, "I don't need it. The only thing that's important here is her reaction." That's the way he shot

SS: *Marvelous.*

RR: No matter who you were, if he didn't need the shot, he didn't shoot it—so nobody else could ever go in and cut it. He knew what he wanted, and he was a lot of fun to work for, because he'd always tell you a joke before you'd shoot. He wasn't as bad as they say he was; he really wasn't. He just had a very serious, English-type humor that you had to understand.

SS: *Very dry.*

RR: Yes. You couldn't take offense at it; you had to understand it. No, I got along well with him. We all had a lot of fun on that picture.

SS: *Was there concern over the fact that Robert Walker's character was supposed to be gay?*

RR: Well, Bobby didn't like it. I don't know whether it was because Bobby didn't see it when he read the script, but there's a scene where Farley hits him in the mouth and he falls back on the sofa—and Bobby, being who he was, immediately wanted to get up and slug him back.

SS: *That's during the party scene.*



In 1956, Ruth Roman was on board the Andrea Doria when it struck the Stockholm and sank. She made the rest of the journey on the Ile de France.

RR: I happened to be on the set, because I had to shoot later that day. I watched the shooting, and they had a big discussion about it and I overheard Hitchcock say, "I just want you to fall back and look at him with a very hurt look on your face"—and I think Bobby almost flew the coop! (Laughs) I think then he understood what Hitch was looking for; he got the message of the piece.

SS: *Did Hitchcock treat his daughter any differently than the rest of the cast?*

RR: No, no—he treated us all alike. He didn't give any preference to her; you wouldn't have known they were father and daughter. Occasionally you'd see them in the corner; he'd

give her a little hug or something. But other than that; not on the set.

SS: *Hitchcock reportedly didn't want Farley Granger in the film.*

RR: Well, he didn't want me, either! He wanted some cool blonde, you know? I think Hitchcock told Truffaut that he didn't want me, but it wasn't because he thought I was a bad actress; he just didn't think I was right for it—and I don't believe I was right for it. He had a woman come on the set and give me the English pronunciations of certain words. Pat has a slight English accent, and he wanted me to be a very proper Bostonian. Of course, I do come from Boston.

(Laughs) So, that's the way that went. It didn't matter, really, because we got along beautifully after we got to know each other.

SS: *Was there any trouble on the set as a result of Robert Walker's drinking problem?*

RR: I never saw Bobby drunk on the set, ever. I knew him from years before, when he was married to Jennifer Jones. That's when I first met them. But Bobby—I never saw Bobby take a drink on the set. You can't drink on American sets, anyhow. I mean, I worked in England and you could go downstairs to the green room and they had a bar. You could go down and have a cocktail anytime you felt like it.

SS: *How about that?*

RR: They don't have that here in America. (Laughs) We had morals back then, morals clauses in our contracts. You're not allowed to drink on the set, you're not allowed to do this, you're not allowed to do that. Today God knows what they do!

SS: *In the 1950s, you were in the news because of something other than your acting career.*

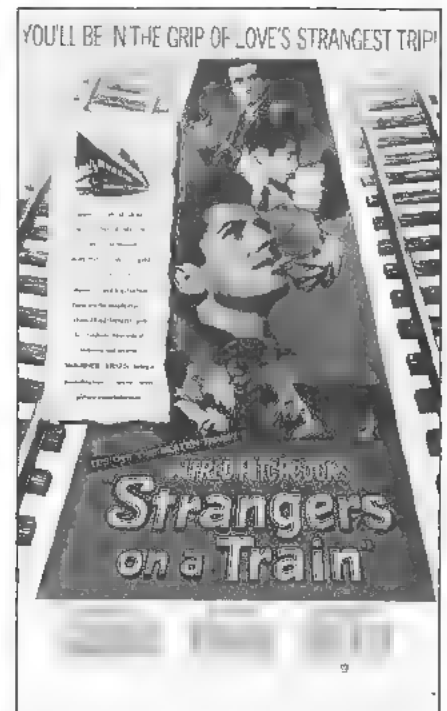
RR: Oh, the Andrea Doria.

SS: *You were on board with your young son, Richard, when it hit the Stockholm. Were you separated?*

RR: No, no, no—we weren't separated. I gave him to a sailor. After we hit, I went and got Richard and handed him to a sailor on a lifeboat that was going over the side. I figured if one of us gets out, let it be him. They put him on the Stockholm...

SS: *Right.*

RR: ... and there was a Coast Guard cutter that told me about it. The Awesco. I remember that name, because they told me that they had picked him up and he was on the Stockholm, and that they wouldn't be in until the next day. You see, I got on the Ile de France, which was only 13 miles out from land—and if a ship is that close to land, they have to take



Farley Granger played the pro eager to give up tennis and an adulterous wife for a career in politics and marriage to a Senator's daughter (Ruth Roman) in Alfred Hitchcock's *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN* (1951).

you back. So I got in first, and that meant that I had 24 hours to wait until Richard arrived.

SS: That's quite a story!

RR: The night before the collision there had been a party, and there was a balloon in the hallway. Before I put Richard into the dinghy, I gave it to him and I said, "We're going on a picnic." Somebody wrote a book, and he called his collision chapter "We're Going on a Picnic"—which I resented. But the press picked up on that . . .

SS: And made the most of it. Let's touch on some of your later films. *THE BABY* is a pretty bizarre movie.

RR: Horrible thing! I'm sorry I made it. Oh, it was a terrible piece. It was very, very difficult. They had no money;

they were on a string and nobody got along with anybody. I was surprised it came out at all, you know?

SS: The story itself. . . .

RR: Well, it's sick!

SS: Mother keeps grown son in diapers and the social worker takes an axe to the mother.

RR: One I shouldn't have done!

SS: What about *ECHOES*?

RR: Another one! (Laughs) I think I shot that one in New York. Mercedes McCambridge was in that, and Gale Sondergaard . . . Now, she was quite a brilliant actress.

SS: Well, then, on to *THE DAY OF THE ANIMALS*.

RR: Another winner! (Laughs)

SS: Didn't you like your furry costars?

RR: Oh, fine! I love animals. I'd just as soon live with animals. (Laughs) No, they were just dogs made up to look like wolves. That was sort of fun. We were up in Sonora, and it's so gorgeous up there. It was worth the trip, believe me. That was sort of a ticky little piece, but it's not gonna win any prizes, you know? Unfortunately nothing interesting has come up in the last few years, but that's the name of the game right now.

SS: You've been making regular appearances on *MURDER, SHE WROTE*.

RR: Yes, and *KNOT'S LANDING*. I work here and there—and I live on the beach, so I'm very happy. You

Continued on page 106

John made a Savage attack on Ruth Roman in *THE KILLING KIND* (1972), one of the few independent productions for which the actress has a kind word. No such praise for *THE BABY* (1973): according to the star, "It's sick!"



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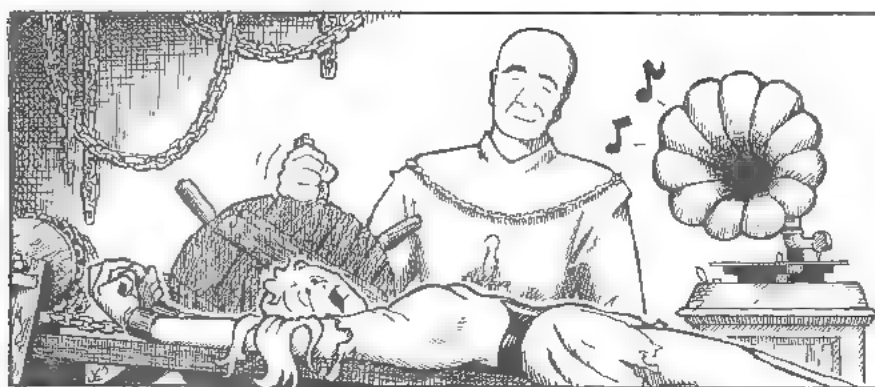


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SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS: Original soundtrack. Frank Churchill, Leigh Harline, Paul Smith: Time: 73:36. Walt Disney Records. CD 60850-2.

PINOCCHIO: Original soundtrack. Leigh Harline, Paul Smith, Edward Plumb: Time: 61:51. Walt Disney Records. CD 60845-2.

Walt Disney Records has provided two important film-music releases with the recent CD/cassette "music only" soundtracks from **SNOW WHITE** (1937) and **PINOCCHIO** (1940), Disney's first two animated features. Both are especially welcome after the earlier **BAMBI** soundtrack (CD 009), which was released only in a narrated version geared to young listeners. Though both films have previously been heard on records in many guises, each new disk now presents the most complete musical soundtrack to date of each score.

SNOW WHITE itself was actually the first original soundtrack album released on records, issued by RCA as a 78 RPM set of songs (with some dialogue

and background music) taken directly from the soundtrack at the time of the film's initial release. A similar **PINOCCHIO** album followed and, the Disney archives report, was the first record album to refer to itself as an actual "soundtrack." (Talk about recycling, both 78 sets were also recently issued on CD by BMG/RCA.) With the launching of Disneyland Records in 1956, several scores were made available for the first time on LP, the first being the previously unrecorded soundtrack to 1946's **SONG OF THE SOUTH** (WDL-4001). The 4000 series offered the most complete recordings of the music till that time, and these well-produced vinyl versions still hold up well today, though they are extremely rare.

SNOW WHITE and **PINOCCHIO** are primarily the work of Frank Churchill and Leigh Harline, the two composers who created the Disney "house sound" of the studio's key developmental period: the 1930s. Churchill joined Disney in 1930, after a career as a touring dance-band pianist who also performed for radio and silent movies (on the sets of which he played music to evoke the required mood). Harline came to Disney in 1932, after graduating from the University of Utah and also working in radio. Churchill committed suicide in May 1942, killing himself with a shotgun on his California ranch after serious bouts of depression and alcoholism. His final works were his songs and themes for **DUMBO** (1941) and **BAMBI** (1942). Harline left Disney in 1941 when the score for **PINOCCHIO** won two Oscars: Best Song (for "When You Wish upon a Star") and Best Score. He freelanced with various studios, including RKO, 20th Century, and MGM, and created a body of feature work including such genre classics as **ISLE OF THE DEAD** (1945) and **7 FACES OF DR. LAO** (1964). He died in 1969.

Unlike most live features, Disney's full-length animated films were almost entirely underscoring, necessitating practically wall-to-wall music. Subsidiary scoring was often provided by Paul Smith and Edward

Plumb. Both were Disney staff musicians from the 30s who remained with the studio through the 50s. The prolific Smith later achieved renown for the **TRUE LIFE ADVENTURE** nature series (notably with a fine score for 1953's **True Life Adventure THE LIVING DESERT**), as well as for his live-action and television scoring, which included 20,000 **LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA** (1954) and the **SPIN AND MARTY** series (1955). Plumb completed Churchill's posthumous score for **BAMBI** and served as arranger/orchestrator for many later live and animated features.

However, in the Golden Age of the 1930s, it was primarily Churchill and Harline who created the original Disney sound. From the studio's founding in 1928, Disney's short films fell into two series: the plot/gag-oriented "character" shorts (primarily the Mickey Mouse cartoons) and the music-oriented Silly Symphonies (conceived by Warner Bros.' Carl Stalling during his brief stint at Disney in the late 20s). Churchill, a more intuitive, "popular" musician, worked mainly on the Mouse shorts, while the more classically trained Harline handled the Silly Symphonies (such as 1935's **MUSIC LAND** and 1937's **FANTASIA**-like **THE OLD MILL**). The two musicians alternated and sometimes collaborated on both series, and it was Churchill who created the hit "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" for the 1933 Silly **THE THREE LITTLE PIGS**. Ironically, as credits were not attached to the Disney shorts until 1944, all credits for the 1930s cartoons (except Uncle Walt's!) remain off-screen.

It was the Silly Symphonies that most clearly laid the groundwork for the features, and indeed the series came to an end with the release of Disney's first feature. Churchill and Harline collaborated on **SNOW WHITE**, Churchill composing the songs and some instrumental themes, and Harline (and Smith) supplying the atmospheric underscoring. Musically, **SNOW WHITE** is fairly conventional in format, being basically an animated operetta. The wonderful first third of the film, with



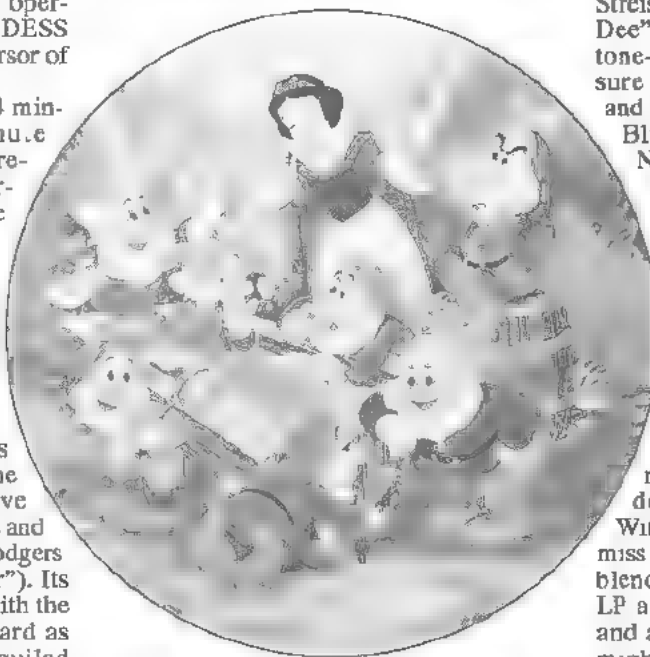
Walt Disney (Center) is pictured with Leigh Harline and Frank Churchill, who were "instrumental" in Disney's success.

its continuous flow of vocal solos and instrumental underscoring, is, like the Munchkinland sequence in *THE WIZARD OF OZ* (1939), virtually a self-contained film opera. (Harline's operatically scored 1934 Silly, *GODDESS OF SPRING*, was a definite precursor of *SNOW WHITE*.)

The new CD affords nearly 74 minutes of music from the 83-minute film, including much that was previously unrecorded, notably Harline's Gothic passages for all the Magic Mirror/Wicked Queen sequences and Smith's tempestuous cue for Snow's hysterical flight through the nightmare forest. The songs are presented *in toto*, complete with rhymed and metered dialogue lead-ins and instrumental interludes. Probably the most charming number is "With a Smile and a Song" (a tune that I always thought would have been a great number for the Mamas and the Papas, *à la* their remake of Rodgers and Hart's "Sing for your Supper"). Its recording here comes complete with the '30s-ish instrumental reprise heard as the benign animals lead the beguiled Miss White through the forest to the dwarfs' cottage. Adriana Caselotti, whose voice is a cross between Shirley Temple and Lily Pons, is Snow White, while Harry Stockwell, father of Dean, provides the voice for Prince Charming. Two songs rejected from the final score, "Music in Your Soup" and "You're Never Too Old to be Young," are also included on this new recording.

For *PINOCCHIO*, Harline composed both songs and background score, and the musical emphasis shifts from vocal numbers to an elaborate underscore of character motifs and programmatic episodes. From a musician's standpoint, *PINOCCHIO*, with its rich orchestration and highly developed contrapuntal interweaving of themes and textures, is arguably the more interesting of the two scores. Considering the film's many horrific episodes, it's cer-

tainly the darker and more dramatic. If animation achieved the power to move viewers emotionally with such scenes as the dwarfs at Snow White's bier, in



PINOCCHIO it achieved genuine terror and malevolence with scenes such as the sinister Stromboli episode, Lampwick's traumatic transformation into a donkey on Pleasure Island, and the awesome Monstro the Whale sequences.

Harline's music both supports and augments the horror, the horror, particularly in the Pleasure Island scenes—Lampwick's cue is entitled "Jackass Frenzy," a good name for a punk group and in the modernistically fragmented "Whale Chase" finale (coauthored by Plumb), with its premonitions of the relentless Drive/Hunt music for *BAMBI*. Harline's style is equally perfect for the story's warmer, more lyrical elements, as witness his profusion of naïve Old World music-box tunes for the opening Gepetto's Workshop sequence ("Little

Woodenhead"), the jaunty "hopping" motif for Jimmy Cricket, and such songs as "I've Got No Strings" (effectively featured on an early Barbra Streisand album) and "Hi-Diddle-Dee-Dee" (developed into a rousing minitune-poem describing the trip to Pleasure Island). Also very sophisticated and ahead of its time is the spaced-out Blue Fairy theme, scored mostly for Novachord, an early electronic keyboard.

I could go on about both scores, but word-count bids me cease. Suffice it to say that both CDs at last give listeners the opportunity to recognize and experience the *SNOW WHITE* and *PINOCCHIO* soundtracks as the major, innovative film scores they are. From the production standpoint, *SNOW WHITE* gets it just right with its blend of music, incidental dialogue, and sound effects.

With *PINOCCHIO*, on the other hand, I miss the sound effects that were artfully blended with the music on the original LP and contributed so much to mood and atmosphere. A bit of cue tweaking might have made both scores a bit more listenable, but the remastered sound is great on both disks, especially *PINOCCHIO*. A glaring lapse is liner notes that relate nothing about either Churchill or Harline, though a cue list of detailed composer credits is provided. Both film music and animation buffs can be grateful for these new editions of two ultimate Disney scores. Now if only Disney Records will do as well by *BAMBI* its next time around!



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Ross Carr is a composer, M.I.D.J. musician, and author. His short film scores include OTTO MESSMER AND FELIX THE CAT and THE WIZARD'S SON. He recently completed articles on Alex North and Cole Porter for the Library of Congress.

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Better Holmes and Watson

The Granada Series Reviewed

Pity poor Professor Moriarty! The Napoleon of Crime, once considered one of the greatest villains of literature, has fallen upon (appropriately) evil days.

Granada wants nothing more to do with him. When it was briefly decreed last year that future episodes of the Sherlock Holmes series would be produced in a two-hour format, it seemed a perfect opportunity to film the remaining novels, *A Study in Scarlet* and *The Valley of Fear*, the latter containing Moriarty's second and last appearance (albeit off-stage) in the Canon. Scripter Jeremy Paul considered adapting the story, but opted instead to expand the short story "The Sussex Vampire"—his reasoning being that Moriarty offered few dramatic possibilities.

Novelist, screenwriter, and movie director Nicholas Meyer frankly considers the character a bore! In 1974, his first Holmes pastiche, *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*, turned the Great Detective's nemesis into nothing more than the boy Sherlock's math teacher—while the 1976 film version made the man, not only a lowly tutor, but the seducer of Sherlock's mother!

Of course, it was not always thus. When the first stage adaptation of the stories hit the stage, the Professor was right there on the scene. William Gillette's *SHERLOCK HOLMES*, rewritten from a play by Conan Doyle himself, opened at New York's Garrick Theater on November 6, 1899. Gillette was Holmes, it need hardly be said, and was aided and abetted by Bruce McRae's Dr. Watson in his battle against the wicked Moriarty of George Wessells. Two years later, Gillette took his show on the road to London's Lyceum Theatre, where Percy Lyndal and W. L. Abingdon took over the roles of Watson and Moriarty, respectively.

Gillette's play set the pattern: If, for Conan Doyle, Moriarty was little more than a plot device, a means by which the author hoped to go Holmesless forever, he was, for writers of plays, movies, radio, television, comic books, and pastiches, the shortest route to a dastardly plot. On stage, the Master Criminal graced Ouida Rathbone's *SHERLOCK HOLMES* (1953), starring Mrs. Rathbone's husband (what was his name?) as Holmes and Thomas Gomez



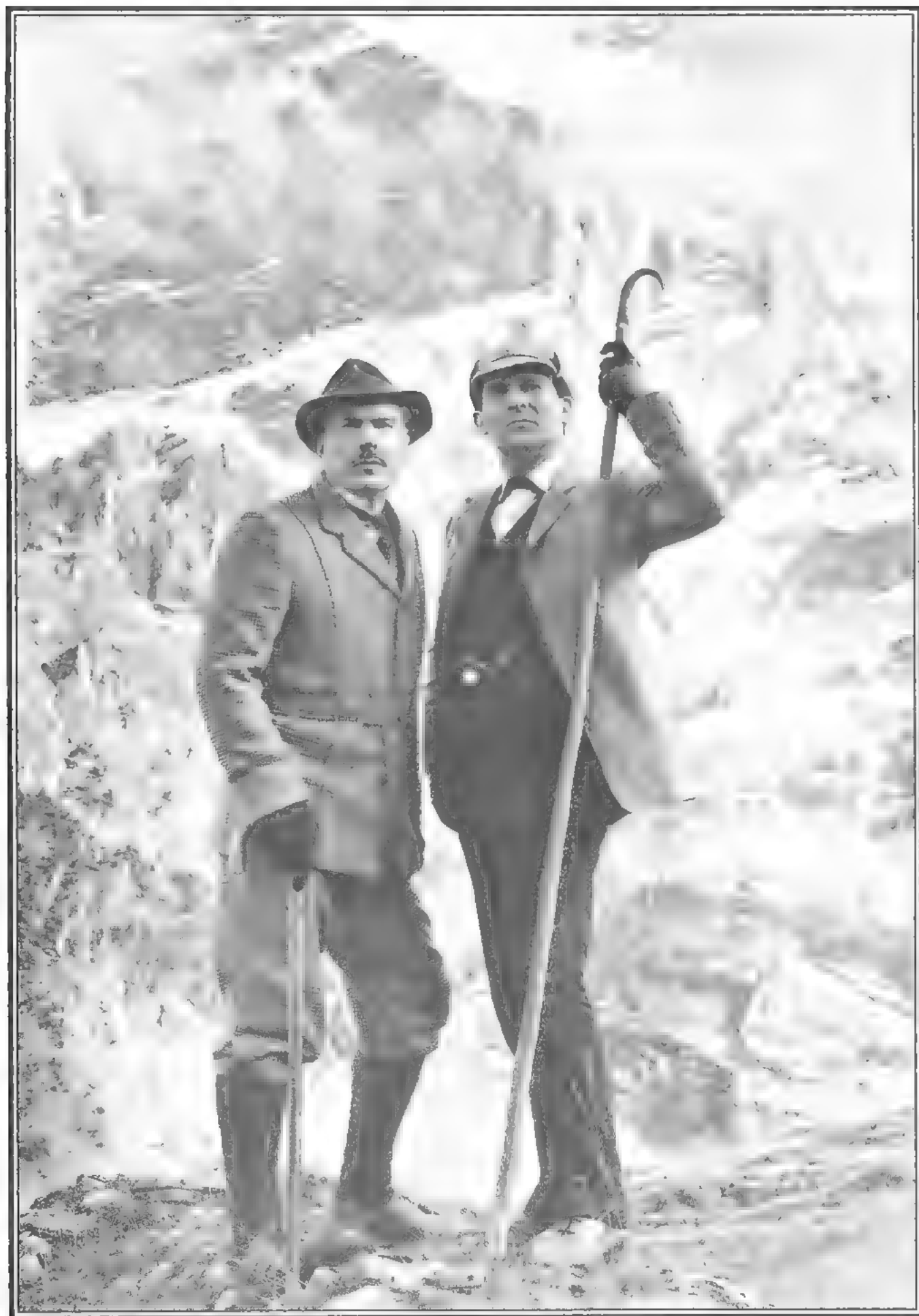
Jeremy Brett

as Moriarty. The villain returned, singing merrily, in the 1965 musical extravaganza *BAKER STREET*, wherein he was played by Martin Gabel. Philip Locke inherited the role in 1974's Royal Shakespeare Company revival of Gillette's creaky original. A later stage production, mounted at the Williams-town Theater Festival in 1981 and televised on HBO, featured George Morfog as the perfidious Prof. *THE MASK OF MORIARTY*, presented at Dublin's Gate Theatre in 1985, starred Brian Munn in the role.

The movies provided a multitude of Moriartys, among them Ernest Maupain (1916's *SHERLOCK HOLMES*, from the Gillette play); Booth Conway (1916's *THE VALLEY OF FEAR*); Gustav von Seyffertitz (1922's *SHERLOCK HOLMES*, again from the Gillette play and retitled *MORIARTY* in Britain); Percy Standing (1923's *THE FINAL PROBLEM*); Harry T. Morey (1929's *THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*); Norman McKinnell (1931's *THE SLEEPING CARDINAL*, released Stateside as *SHERLOCK HOLMES' FATAL HOUR*); Ernest Torrence (1932's *SHERLOCK HOLMES*, purportedly from the Gillette play, but having little in common with it); Lyn Harding (1935's *THE TRIUMPH OF SHERLOCK HOLMES* and 1937's *SILVER BLAZE*, rechristened *MURDER AT THE BASKERVILLES* in the U.S.A.); George Zucco (1939's *THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*, purportedly from the Gillette play, but having even less in common with it than the previous adaptation); Lionel Atwill (1942's *SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE SECRET WEAPON*); Henry



ABOVE: Jabez Wilson (Roger Hammond) and Vincent Spaulding (a.k.a. John Clay, played by Tim McInnerny) arrive at the rubineous headquarters of *THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE*. **NEXT PAGE:** Dr. Watson (David Burke) shares a quiet moment with his friend, Sherlock Holmes (Jeremy Brett), shortly before the Great Detective disappears at the Reichenbach Falls.





Professor Moriarty, the Napoleon of Crime, was brought to malevolent life by Eric Porter in Granada's *THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE* and *THE FINAL PROBLEM*.

Daniell (1945's *THE WOMAN IN GREEN*); Hans Sohnker (1962's *SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE DEADLY NECKLACE*); Leo McKern (1975's *THE ADVENTURE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES' SMARTER BROTHER*); Laurence Olivier (1976's *THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION*); Anthony Higgins (1985's *YOUNG SHERLOCK HOLMES*); and Paul Freeman (1988's *WITHOUT A CLUE*). Whew!

For the most part, it would take a Master Sleuth to unearth the names of the actors who played the Professor on radio—with one very notable exception. In 1954, a series of British programs starring John Gielgud as Holmes and Ralph Richardson as Watson contained an adaptation of "The Final Problem," and making a guest appearance as the Napoleon of Crime was none other than that obedient servant, Orson Welles! (Well, who knew better than the Shadow himself what evil lurked in the hearts of man?)

On television, a sly John Huston (in 1976's reasonably entertaining *SHERLOCK HOLMES IN NEW YORK*) and a miscast Anthony Andrews (in 1990's execrable *HANDS OF A MURDERER*) have been among the small screen's most prominent Professors.

A brief survey of the novels in which the malignant mastermind appears begins, appropriately enough, with John

Gardner's *The Return of Moriarty* (1976), and includes Austin Mitchelson and Nicholas Utechin's *The Earthquake Machine* (1976), Gardner's *The Revenge of Moriarty* (1977), Michael Kurland's *The Infernal Device* (1979), and Robert Lee Hall's *Exit Sherlock Holmes* (1979), plus a number of hastily written motion picture tie-ins.

Naturally, few of these new adventures have concerned themselves overmuch with the actual events surrounding Moriarty's career; for that, we must turn to the Granada series and its dramatization of "The Final Problem." However, even Granada has seen fit to ring a few changes on the Canonical bell, and, before we examine that fatal confrontation at Reichenbach, we must first investi-

gate the colorful mystery of "The Red-Headed League."

THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE
Adaptation: John Hawkesworth
Direction: John Bruce

"It is quite a three-pipe problem," Sherlock Holmes famously remarks of the colorful puzzle presented to him by Mr. Jabez Wilson (Roger Hammond), and Granada's *THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE* presents one or two minor problems of its own. The prologue, in which a supply of French gold is deposited in a bank not far from Mr. Wilson's pawn shop, almost gives away the game before it begins. Also, the casting of John Labanowski as Scotland Yard Inspector Athelney Jones is far from successful, and the actor was wisely replaced by the brilliantly comic Emrys James in *THE SIGN OF FOUR*. (*The Sherlock Holmes Companion*, Granada's official album of the series, tries to get around this by listing the character as Peter Jones—as Conan Doyle, who once even forget Mrs. Hudson's surname, did in his 1891 short story—but Labanowski is clearly identified in the episode as the other Jones boy, not Peter.)

The story, in which Wilson is made a member of the nonexistent Red-Headed

League in order to get him out of his shop and leave the field open to some nasty bank thieves, is one of the most prominent in the Canon. John Hawkesworth Dramatizes it well enough, though the sequence in which Holmes, Watson, Jones, and banker Merryweather (John Woodnutt) wait in the vault for the crooks to appear tends to drag a bit.

Still, there's something that raises *THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE* to truly remarkable heights, and that something is Professor James Moriarty. Talk about mysteries! What is the Professor doing on the scene when any Holmesian worth his deerstalker knows that his appearances are limited to "The Final Problem" and *The Valley of Fear*? The solution, of course, is elementary: *THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE* is here presented as prelude to *THE FINAL PROBLEM*, the better to establish the epic battle of wits between Holmes and Moriarty, and thus qualifying the case as one of the several instances in which Moriarty found himself "incommoded" by the Great Detective.

Purists may cry foul at Moriarty's participation in this episode, but it's a notion not without precedent. There is even a clue of sorts in the Conan Doyle original, in that John Clay (Tim McInnerny), the nominal villain, is described by Holmes as "the fourth smartest man in London." With Holmes doubtless placing himself in the number one position, and with Moriarty's right-hand man, Colonel Sebastian Moran, coming in third, that puts the Professor directly behind Holmes—ready to push, as we shall see.

THE FINAL PROBLEM
Adaptation: John Hawkesworth
Direction: Alan Grint

"All that I have to say has already crossed your mind," sneers Professor Moriarty to Sherlock Holmes in an unprecedented visit to the famous rooms at 221B Baker Street.

"Then possibly my answer has already crossed yours," rejoins Holmes.

Never was there a greater confrontation than that between the world's first consulting detective and the Napoleon of Crime, and this is the supreme telling of the tale. For the first time, the story of Sherlock Holmes' struggle to defeat his great enemy, resulting in his presumed death in the falls of Reichenbach, was filmed at the actual locations in Switzerland. Two stunt men (Marc Boyle as Holmes and Alf Joint as Moriarty) took the plunge, creating one of the most spectacular scenes ever devised for television. So impressive was the stunt that it has

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since been used in several episodes, including *THE EMPTY HOUSE*, *THE DEVIL'S FOOT*, and *THE ELIGIBLE BACHELOR*. Whenever Holmes has a bad dream, or drug-induced hallucinations, one can expect to find him bungee-jumping with his felonious companion—even though, as we learn in *THE EMPTY HOUSE*, he never in fact fell!

But our concern here is with *THE FINAL PROBLEM*, and one of the vilest villains of all time. There have been a number of actors who have truly shined as Moriarty, among them George Zucco, Lionel Atwill, and Henry Daniell, all of whom played opposite the Holmes and Watson of Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce. Zucco, in particular, was a perverse joy in the role, but Rathbone, in the autobiography *In and Out of Character* (Limelight Editions, 1989), put the stamp of genius on Daniell's interpretation:

There were other Moriartys, but none so delectably dangerous as was that of Henry Daniell.

Indeed, Daniell was entertaining, if a bit blasé and businesslike, but no one has so completely caught the Conan Doyle original as Eric Porter in Granada's version of "The Final Problem." On the stage since 1945, Porter is perhaps best known to *Scarlet Street* readers for his Hammer films: *THE LOST CONTINENT* (1968) and *HANDS OF THE RIPPER* (1971),



Reichenbach

the latter a study in Victorian villainy. For the Canon-crazed, however, *THE FINAL PROBLEM* is without doubt the actor's finest moment.

Moriarty is described in Conan Doyle's 1893 short story as being tall and thin, with domed forehead and eyes deeply sunken in his face. Most remarkably, his head is "forever slowly oscillating from side to side in a curi-

ously reptilian fashion." When, early in the Granada episode, Holmes foils the Professor's art-forgery scam and Eric Porter's head starts to sway in just this manner, we know that we are watching the definitive Moriarty. (Since Dr. Doyle saw fit to keep him offstage for much of "The Final Problem" and all of *The Valley of Fear*, scripter John Hawkesworth padded the Prof's scant screen time, not only by adding him to *THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE*, but by creating the clever Mona Lisa forgery sequence (which has Moriarty selling a phony Mona to an American moneybags named Morgan) for *THE FINAL PROBLEM*.)

David Burke plays Dr. John H. Watson for the last time in this episode, and he is staunch and true as always. Poor Watson's helplessness in the face of Moriarty's plot to kill the Master Sleuth is quite touching, and Burke delivers the show's final lines (directly to the audience) with great feeling and simplicity.

Jeremy Brett is again a Holmes for the Ages. Rosalie Williams is happily on hand as Mrs. Hudson, and Olivier Pierre (as the Director of the Louvre), Claude Le Sache (as the Minister of the Interior), Paul Sirt (as the Professor's willowy aide in the forgery scam), Robert Henderson (as Morgan), and Simon Adams (as a treacherous Swiss youth) lend able support.

But it is Eric Porter's Moriarty who will stay with you . . .

—Richard Valley

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The Bela Lugosi Scrapbook

The Road to Dracula

by Don G. Smith

When Bela Lugosi arrived in New York in 1921, the 39-year old Hungarian political refugee could scarcely have foreseen the direction his film career would take. He had acted on the Hungarian stage from 1902 to 1919 and had also appeared in nine Hungarian films. Having fled to Austria in 1919 to avoid political execution, he went on to make 10 German films. He began his life and career in America with impressive stage and film credentials. One could have predicted a stellar future for this talented and distinguished Eastern European. Hollywood certainly could use such a star.

In the years following World War One, Americans tended to view foreigners in a sinister light, a predisposition reflected in the cinema. Given the circumstances, he seemed tailor-made for the villain's role. Still, his previous career was ample proof that he could play other roles as well. Unfortunately for Lugosi, however, in one of filmdom's most tragic examples of typecasting, a villain he would soon become, and a villain he would remain for the rest of his life. In 1927, Lugosi won the lead role in the stage play DRACULA. When he again played the Vampire Count in the 1931 film version, his identification with the role became complete. From that time on he would never escape being Bela "Dracula" Lugosi, and he would never escape the subsequent periods of unemployment and frustration that the typecasting would bring. Today we might wonder what path led Lugosi to DRACULA. Could he or should he have seen the typecasting as it developed? DRACULA is the major film in the career of a major cult actor. Let us return to those early years of Lugosi's

career in America and follow the unfolding of that career as Lugosi himself followed it—through the press of his time.

From 1923 to 1930 Bela Lugosi kept a personal scrapbook. On its cream-colored pages are preserved all the film reviews, interviews, ads, and various advertising memorabilia that Lugosi could garner from around the world. From THE SILENT COMMAND (1923) to DRACULA (1931), we can see Lugosi as he thought the world saw him. We can speculate on how Lugosi would have evaluated his career and himself as a result of his world press, and we can examine in depth the Lugosi/Dracula phenomenon.

THE SILENT COMMAND (1923)

Lugosi's first American film, a dull tale of espionage, finds him as a villainous foreign agent named Hisston. Edmund Lowe plays a U. S. Navy captain who risks his life and his love to infiltrate Lugosi's band of spies as they plan to blow up the Panama Canal. In the pressbook for THE RETURN OF CHANDU (1934), Lugosi describes his Hungarian stage background and how he was chosen as the lead villain in THE SILENT COMMAND:

The roles with which my name was closely identified in Budapest, where for many years I was a leading player, were those of heroic and romantic character. I think my most popular performances in Hungary's capital were as Romeo, Hamlet, and Cyrano de Bergerac, than which, I think you will agree there could hardly be mentioned roles more romantic in quality. If the reader is surprised at the mention of two Shake-



Bela Lugosi as Dracula

spearean characters, I am proud to say that in my country, it is of statistical record, there are more performances of Shakespeare's plays than in any other country in the world; for the Theatre in Hungary is under the direction of the Ministry of Education, and is an honored institution whose cultural influences are thoroughly appreciated.

In spite, however, of the predominance of romantic roles in my repertoire when I came to America, I found that, because of my language and the pantomime (gestures) with which most Europeans accompany their speech, that I was catalogued as what you call 'a heavy.' And at once I became identified with that class of performances. Particularly this was true in pictures, where, strangely enough no accent could then be registered, since pictures in those days were silent. If my accent betrayed my foreign birth it also stamped me, in the imagination of producers, as "an enemy." Therefore, I must be a heavy.'

However, it was during my appearance on Broadway in *THE RED POPPY* that I was approached by a picture organization and asked if I would care to undertake a film debut. I naturally said yes and was assigned to the role of the spy in *THE SILENT COMMAND*, which was a propaganda picture seeking to convince the American people that they needed a large navy. I used to smile at the thought that for this preachment a Hungarian star had been chosen as the chief propagandist, since Hungary has no navy nor needs any!

Here we see Lugosi's early and never-ending desire to be regarded as a romantic lead. According to the testimony of his wives and friends, from his earliest years he exhibited an insecurity that manifested itself as a pathological jealousy in his romantic relationships. He obviously hoped that in his film roles he would appear as the romantic figure he so desired to be and in many ways truly was. While rarely cast in a romantic role, Lugosi would in the beginning settle for second best, that of a mysterious, exotic villain able to hold women in thrall. As the years would pass, his endless casting as a villain, often in poor films, would become a constant lament.

Though clippings regarding *THE SILENT COMMAND* appear in Lugosi's scrapbook, he did not choose to save the *New York Times* review (September 5, 1923), which panned the film's "old school of acting" as well as Lugosi's bushy-eyed villain. Although Lugosi certainly saw and had access to this review [the scrapbook is amazing in its breadth], he chose to banish it from the record, an act consistent with his lifelong reluctance to accept constructive criticism. Actors certainly cannot take every negative review seriously, but it is significant that many would criticize Lugosi throughout his entire career for his "old school of acting," a shortcoming that he would stubbornly refuse to correct. Perhaps he could not make the correction, for to do so would be to admit the existence of the flaw.

THE MIDNIGHT GIRL (1925)

Only one reference to Lugosi's third American film appears in his personal scrapbook. On March 15, 1925, the *New York Telegraph* ran a profile portrait of the actor, under which appear the words "Bela Lugosi, European star who will shortly be seen in the Chadwick Picture, *THE MIDNIGHT GIRL*, starring Lila Lee."

The film itself features a mustached and bearded Lugosi; the photo shows a clean-shaven Bela. As it is (obviously) a silent film, titles are used, one of which introduces Lugosi: "Nicholas Harmon, the immensely wealthy patron of music, loved his weakness—and his favorite weakness was Nina." The debonair Lugosi soon drops Nina and pursues his estranged stepson's girlfriend, a singer known as "the midnight girl" at a Greenwich Village nightclub. Ultimately, after some scheming on the part of Harmon, the stepson marries his "midnight girl," and Harmon returns to his rejected mistress, both of them apparently pleased with the outcome. Even though Lugosi delivers a very stagy performance, he clearly dominates the film and at times seems almost to be playing a trial run for *Dracula*.

PUNCHINELLO (1926)

Between heavy roles, Lugosi took time out to shoot a 20-minute short subject. His personal scrapbook contains the following notice:

Great Arts Pictures are presenting what they term a 'romantic fantasy' under the title of *THE MASK*.

It is a simple tale, charmingly told, of Pierrot and Pierrette and poor Punchinello, who grieves for the love of the fair maid while the sea listens to the strain of his rival's serenade. These roles are expertly played by Bela Lugosi, Beryl Ransford and Duncan Renaldo, the latter now an M-G-M featured player.

Since the action is essentially pantomime, there is no dialogue except for spoken interpolations, explaining the story. The musical accompaniment is appropriate and well recorded. As a class short, this one rates with the best.

—*Motion Pictures Today*

HOW TO HANDLE WOMEN (1928)

After a three-year absence from the screen, during which he appeared in a series of stage plays, Lugosi returned in this reputedly poor Universal comedy, which sported the alternative title *PRINCE OF PEANUTS*. In the film he is only a bit player. Nothing regarding the film appears in Lugosi's personal scrapbook. By this time, Lugosi had to have been a bit anxious about his career. He had garnered some screen and stage credits, but he had not become a star. An added handicap was that many of his films had been for low-budget studios, often as a European "heavy." Nor were his stage appearances enhancing his career greatly—except for one. The year before *HOW TO HANDLE WOMEN*, he walked on stage for the first time in the role that would change his life forever—that of Count *Dracula*.

VEILED WOMAN (1928)

The tremendously popular *DRACULA* made Lugosi the star he had hoped to become. Notices such as the following made the most of this newly found star status:

In an exhaustive campaign to discover new talking picture possibilities the Fox company has persuaded Bela Lugosi, the distinguished 'Count *Dracula*' of the speaking stage to make his debut in a talking picture. The sinister 'Count' will furnish the menace in Emmett Flynn's first production, *THE VEILED WOMAN* . . . Lugosi is Hungarian by birth. If this



THEY PLOTTED TO BLOW UP THE PANAMA CANAL

*The Siren
Paves
the Way*

THE SILENT COMMAND is bound to
thrust the heart of every true
American.

THE SILENT COMMAND contains
the most realistic shipwreck ever
shown on the screen.

THE SILENT COMMAND has one of
the strongest stories ever filmed.

THE SILENT COMMAND boasts a
powerful cast and wonderfully
dramatic situations.

THE SILENT COMMAND shows in
marvelous scenic effects.

THE SILENT COMMAND was staged
by the man who directed "The
Queen of Sheba."

*Only the
Silent
Shows
the Plans*

The Theft of the coveted Drawing

Perfecting the Details of the Plot

"I have seen "The Silent
Command" production
and I consider it an
effective and inspiring
picture that should
strengthen the patriotism
of every true
American!"
-General
John J.
Pershing

actor gives talking pictures a fair trial I predict he will be a strong sensation as he is one of the strongest personalities of the stage."

—*Free Press*, Detroit, Michigan,
November 18, 1928

Other clippings speak of him as the "heavy" in a "scowl and shiver role." In fact, every notice links Lugosi with Dracula. Despite the horror hype, Lugosi did not really turn in a frightening performance in this film about the strange alliance of a woman of the streets and a gigolo. Instead, he plays a suitor who is killed by the heroine.

THE LAST PERFORMANCE (1928)

Lugosi does not appear in this film, which Universal made for Hungarian release, but he dubbed Conrad Veidt's voice. As fiction began to mix with fact, one newspaper mistakenly reported that in real life, Lugosi was a "count of distinguished lineage."

In the fall of 1928, Lugosi took DRACULA to the stages of California, where he starred at the Columbia Theater, the Biltmore, and the Music Box, but another film was in the works.

PRISONERS (1929)

Lugosi's next film continues his long line of performances as the "heavy." This time he plays the suave and sinister proprietor of a boisterous Vienna night club. Known only as "the Man," his evil power causes Corinne Griffith to steal in order to amass enough money to escape Budapest to begin life anew, away from his mysterious power. But now, rather than being merely mentioned in notices, Lugosi's name often appears in the headline. Lugosi was certainly on his way; soon the writers would begin spelling his name correctly! His scrapbook contains the following notices of particular interest:

The sinister Count Dracula, or in other words Bela Lugosi has a very prominent part in Corinne Griffith's PRISONERS which William Seiter is directing for First National. Lugosi says he is in pictures for as long as they will have him. Being a Hungarian actor of great talent he is delighted that his first talkie is written by no one else but Ferenc Molnar and the locale is in Hungary in which country Lugosi was born.

—*Citizen*, Hollywood, California, February 12, 1929

Bela Lugosi, Hungarian actor, is, like most of the foreigners, very popular with the ladies. Recently he attended a concert with a party of film folk. When intermission came all of the gentlemen of the party went out to smoke, leaving only Mr. Lugosi to entertain the ladies. There was some discussion of his role in PRISONERS, in which he appears with Corinne Griffith. 'Eighteen years ago,' he began. 'I buy a pair of —.' He stopped and, looking at Agnes Christine Johnson naively, explained, 'I don't like to say this to the ladies—. Eighteen years ago,' he began again, "I buy a pair of trousers in Budapest and now I wear them in this picture when I play a Hungarian."

—*Blade*, Toledo, Ohio, March 8, 1929

He [Lugosi] tells me that in Europe it is much more difficult to become a screen luminary than in Hollywood, for every player must go through strenuous

training before becoming a star. It requires years of study of the drama and art of make-up which is not necessary here. "It is ability alone which counts in Europe for the screen," he said, "while here in America it is personality that captures first place. But who is to say which is the better way?"

—"Screen's Spotlight" by Helen Unity Hunter,
Record, Los Angeles, California, December 17, 1929

Certainly Lugosi could see the increasing linkage of himself with Count Dracula in the press. Based on later comments by the actor himself, there must have been some growing concern about his increasing image as a heavy and a horror man.

After finishing PRISONERS, Lugosi went to San Francisco for a three-week run of DRACULA. While there, he married Mrs. Beatrice Woodruff Weeks, the widow of a San Francisco architect. The marriage was of very short duration, as the two were divorced in Reno only four days later.

Lugosi's next role would be a major one with a major studio, and it too falls solidly into the category of the weird and the occult.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR (1929)

Lugosi's next project, a major MGM production, marked his first work under the direction of Tod Browning, who would later direct Lugosi in DRACULA (1931) and MARK OF THE VAMPIRE (1935). More than any of his previous feature films, this one had Lugosi in a strong supporting role, that of the chief of detectives in criminal investigation work in Calcutta. The famous stage production had the detective as a rather comic figure, but for the film the role was rewritten to coincide with Lugosi's weird persona and reputation. If the role had remained comic, and if Lugosi had still been allowed to play it, perhaps a new side of Lugosi would have been revealed to the public. But such was not to be the case. Thirteen pages of Lugosi's scrapbook are devoted to clippings regarding THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR.

Because Bela Lugosi, stage hero of DRACULA, is so big, he's been cheated out of a vest in his first talking picture. He plays the inspector in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR and a piece of imported Indian linen was brought to the studio for his costume. But there wasn't enough to go around—so they made the huge actor a coat and pair of pants—and he won't have any vest to go with it.

—*Times*, Los Angeles, California, July 14, 1929

It may interest you to know that Lugosi, off the set, speaks with an accent. But before the microphone he hasn't the trace of one. His secret is that he learns the words phonetically. Nils Asther is learning to do the same thing and says that once an actor fixes the phonetic pronunciation of the word in his mind, he can speak it correctly, no matter how much of an accent he has when he's talking naturally.

—*Journal*, New York, New York, July 15, 1929

Herewith nominated for the Hollywood hall of fame is Bela Lugosi. You know him better perhaps as 'Dracula' so fixedly has the Hungarian stage actor become associated with the gruesome vampire role.

About two years ago a young fellow flew across lots of water, through lots of air and landed on a

field near Paris to be greeted by cheering thousands. "I am Charles Lindbergh," he said.

Well, most Hollywood actors, no matter how sincerely modest they are, are not Charles Lindberghs. Somehow they expect people to know them. But Bela Lugosi, when a mere reporter was presented to him, said: "My name's Lugosi. How are you?"

As if that were really news! So clear out a niche. But more—

"Interlock!" draws Director Tod Browning. "Everybody quiet!"

Lugosi begins his lines in that pronounced foreign accent of his . . . Cold cutting interrogation—Bela is a detective in *THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR*. He is quizzing Moon Carroll, fresh from the stage. She replies . . . the dialog waxes warm . . . Then Browning waves his arms. For the third time the scene is spoiled. Someone has slipped on the lines. 'Tis Moon, accuses Tod, impersonally, patiently, inoffensively Moon acknowledges guilt, prettily, laughing.

"But it was my fault!" insists Lugosi, unperturbed, suave, gallant.

Quick—carve the niche wider!

—*Bulletin*, Anderson, Indiana,
July 23, 1929

Despite the cry that the stage is waning with the advent of the talking picture, America offers the aspiring young actor more opportunities than any country in the world, according to Bela Lugosi, Hungarian stage star, and creator of the role of 'Dracula' in the theater. Mr. Lugosi is now playing the detective in *THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR*, Tod Browning's talking production.

"America," he says, "with more freedom than any country in the world, offers more opportunity for self culture than any other by virtue of this very freedom. In Europe we are slow and sure—in America you hurry and take a chance. In Europe, for instance, the municipal control of theaters is highly systematized, and the young actor advances step by step. There is no other way. Of course, he learns much that way.

"But in America a young actor can make a single hit and obtain what you call a 'break.' Some say it's a matter of luck—and perhaps it is—but there are opportunities in this country the European aspirant to the stage never sees."

Star, Washington, D.C., October 20, 1929

Bela Lugosi, famed as the originator of the role of Dracula, and now appearing in one of the leading roles in *THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR* at Grauman's Egyptian theater, will make a personal appearance at that theater tonight.

Present plans likewise call for director Tod Browning to appear with the star.

—*News*, Hollywood, California, December 4, 1929

SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS (1930)

In Lugosi's next film, he had a small role as a plastic surgeon. The story concerns a Jew, one of the wealthiest men in the world, who marries a beautiful Gentile girl, who flees on her wedding night because her prospective husband repulses her physically. The Jew, played by Warner Baxter with heavy makeup, attributes the desertion to his appearance and undergoes plastic surgery to solve the problem. He returns and assumes the role of a handsome South American, makes his former fiancée fall in love with him in order to exact revenge, but legitimately falls in love with her in time to usher in a happy ending. Critics tended to disagree regarding the

film's merits, but they all praised Lugosi in his role—and rightfully so. In his small role as the doctor, Lugosi is the image of benevolence. Critics unanimously praised his performance, calling it "finished," "sincere," "excellent," and "superb." Certainly Lugosi hoped that his appearance here would move him beyond being typecast as the "heavy." Warner Baxter was generally praised, but his costar Catherine Dale Owen was correctly panned as being beautiful but too affected.

WILD COMPANY (1930)

Lugosi's next film saw him portraying a fellow named Felix Brown, a nightclub owner, and billed last in the list of players. Originally titled *ROADHOUSE*, the title was changed to *WILD COMPANY*, probably in an effort to accentuate the film's theme of youth gone bad. Frank Albertson plays the rich man's son who becomes involved in a murder while running

with "wild company." Critics generally panned the film, which contains scenes of a long-winded nature warning parents not to let their children run wild. Lugosi includes a few notices in his scrapbook, most of which simply announce his appearance in the film and identify him with Count Dracula!

RENEGADES (1930)

In this production about the Foreign Legion, Lugosi plays the Marabout, a man susceptible to the flattery of Myrna Loy. He does not, however, "ooze dread" as one reviewer reports. At this time, Universal Studios was preparing to film *DRACULA*, and they were searching for the best person to play the vampire count. The two most relevant reports from Lugosi's scrapbook follow:

Continued on page 105



Our Man on Baker Street

Thanks for the Memories

Granada is back in production with a new series of one-hour Holmes films. The series *THE MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES* features *THE GOLDEN PINCE-NEZ* (with Frank Finlay), *THE RED CIRCLE* (with Kenneth Connor and Betty Marsden), *THE THREE GABLES* (with Peter Wyngarde), *THE CARDBOARD BOX*, *TIE MAZARIN STONE*, and *THE DYING DETECTIVE*. Of course, Jeremy Brett and Edward Hardwicke headline as Holmes and Watson. Ardent fans will also be pleased to know that Rosalie Williams (Mrs. Hudson) and Colin Jeavons (Inspector Lestrade) are due to appear. Filming began in June and will continue until December. Screening in the U.K. is planned for the spring of 1994.

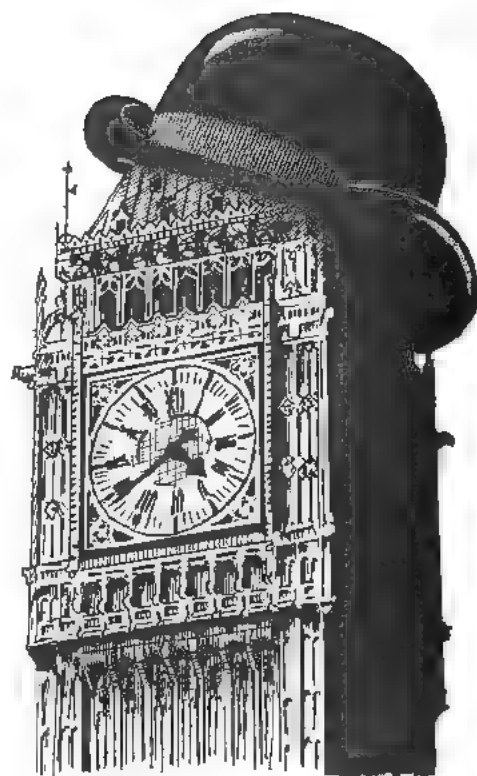
It is pleasing to see the shows returning to the hour-long format, especially after the recent disappointing *LAST VAMPIRE* and *ELIGIBLE BACHELOR* farragos, which had more padding than King Kong's chaise longue. However, Granada has had little or no say in the decisions made about the timings of these shows. In Britain, there is a central programme scheduling unit which doles out time slots to the various production companies. It is they who control decisions about the length of programmes. Last year, Granada was told to make a couple of two-hour Holmes shows. This year, they have been told to come up with six one hour Holmes! The sad

thing about this procedure is that no concern is given to the quality of the programme or whether it will actually work within the given time slot. Such are the frustrations of programme makers! I hope to give you a location report on the series in the next issue.

Morse Code

The search for the new Morse is over—or so HTV and several British TV pundits would have us believe. The pilot *WYCLIFFE AND THE CYCLE OF DEATH* was shown here in August and was well received. This 90-minute whodunnit features Jack Shepherd as Detective Chief Superintendent Charles Wycliffe. Some of the Morse parallels are present: attractive, grey-haired, fiftyish detective with a passion (golf this time rather than beer and music), who drives a distinctive red car (but not vintage) and has an interesting sidekick, Detective Sergeant Lane. Actually, Sergeant Lane is a very attractive younger woman (Carla Mendonca) and, as Wycliffe is married, this situation adds more than a little spice to the situation. Wycliffe's patch is the Penzance area of Cornwall, and the film was filled with romantic cliff views, images of quaint fishing villages hugging the coast, and groups of assorted locals vying for the role of chief suspect.

Wycliffe is the creation of Cornish writer W. J. Burley, and he has 19 novels to his credit. If *THE CYCLE OF DEATH* goes down well, HTV



have optioned a further nine stories. I watched the pilot with interest. It was quite good and kept one guessing until the end. However, it struck me that it was straining a little too hard to be like *MORSE* and as such could emerge only as a reasonable copy and not an original. Originality is what makes great television. Well, we'll wait and see.

Hammer Strikes Again

Hammer Studios Has Risen from the Dead—or, to be more precise, the corpse has been exhumed to breathe fresh life into the ailing British film industry. Roy Skeggs, who joined Hammer in 1963, bought the company from the receiver and has spent the last four years restructuring it. Now with a joint £150-million deal with Warner Brothers, new productions are going ahead. The first film will be a remake of 1956's *THE QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT*, with filming starting in London and Los Angeles in January. Another planned remake is 1968's *THE DEVIL RIDES OUT*. However, Mr. Skeggs assured me that the updated Hammer would not descend into the video-nasty market: "Hammer was always Walt Disney with blood, not slasher movies, and we will continue with that tradition."

Work is also to start this fall on a new television series, *THE HAUNTED HOUSE OF HAMMER*. Forty-four episodes are planned. The future, as Dracula might aver, looks sanguine.

—David Stuart Davies



Carla Mendonca and Jack Shepherd as Lane and Wycliffe

Carroll Borland was just a little girl when she met Boris Torgov. That fateful meeting led to a lifelong love for the Hungarian star and her own immortalization as *Horrorland's* first Daughter of Darkness.

Carroll Borland

Interviewed by Jessie Lilley

Carroll Borland: I was born when my mother was in her early 40s. My mother was a poet and a friend of Jack London's. She didn't send me to school; we just went places with my father, who was a representative of California Wine Association. We had a wonderful time! Traveled all over California, camped out in the gold country. My father was legally blind, and my mother, who was not allowed to drive the car, would say, "You're coming up to a steep curve here, Guy—with a fall down to the river a thousand miles below!" (Laughs) This is why I sleep the minute I get in the car. People think I'm being very rude. It's just that as a child I couldn't take the strain.

Scarlet Street: No doubt.

CB: Anyway, it was exciting. I loved my childhood. I loved waking up in the middle of the night on my little camp cot to find a grizzly bear shaking my bed to get the bacon that was overhead! And I remember—this probably is not important, but I remember going out into the woods one day and coming on a joss house. A joss house is a Chinese temple. The workers on the railroads, up in the northern California area, had built themselves, in the forest, a beautiful Chinese temple with dragons and everything. They had religious services there, from all over northern California. It was deserted, you see, but I came across this Chinese palace; I thought, The things that happened to me as a child were wonderful!

SS: How did you manage to get any schooling?

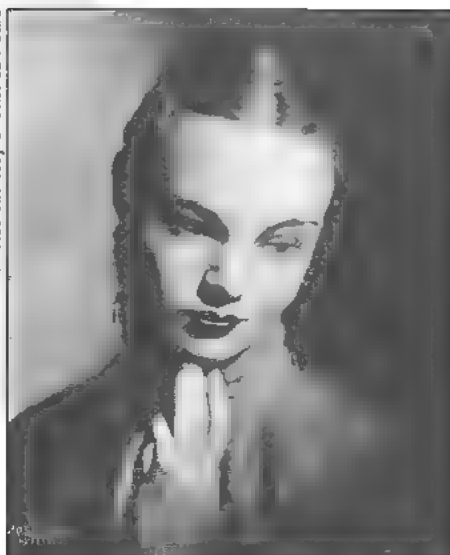
CB: When I was about eight years old, the State of California said, "Hey! Why isn't that child in school?" My mother said, "I don't approve of sending her to school. She can read; she can write; she can add." And they said, "That doesn't do it." So, I was a big girl before I went to school, before the state caught up with my mother. In Oakland, they built a beautiful high school. It was for people who were interested in the arts, and all they had to do was maintain a B average to get into Berkeley. We lived in this wonderful house. It was all redwood, with a great fireplace, and I had my dance studio upstairs. I'd trot down all the time I was in college, and then I went to see

DRACULA. I simply fell in love with Dracula. I didn't give a hoot about the handsome hero or anybody else. Lugosi was so charming. He was one of the most—pulling—human beings I have ever met. He just drew you. I came out of seeing **DRACULA** and said, "I have to do something about this." So I went to a local bookstore, and I bought, believe it or not, a first edition of *Dracula*. I paid something like 50 cents for it. And I practically memorized it. And I wrote *Countess Dracula*, about what happened to an American woman who went to Europe on her honeymoon, and met Dracula. And I told Lugosi about it.

SS: You told Lugosi?

CB: In those days you could just knock on the door at the back of a theatre and say, "I'd like to talk to the leading man." He'd say, "Okay, fine. Come in." Anyway, that's how I met Lugosi. I just knocked on the door and said, "I would like to talk to you about this. I have written a sequel for you."





LEFT: The famous Hollywood photographer Jose Reyes took this shot of the pre-Luna Carroll Borland in the early 1930s. **CENTER:** Cecil B. DeMille, perhaps the most "directorious" of Hollywood directors, interviewed Carroll Borland in 1935 for the role of Delilah in one of his planned Biblical epics. **RIGHT:** The Carroll Borland all horror fans know and love—as Luna in 1935's *MARK OF THE VAMPIRE*, pictured with loving papa, Count Mora (Bela Lugosi).

knocked on the door of the dressing room at the Franklin Street Theatre in Oakland. The building is still there. Everything is still there, except Lugosi and me.

SS: What did he say about your book?

CB: He said, "Oh, I need funding. I've got to have something after this. What do I do after this?" He used to come out to the house; he would sit on my grandfather's Biedermeier sofa with a cigar in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other, and when he wanted more coffee he would snap his fingers—which made me furious, but that's the way he was. (Laughs) And I read him *Countess Dracula*. You see, he didn't read English very well. We got a clearance from the owners of the title, and we were going to set off and do this. Then he went south to make motion pictures, and I went to Berkeley.

SS: So the book was never published or filmed. Still, you toured with Lugosi in *DRACULA*, didn't you?

CB: Yes! I toured—oh, boy, did I tour! From Los Angeles to Santa Barbara. When I was 16, I graduated from high school and went to Berkeley; in those days, you could go at 16. Lugosi wrote me a letter, saying that his leading lady wasn't too good. They were rehearsing in Los Angeles, and would I care to come down and read for the part? At my own expense, of course.

SS: Of course.

CB: So I went and wound up playing Lucy, and I loved it. The women in the audience, they just fell in love with Lugosi. He was so charming—and, at the same time, so frightening. It's hard to believe that a man can be that attractive, and at the same time you say, "Oh! There's something very

evil here. I don't want to be around him! I want him." That man would walk in and you'd hear, "Ooohhn!" from the audience. And he'd just stand there and look at me—and wink his upstage eye.

SS: That's wonderful.

CB: I'll tell you about something that happened at one performance. There is this moment of silence when he's hypnotized Lucy. She's lying there, absolutely at his mercy, and he does weird and wonderful things with his hands. Well, just as he was about to bend over, a woman in the audience said quite loudly, "But I always fry mine in butter!" (Laughs) I remember him holding his position and trying not to laugh. He was not offended; he was just delighted. Another night I was limp, over his arm, and as he leaned over he slipped an ice cube down my neck! (Laughs)

SS: Oh, no!

CB: This was Bela Lugosi! Very child-like; he was a childish man. I suppose I shouldn't say that, but he was very simple. But he was a charmer. We had a wonderful time and then Universal wanted him to come down and test for *DRACULA*. And that was the end of the tour.

SS: How did *MARK OF THE VAMPIRE* come about?

CB: I was in Los Angeles for Thanksgiving; I saw in the paper that they were going to make *MARK OF THE VAMPIRE* and needed somebody to play Lugosi's daughter. So I called up a friend who had worked with an agent and said, "Please, please, please! I would like to go out to Metro and show them how his daughter should be played." So I proceeded to go to

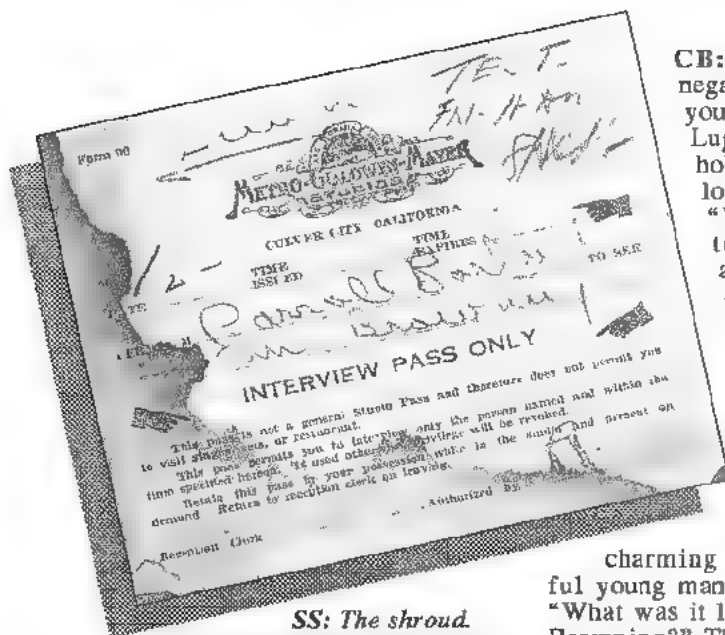
Metro, and they were amazed! I had his gestures; I had his voice. Of course, I'd played with him, but they didn't know that. They thought it was so amazing that I had all of his movements, mannerisms, gestures. They put me in somebody's nightgown and took test shots, and they said, "The trouble is, she's too short." I was five-four. Lugosi was six-two. So Lugosi said, "I will come out and bring my cape, because I always wear my cape when I play Dracula." So he came out in his cape, and I stood on my tip toes and they said, "You know, the two of them scale pretty well!" He was so good; he was a darling to me.

SS: It sounds it.

CB: Yes, he was, and he was also hellish. He thought all men were better than all women and Hungarians were the best men of all! (Laughs) But I was tested wearing somebody's pale blue nightgown, with my hair braided, and the makeup man painted my mouth and eyes. He was marvelous to me. I used to get there in the morning and go into the men's makeup room—not the women's—and he said my hair was the main problem. One day, I was brushing it out and he said, "What are we gonna do with Carroll's hair? Let's leave it just like that." So he pasted it down with spirit gum—and I came out smelling wonderful, but I had the problem of getting that out of my hair every night!

SS: That must have been hell!

CB: It was awful! I had to use nail polish remover! The whole front of it was bleached blonde; it got lighter and lighter. During that same time, they sent me over to Adrian. He did the costume. He did my grave clothes.



SS: The shroud.

CB: I remember the first time I walked on the set. Lugosi saw me and he started laughing! It was his face, practically, that they put on me, and I was wearing these fancy grave clothes. Which I loved! These beautiful long things. Eight feet of trailing stuff you couldn't have shut me in a coffin to save your life!

SS: *MARK OF THE VAMPIRE* has a great cast. Tell us about them.

CB: I was with the men all the time. I was with Lionel Atwill and Lionel Barrymore and Lugosi; I never saw a female face except Elizabeth Allan, and she sat off in the corner by her lonesome. Now, I shouldn't have said that, but I understand she's still talking about me. She says, "Oh, I remember her! She was a little sort of a wispy thing!" I was not a wispy thing!

SS: What was Atwill like?

CB: He was fun. He was a big, wildish, interested-in-sports type guy. Very interested in horse racing. He and Tod Browning. Lugosi was not.

SS: And Barrymore?

CB: He was friendly and gentle, and I loved him. He became quite ill right after *MARK OF THE VAMPIRE*.

SS: Barrymore was already finding it difficult to walk.

CB: And he was getting very groggy. I was so lucky with those men. And I enjoyed so much getting up early in the morning and going to the Metro makeup room, and having this young man practice on me—and then, of course, he became the head of makeup at MGM.

SS: Who was he?

CB: Bill Tuttle. I was with all these charming men, including beautiful, big, dumb Nelson Eddy—every morning, calling "Oh, hello, Carroll. How are you?" in his beautiful voice.

SS: You mentioned Tod Browning. What was he like?

CB: He was a great, big negative. "Carroll, I want you to walk in front of Lugosi. You're gonna be holding a candle, so look out for your hair." "What am I supposed to do?" "Walk over and down the steps and walk out." That was it. He simply expected Lugosi and me to go be vampires.

SS: That's it?

CB: It was that simple. He worked with Elizabeth Allan, he worked with Henry

Wadsworth, who was a

charming young man, a beautiful young man. Everybody asks me, "What was it like working with Tod Browning?" The answer is, I didn't work with Tod Browning. Tod Browning told me to go out and go down the steps!

SS: And to watch out for your hair.

CB: 'Cause you've got a candle.

SS: Tell us about the relationship between the Lugosi character, Count Mora, and his daughter, Luna.

CB: Well, it's an interesting thing. I got to be good friends with the author, Guy

Endore, and his wife and children; I used to go to their house and talk, and he would tell me why he had written what he had written. It was supposed to be that there had been an incestuous affair between Count Mora and his daughter. Of course, when MGM heard that—oh, they scraped him off the walls! They took it out, but they never explained the hole in the Count's head! This is why: The Count killed himself. That's why the daughter's a vampire and so on and so forth, but it's not explained at all! They felt they had no need to explain it! Why should they? It was just there. They issued one photo, one horizontal picture, and it was supposed to be the Count turning his daughter into a vampire—but it was more than that.

SS: It's a beautiful photo. You look at Lugosi with such affection . . .

CB: I adored that man. And I had a chance to show it in that photograph.

SS: It was more than just friendship, wasn't it?

CB: Yes. I loved him very much.

SS: Still do?

CB: Still do. I'll tell you, the first meeting with his son, when he was grown up, was really a heart-breaker. I



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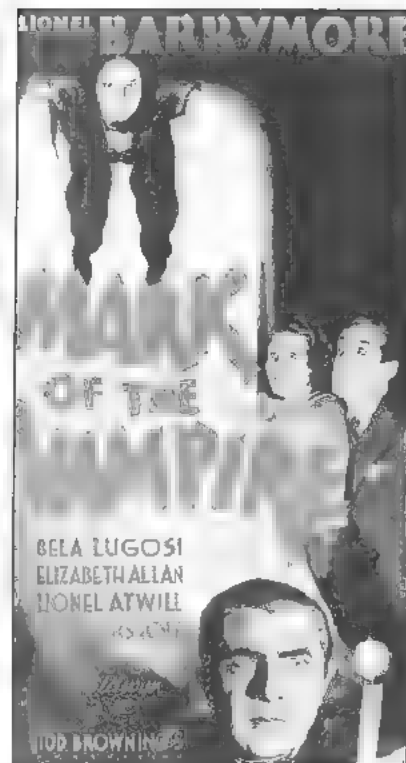
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LEFT: Tod Browning directs Carroll Borland and Bela Lugosi in *MARK OF THE VAMPIRE* (1935). The young vampiress was less than impressed by Browning. **RIGHT:** Barrymore got the billing, but Lugosi and Borland dominated the ads.

came into a room at Forry Ackerman's house, and all of Los Angeles was down below. And Junior, as we used to call him, had turned out the light, so that he could see the city lights. I stood there, staring at that profile, and I stammered a "Hello?" And he turned around and, in that flat American voice of his, said, "Oh. Hello, Carroll."

And suddenly it was somebody else. But for a minute . . .

SS: Lugosi was married to Lillian when you knew him. Did you know her?

CB: (Laughs) Oh, yes! She drove us home from work every night! Lugosi never learned to drive, and Lillian would wait around patiently until it was time to go home. Lugosi always

sat next to her, with his bullet wound in his head, and I sat behind. Well, one evening, we were driving along Hollywood Boulevard, tired, exhausted at the end of the day, and a vegetable truck pulled up alongside us. I think he was a Latin driver, and

Continued on page 107

LEFT: Carroll Borland and the brooding presense of Lionel Barrymore. **RIGHT:** The forbidden photograph! MGM insisted that all references to Count Mora's incestuous love for daughter Luna be excised from *MARK OF THE VAMPIRE* (1935).



MURDER

BY RADIO

BY BILL PALMER

Lights Out

"Lights out . . . everybody" . . . the sound of clock chimes punctuates the narrator's words . . . "It . . . is . . . later . . . than . . . you . . . think. LIGHTS OUT brings you stories of the supernatural and the supernormal, dramatizing the fantasies and the mysteries of the unknown. We tell you this frankly, so if you wish to avoid the excitement and tension of these imaginative plays, we urge you calmly but sincerely to turn off your radio . . . now."

Created by Wyllis Cooper and first heard locally on WENR Chicago in January 1934, as a late-night 15-minute feature, LIGHTS OUT moved to NBC Red on April 17, 1935. When Cooper left for the West Coast in May 1936, to write movie scripts (including 1939's SON OF FRANKENSTEIN), NBC offered the task of writing the weekly series to Arch Oboler, who stayed with the show for two years, then left to start a new series called ARCH OBOLER'S PLAYS.

Oboler's first LIGHTS OUT story, BURIAL SERVICES, concerned the premature burial of a paralyzed girl. It caused such a furor (over 50,000 letters were written to NBC) that Oboler never again wrote a story that would so adversely affect his audience.

Among the actors who starred in the 1937 series were Betty Caine, Ed Carey, Sidney Ellstrom, Murray Forbes, Robert Griffin, Robert Guilbert, Raymond E. Johnson, Rupert La Belle, Philip Lord, Mercedes McCambridge, Hal Perry, Arthur H. Peterson, Willard L. Waterman, and Betty Winkler.

In the spring of 1938, Boris Karloff appeared in four consecutive shows, including the famous CAT WIFE, which was voted the best LIGHTS OUT show of 1938 by listeners. The other three Karloff shows were VALSE TRISTE, THREE MATCHES, and THE DREAM.

The original LIGHTS OUT ran until August 16, 1939. On October 6, 1942, Oboler resurrected the show from New York as a 30-minute CBS entry for Fleischman's Ionized Yeast, later moving it to Hollywood. Since he was busy with several other wartime radio shows (TO THE PRESIDENT, PLAYS FOR AMERICANS, and FREE WORLD THEATRE), Oboler used many of his original scripts from the Chicago days, plus a few scripts from his ARCH OBOLER'S PLAYS series.

The first show was titled WHAT THE DEVIL and starred Gloria Blondell and Wally Maher. Oboler had it copyrighted and later sued both Playboy magazine and ABC when Playboy published a story titled "Duel," which was subsequently made into a TV Movie of the Week starring Dennis Weaver (and directed by Steven Spielberg).

Other shows in the revived series included THE HOLE, in which a college student rejected by a school fraternity created

the Universal Solvent; VACATION FROM DEATH, in which a couple takes a two-month vacation in an old crumbling building with a strange caretaker and an organ that plays at night; WHERE ARE YOU, in which a couple visiting the Empire State Building during the war find that the population of New York has disappeared; MR. FREAK, in which the ugliest man in the world falls in love with a beautiful girl who is temporarily blind; NATURE STUDY, in which four people are trapped by a rock slide and start confessing to murder; BIG MR. LITTLE, in which a small man acquires a strange power over mankind by drinking a weird concoction at a party; NEANDERTHAL, in which three people involved in a car accident shift in time and meet a prehistoric man; GRAVESTONE, in which three girls dance on a grave and encounter a poltergeist; SUB-BASEMENT, in which a man takes his wife to see the lower regions of a large department store and they meet a dinosaur; and ANCESTOR, in which the ghost of an ancestor of a kidnapped girl spans the years to rescue her.

Franchot Tone starred in LIVE FOREVER, a story about a man with a morbid fear of death, who finds himself in a strange world where people don't die. One of 24 persons picked for a special job, he learns that the common people, conditioned by the "Old Ones," have nothing to do, nothing to live for. His special job is to toss an explosive at the Mairmarch. Horrified, he runs away from the attempted assassination and is transported to the present, where he finds that he is no longer afraid of death, that it is only right that the young take the place of the old. He asks his companion, "Don't you agree?"

Probably the most famous of all the shows in the series was CHICKEN HEART, aired November 24, 1942. The story



This is murder! The cast of NBC's LIGHTS OUT poses for a "lively" publicity still.

concerned (what else?) a chicken heart, which grew until it covered the entire globe. (Bill Cosby immortalized it on an LP, when he reminisced about the effect this show had on him when he was a child.)

Other actors in the 1942/43 series included Theodore von Eltz, Templeton Fox, Tom Lewis, Ted Maxwell, Lou Merrill, Earle Ross, and Irene Tedrow. LIGHTS OUT ran until September 28, 1943, concluding with the show THE AUTHOR AND THE THING, starring Arch Oboler as Arch Oboler, writing the last show of the program when . . .

There were a number of attempts to revive the series again. Two brief runs were heard on NBC during the summers of 1945 and 1946. A final series began on the Mutual Network on July 16, 1947. This last try, written by Cooper and Paul Pierce, starred Horror King Boris Karloff and lasted for only four shows.

In 1964, Oboler syndicated a series known as ARCH OBOLER PLAYS, which were mostly newly recorded versions of the original 1939/40 ARCH OBOLER PLAYS, plus several original stories and a few of the 1942/43 LIGHTS OUT stories. In the early 1970s, Oboler syndicated still another series, THE DEVIL AND MR. O., all of which were dubs of the 1942/43 LIGHTS OUT transcriptions.

In other media, LIGHTS OUT became a live TV show on NBC in 1949, concluding on September 29, 1952, with THE FOLLOW MAN. A dreadful NBC telefilm aired on January 15, 1972, titled WHEN WIDOWS WEEP and starring Joan Hackett. "It . . . is . . . later . . . than . . . you . . . think."



Bill Palmer is, above all, a fanatic collector of anything "mysterious," as well as the former VP of the N.Y. chapter of MWA, an author, columnist, and reviewer. This article was originally published in Mystery Scene.

The 52 shows in the 1942/43 series: The syndication titles and original air dates appear in parentheses.

What the Devil (Oct. 6, 1942), Revolt of the Worms (Oct. 13, 1942), Poltergeist (Grave Stone) (Oct. 20, 1942), Mungahra (The House Is Haunted) (Oct. 27, 1942), Across the Gap (Neanderthal Man) (Nov. 3, 1942), Bon Voyage (Nov. 10, 1942), Come to the Bank (Nov. 17, 1942), Chicken Heart (Nov. 24, 1942), Mr. Maggs (The Chest) (Dec. 1, 1942), Scoop (Cemetery) (Dec. 8, 1942), Knock at the Door (Dec. 15, 1942), Meteor Man (The Hungry Ones) (Dec. 22, 1942), Valse Triste (Dec. 29, 1942), The Fast One (Speed) (Jan. 5, 1943), The Mirror (Jan. 12, 1943), Cat Wife (Alley Cat) (Jan. 19, 1943), The Projective Mr. Drogan (Big Mister Little) (Jan. 26, 1943), Until Dead (No Escape) (Feb. 2, 1943), He Dug It Up (Feb. 9, 1943), Oxychloride X (The Hole) (Feb. 16, 1943), They Met At Dorset (Feb. 23, 1943), The Sea (Mar. 2, 1943), The Ball (Paris Macabre) (Mar. 9, 1943), The Dream 7 (Mar. 16, 1943), The Flame (Mar. 23, 1943), Money, Money, Money (Three Thousand Dollars) (Mar. 30, 1943), Superfeature (Apr. 6, 1943), Archer (Ancestor) (Apr. 13, 1943), Kill (Apr. 20, 1943), Execution (Apr. 27, 1943), Heavenly Jeep (May 4, 1943), Murder in the Script Department (May 11, 1943), Spider (May 18, 1943), Little Old Lady (May 25, 1943), The Ugliest Man in the World (Mr. Freak) (June 1, 1943), Organ (Vacation From Death) (June 8, 1943), Prelude To Murder (June 15, 1943), Nature Study (June 22, 1943), The Dictator (June 29, 1943), The Cliff (July 6, 1943), Visitor From Hades (July 13, 1943), Profits Unlimited (Balance Sheet) (July 20, 1943), Little People (Shrinking People) (July 27, 1943), Murder Castle (Aug. 3, 1943), Sakhalin (Aug. 10, 1943), State Executioner (Official Killer) (Aug. 17, 1943), Sub-Basement (Going Down) (Aug. 24, 1943), Immortal Gentleman (Live Forever) (Aug. 31, 1943), Lord Marley's Guest (Hollywood Visitor) (Sept. 7, 1943), The Word (Where Are You?) (Sept. 14, 1943), Mirage (Sept. 21, 1943), The Author and the Thing (Sept. 28, 1943).

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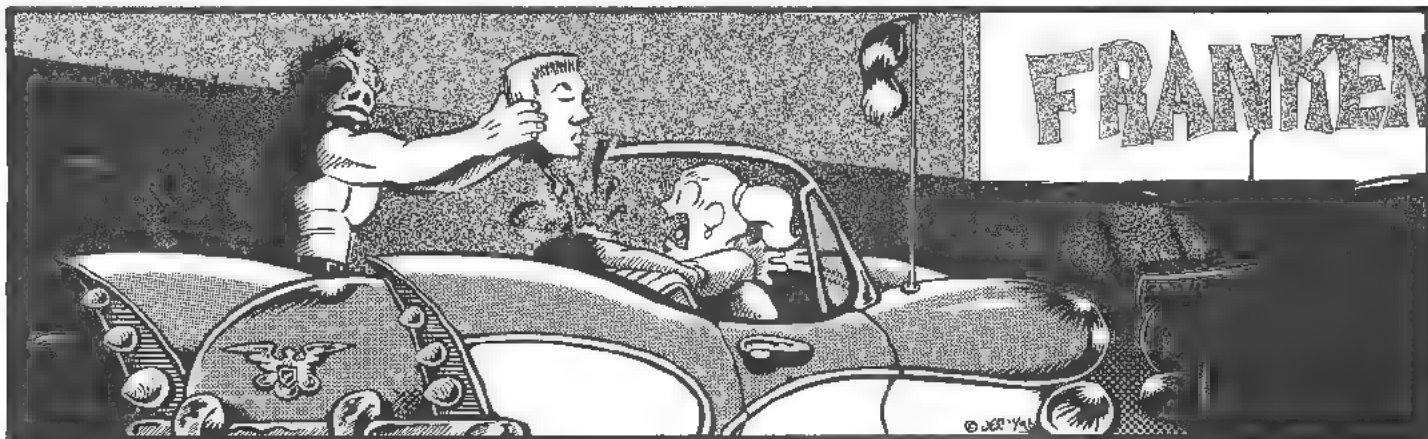
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Shock Drive-In Presents

I BURY THE LIVING

by John Brunas

If Edgar Allan Poe . . . had access to a camera and cutting room it is probable that he would have turned out a little masterpiece of horror and psychological suspense such as I BURY THE LIVING . . .

—The Hollywood Reporter

It's high time that I BURY THE LIVING is given the attention it so richly deserves. Debuting at a time when the best the horror screen had to offer was ambitious, Technicolored remakes of the same old war horses, this 1958 United Artists release, coproduced and directed by Albert Band (the father of Empire Pictures' Charles Band and director of such modern-day favorites as 1985's GHOULIES and 1986's TROLL), I BURY THE LIVING would have taken its rightful place opposite such indisputable classics of the supernatural as CAT PEOPLE (1942), CURSE OF THE DEMON (1958), and THE HAUNTING (1963), had it not been for the shortsightedness of the UA decision-makers, whose insistence on a rewrite consequently removed the film from that category and placed it squarely in the realm of psychological horror. Its flawed conclusion notwithstanding, I BURY

THE LIVING stands as a relentlessly gripping, sublimely eerie gem of a thriller, as bone-chilling as the granite headstone over which its title credits are flashed.

Familiar to TV fans nationwide as Dr. Konrad Styner in the critically-acclaimed MEDIC (which was soon followed by

the highly popular Western series HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL), Richard Boone was ideally cast in I BURY THE LIVING. His role, that of an innocent man duped into believing that he is endowed with power over life and death, well suited the subdued actor's brooding, low-keyed screen persona.

Boone portrays well-to-do businessman Bob Kraft, the president of a successful suburban department store, who grudgingly assumes the post of chairman of the Immortal Hills Cemetery, a duty his prominent family has accepted for years. Driving out to the sprawling grounds, Bob is greeted by Andy McKee (Theodore Bikel), the Scottish caretaker. Embittered over the board's decision to retire him after 40 years of devoted service, Andy nevertheless welcomes the businessman graciously and shows him about the grounds.

Bob is immediately impressed by a huge wall map, identifying at a glance



Richard Boone and Theodore Bikel stare apprehensively at heaven knows what in 1957's I BURY THE LIVING.



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The 1930's:

THE UNHOLY THREE	'30	Chaney
MURDER BY THE CLOCK	'31	W. Boyd
THE OLD DARK HOUSE	'32	Karloff
BEHIND THE MASK	'32	Karloff
FREAKS uncut version	'32	W. Ford
SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM	'33	Atwill
SHE restored 102 mins.		H. Gahagan
MAN WHO LIVED AGAIN	'36	Karloff
VAMPIRE	'32	UNCUT
THE VAMPIRE BAT uncut	'33	Atwill
MURDERS IN THE ZOO	'33	Atwill
WHITE ZOMBIE uncut	'33	Lugosi
THE MONSTER WALKS	'32	R. Lease
ISLAND OF LOST SOULS	'32	Laughton
NIGHT OF TERROR	'33	Lugosi
THE SPHINX	'33	Atwill
THE CHOUH uncut original titles		
THE EVIL MIND	'33	C. Rains
MYSTERIOUS MR. WONG uncut		Lugosi
THE BLACK ROOM	'35	Karloff
SHADOW OF CHINATOWN	'34	Lugosi
PHANTOM SHIP	'37	Lugosi
NIGHT KEY	'37	Karloff
A WALKING NIGHTMARE	'39	J. Dunn
DARK EYES OF LONDON	'39	Lugosi
THE MAN WITH NINE LIVES	'39	Karloff
CAT & THE CANARY	'39	B. Hope

The 1940's:

BOWERY AT MIDNIGHT	'42	Lugosi
BOOGY MAN WILL GET YOU		Karloff
BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS		Lorre
FACE OF MARBLE	'46	Carradine
ONE MILLION, B.C.	'40	V. Mature
CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN	'43	Carradine
UNKNOWN ISLAND color	'48	Denning
INVISIBLE AGENT	'42	J. Hall
THE MAD DOCTOR	'40	Rathbone
YOU'LL FIND OUT	'40	Karloff
BLACK FRIDAY	'40	Karloff
THE DEVIL COMMANDS	'41	Karloff
THE BLACK CAT	'41	Rathbone
MAN-MADE MONSTER	'41	Chaney
NIGHT MONSTER	'42	Lugosi
MAD DOCTOR OF MARKET STREET		Atwill
THE UNDYING MONSTER	'42	J. Howard
CATMAN OF PARIS	'46	C. Esmond
HOUSE OF HORRORS	'45	R. Hatton
THE BRUTE MAN	'46	R. Hatton
SPIDER WOMAN STRIKES BACK		R. Hatton
THE FLYING SERPENT	'43	G. Zucco
INVISIBLE WOMAN	'44	Barrymore
INVISIBLE MAN'S REVENGE		Carradine
THE MAD CHOUH	'43	G. Zucco
VOODOO MAN	'44	Lugosi
THE MAD MONSTER	'43	G. Zucco

The 1950's:

FROM HELL IT CAME	'57	T. Andrews
FIEND WITHOUT A FACE	'58	M. Thompson
TARGET EARTH	'54	R. Denning
MACABRE	'58	J. Backus
BRAIN FROM PLANET AROUS		J. Agar
CREATURE WITH THE ATOM BRAIN		
LAND UNKNOWN	'57	J. Mahoney
ENEMY FROM SPACE	'57	B. Donlevy
CALTIKI THE IMMORTAL MONSTER		
BEAST OF HOLLOW MOUNTAIN		G. Madison
WORLD WITHOUT END	'56	H. Marlowe
QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT	'56	Donlevy
4 SKILLS OF JONATHAN DRAKE	'58	
BEAST WITH A MILLION EYES		
CAPE CANAVERAL MONSTERS	1958	
ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS	1957	
MONSTER THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD	'57	
CURSE OF THE FACELESS MAN	1958	
THE INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN uncut, Chaney		
BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS	1953	
VOODOO WOMAN	'57	M. English
THE CRAWLING EYE	'57	F. Tucker
THE GIANT BEHEMOTH	'56	G. Evans
ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN	'57	F. Tucker
THE BLACK SLEEP	'56	Rathbone
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CAPTAIN KRONOS, VAMPIRE HUNTER		
VAMPIRE CIRCUS uncensored version		
PHANTOM OF THE OPERA	'62	H. Lon
HAUNTED PALACE	'63	Chaney
CURSE OF THE FLY	'65	Donlevy
TERROR OF THE TONGS	'63	C. Lee
EQUINOX	'71	B. Hewitt
FACE OF FU MANCHU	'65	C. Lee
ATTACK OF THE PUPPET PEOPLE		J. Agar
TWINS OF EVIL		Collinson sisters
HORROR HOTEL		C. Lee

More 1940's:

MURDER IN THE BLUE ROOM		A. Gwynne
SOUL OF A MONSTER	'43	R. Hobart
RETURN OF THE APE MAN	'44	Lugosi
STRANGE CONFESSION	'45	Chaney
CALLING DR. DEATH	'43	Chaney
WIERD WOMAN	'42	Chaney
DEAD MAN'S EYES	'42	Chaney
INNER SANCTUM	'48	C. Russell
CRY OF THE WEREWOLF	'46	N. Foch
DEAD MEN WALK	'43	G. Zucco
ISLE OF THE DEAD	'46	Karloff
THE CREEPER	'48	O. Stevens
BEHIND LOCKED DOORS	'48	R. Carlson
THE MUMMY'S CURSE	'42	Chaney
THE MUMMY'S TOMB	'43	Chaney
THE MUMMY'S GHOST	'44	Chaney
HOUSE OF DRACULA	'45	Carradine
GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN	'42	Chaney
BEDLAM	'46	Karloff

More 1950's:

ASTOUNDING SHE-MONSTER	1957	
FIRE MAIDENS OF OUTER SPACE	1955	
SHE CREATURE	'57	M. English
WORLD WITHOUT END	'56	H. Marlowe
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THE BLACK SCORPION	'57	Denning
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COSMIC MONSTERS	'58	F. Tucker
PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE		B. Lugosi
THE INVISIBLE BOY	'57	R. Eyer
20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH	1958	
BLOOD OF THE VAMPIRE	'58	B. Shelly
REVENGE OF THE CREATURE		J. Agar
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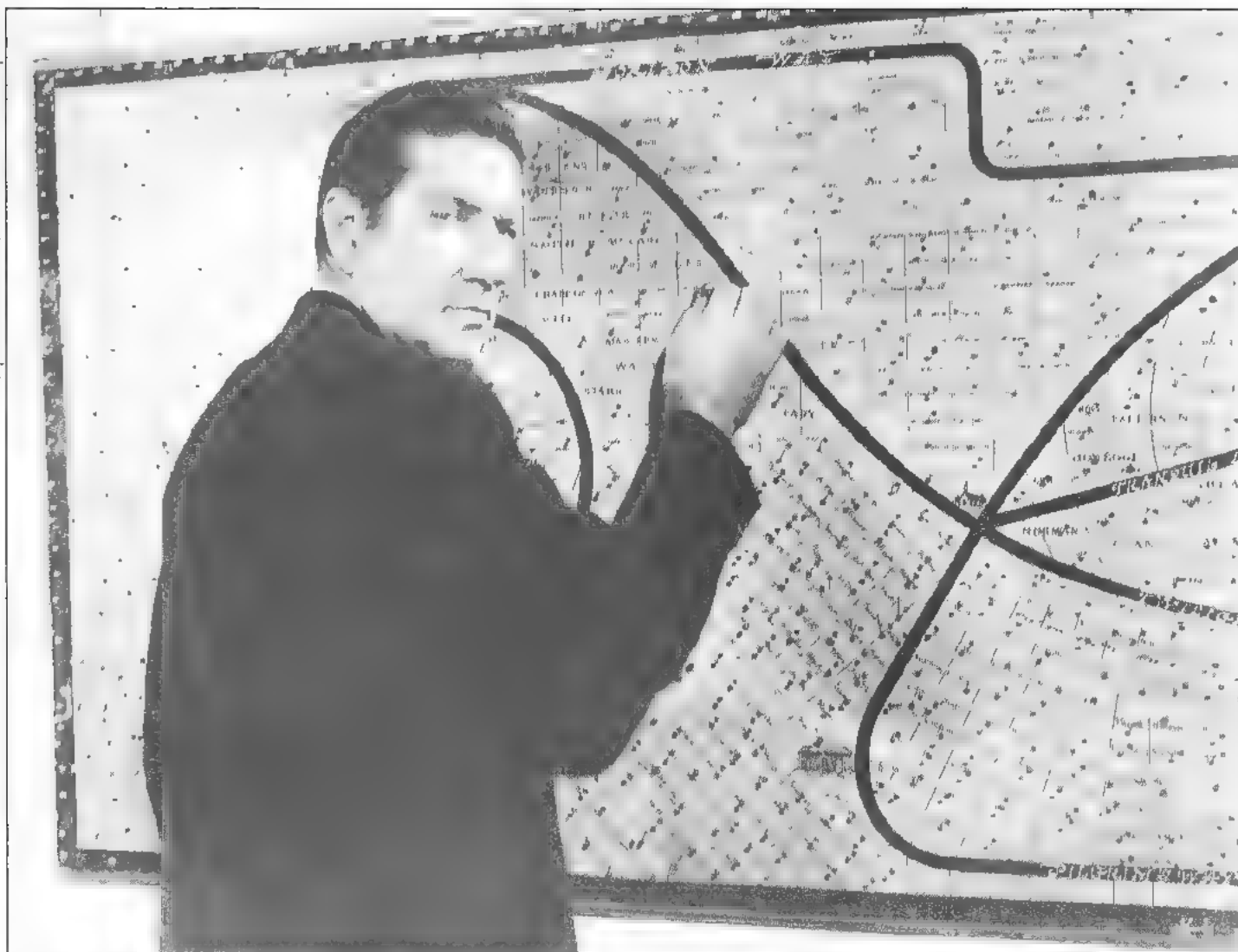


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Poor Bob Kraft (Richard Boone) is on pins and needles. He's convinced that, by sticking a black pin in a wall map of the Immortal Hills Cemetery, he can kill whoever the pin pinpoints. (The black pins stand for graves already occupied; the white are waiting to be filled.) The question is whether it is the map or Bob—or perhaps something or someone else entirely—wielding the power of life and death.

the reserved plots of Milford's most prominent families. "It's them pins that makes it so easy," Andy says, explaining that each plot is marked by either a white- or a black-tipped pin: The white pins denote a vacancy, the black ones signify that the plot is occupied.

En route to their honeymoon destination, Stu Drexel and his bride, Beth (Glenn Vernon and Lynn Bernay), drop in on Bob to comply with a stipulation in Stu's inheritance regarding the family plot. After the couple has driven off, Bob walks over to the map, absentmindedly changes the pins marking Stu and Beth's plots, and returns to his office. Hours later, he gets grim news: The newlyweds have been killed in a highway collision. Bob drives over to the Immortal Hills to make funeral arrangements and discovers, much to his surprise, that he had already marked the two graves with black pins. Bob's old crony, newsman Jess Jessup (Herbert Anderson), doesn't understand why his friend is disturbed, but Andy does: "I think he means he marked the young couple for death."

Bob's anguish is compounded after a third client, William Isham (Cyril Delevanti), is found dead at his workbench: The elderly toymaker's grave marker was changed at random by the curious chairman a few hours earlier. At his wits' end, Bob

misconstrues the romantic notion of fiancée Ann Craig (Peggy Maurer) that she felt his presence beckoning to her, taking it as further proof of his far-reaching influence. Strolling around the grounds of the Immortal Hills, Bob confesses to Jess that, in an inexplicable way, he feels as though he has experienced all this before. Everything, from the eerie calm of the cemetery to the sound of a tool cutting a name on a headstone, seems strangely familiar.

Feeling that his nephew is on the verge of a mental collapse, George Kraft (Howard Smith) urges Bob to resign his post, but to no avail. Determined to prove that his fears are unfounded, George convinces Bob to switch markers on the plot of Henry Trowbridge (Russ Bender), the chairman who preceded him. That night, alone in his room, watching the hours tick by, Bob buckles under pressure and rings the Trowbridge home. Henry has dropped dead as Bob's call was being connected.

In spite of mounting circumstantial evidence, George refuses to accept the possibility that these events are more than just grim coincidence. To settle any doubt in Bob's mind, George and his associates, Bill Honegger and Charlie Bates (Ken Drake and Sam Flint), order Bob to change their pins from white to black.

SHOCKS THAT CHALLENGE THE IMAGINATION!!!

SCENES TO MAKE THE SKIN CRAWL!

A terror spawned in the
hellish unknown...
seeking warm, living flesh...
to drag down into the
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BOONE



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Original Story and Screenplay by LOUIS GARFINKLE - Ysua Design by E. YORAKAPICH

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THAT EVER FROZE
THE BLOOD!

BURY THE LIVING

T H E A T R E

As the hours pass, the map adheres to its deadly schedule. First Bill, and then Charlie, is found dead in the security of his home. George, in robe and pajamas, stumbles into Bob's office. In a vain attempt to cheat fate, he switches his black marker to white, but the die has been cast: George's corpse is discovered behind the wheel of his car early the next morning.

Police detective Lieutenant Clayborne (Robert Osterloh), who at first doubted Bob's story, but is now convinced that unearthly forces are indeed at work, tricks the chairman into changing the life-and-death pins marking the grave of Jacob Mittel, an importer stationed in Paris. Pins and maps don't have the capacity to kill, reasons Clayborne, but the power of a human mind can, whether it's deliberate or not.

Left alone to await the fate of Jacob Mittel, Bob comes to a bizarre conclusion: "If I have the power of death using the black pins, then I must have the power of life using the white ones." Confronting the map, he furiously changes the black pins of his "victims" back to white, and then collapses on the chair from nervous exhaustion.

Awakening a short time later and finding the cabin choked with smoke from a faulty heater, Bob dashes out onto the grounds and stumbles upon the Drexel plot... Stu and Beth's graves have been unearthed! So have the graves of Isham and Henry and George and Bill and Charlie!

Charging back to the office, Bob bolts the door and, pulling a revolver from the desk drawer, points it against his temple. A telephone ring shatters the silence. It is Rosamund Mittel, informing Bob that she has just gotten word from Paris that her husband, Jacob, has suddenly died. "Impossible! He cannot be dead!" gasps Andy, who appears from the shadows, his hair and clothing caked with graveyard dirt. Driven mad by the thought that he was being put out to pasture, Andy schemed to drive Bob out of his mind and eliminate the members of the board. "You marked them for death, Mr. Chairman, but who did the deed? Andrew McKee!" The old man de-

scribes how he crept up on each of his victims and choked them to death with his scarf. Bob isn't convinced; he still believes that he exerts an evil power, which was what compelled the gentle Andy to take five lives.

Gripped by the delusion that his victims are coming to get him, Andy barricades the cabin door. Bob tries to reason with the madman, but it is too late: Andy drops dead from fright as the door is smashed down, revealing Clayborne and the police, accompanied by Ann and Jess. Shaking his head in amazement, the newsman recalls how they witnessed the caretaker unearth all seven corpses and hide them in the mausoleum. As for Mittel, Clayborne explains that the report of his "death" was merely a ruse to drive the killer out into the open.

I BURY THE LIVING was the brainchild of Louis Garfinkle, who not only wrote the original story and screenplay, but coproduced it as well. Today, Garfinkle appreciates the faithful following that his film has attained. In a personal letter to this writer, he stated, "With the swift passage of years, those of us who choose screenwriting as our life's work always enjoy discovering that our earliest, most jejune work has managed to survive in the hearts of cinema aficionados."

As a graduate of USC in Los Angeles in 1948 (with a major in English), the ambitious young Garfinkle had been promised a job as an assistant to veteran writer/producer/director David Butler at Warner Bros., courtesy of Leo Forbstein, head of the studio's music department, who was a close friend of Garfinkle's uncle. When Forbstein died just four days before Louis was due to report to the Burbank lot, Butler, who had granted Forbstein the favor only because he owed him money, quickly reneged on his promise.

This unfortunate turn of events didn't dampen Garfinkle's show business aspirations. "I spent the next 18 months doing door-to-door poll-taking and occasional scriptwriting in local radio while simultaneously pounding on producers' doors.

Hoping to warn an imminent customer, Bob Kraft (Richard Boone) makes a desperate call from the bone orchard.

Walter Colmes and Howard Welsch suggested I write a sample screenplay to prove I knew how to write one—and in three weeks I wrote *THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH*, a historical, armor plated romance about Ponce de Leon. In my mind I saw Errol Flynn in it—or at the very least Vincent Price."

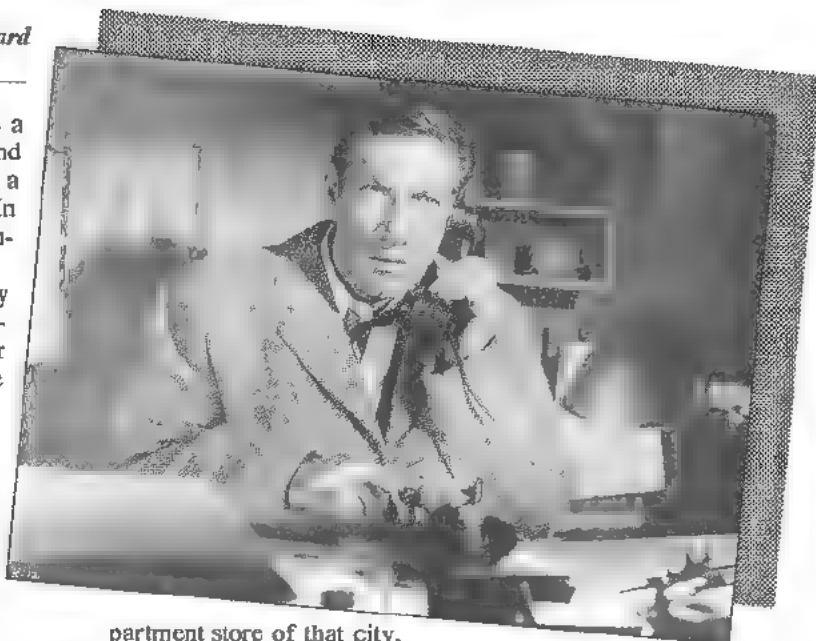
Colmes and Welsch fell in love with the screenplay and promised to work out a deal with the studio to produce it. Three months passed, and Garfinkle was no closer to earning that all-important first screen credit than he was before; he withdrew his script. Hired to write and announce a daily morning consumer-research show on a local Los Angeles radio station, Louis no sooner completed his first broadcast than he received a call from Colmes. "Driving to work, he had heard me on the air and called to offer me a job as 'his writer' in his 'new deal' at Republic. Within a fortnight I abandoned radio to enter 'pictures' at the magnificent salary of \$75 per week."

Garfinkle's first acquaintance with the name *Albert Band* was in reference to the fast-rising young filmmaker's alleged pandering to the "rich and famous." "While serving in Europe during the Korean War, I avidly read 'Picture,' a series of Hollywood-establishment-bashing articles appearing in *The New Yorker* and authored by noted journalist Lillian Ross, concerning the making of *THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE* [1951] by John Huston for MGM. As Huston's lieutenant, Albert Band achieved an unwelcome notoriety. Ross depicted him in unflattering terms as a typical Hollywood opportunist/sycophant."

While working at Warner Bros. as a film cutter, the Paris-born Albert, whose father was the renowned artist Max Band, made a strong impression on John Huston, who made him his production assistant on *THE ASPHALT JUNGLE* in 1950. Band received sole screen credit for writing the motion-picture adaptation of Stephen Crane's Civil War classic *THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE*, starring Audie Murphy, upon which Huston's own screenplay was based.

"When Band was introduced to me, although his association with Huston had finally ended some months prior, I couldn't help being impressed," Garfinkle recalls. "He was on speaking terms with 'everybody' . . . Edward G. Robinson, Zero Mostel, Sam Jaffe, Gottfried and Wolfgang Reinhardt, the Mankiewitzes, not to mention my personal heroes, John Huston and Orson Welles." The two men endeavored to form their own production unit, with Band to direct and Garfinkle to write, and with producing chores divided between the two of them. Their first collaboration was the juvenile-delinquent Western *THE YOUNG GUNS* (1956), described by Garfinkle as "a Steinbeckian Western in which social drama superseded horse opera antics." The picture, which Band ultimately sold to Allied Artists, served as an object lesson (and a portent of things to come) regarding Hollywood's irresistible habit of tampering with an artist's work. "Walter Mirisch required me to rewrite 'so we can make it for a price.' By the time I was finished, all the uniqueness and power of my original concept was drained from the piece."

The initial concept for *I BURY THE LIVING* was dreamed up by Garfinkle years before his filmwriting career got off the ground. "In the late 1940s, when I was an impressionable teenager, my brother-in-law, Harold Diamond of Phoenix, Arizona, the head of Diamond's, in those days a well-known de-



partment store of that city, was appointed to chair the Temple Beth El Cemetery Committee (Arizona's leading Reform Jewish congregation). It had fallen to him to assume responsibility for running the Temple's Cemetery, a chore no dedicated community leader was ever permitted to turn down.

"One chilly Sunday morning during my Christmas vacation, I kept him company driving out to the cemetery to handle some details in connection with his role there. Located on the wall was an immense map of the cemetery, dotted with clusters of black and white pins. I asked Harold what the pins represented. 'The black pins are for plots already occupied by the dead. The white pins are the plots already purchased by living members of the congregation, but not as yet occupied.'

"I pondered the significance such a map and pins might have for the creation of a Gothic tale. I'm not certain how it happened, but we discovered there was a white pin stuck in the cemetery map which should have been black. My brother-in-law had no difficulty in correcting the error, pulling out the pin and replacing it. 'But what if it were the other way around, Hap?' I asked, my point being that, in a 'ghost story world' in which such maps and pins might be found to be 'the author of life and death,' such a mistake might have grisly consequences: a corpse resurrecting itself from the grave . . . the stench of its decaying flesh apt to prove embarrassing to the family forced to welcome it back.

"In 1950, when the Korean War began, I had the great good fortune to be sent to SCPC (Army Signal Corps Photo Center) to write and produce training films. During that stint, in our off hours, a longtime friend of mine from USC (Eddie Lubin) and I cowrote a three-episode anthology screenplay called *SHOWCASE*, in which one episode was entitled 'The Death of Us,' entirely derived from my encounter with the map and the pins in Phoenix."

With their first Hollywood collaboration, *THE YOUNG GUNS*, on their résumés, Garfinkle and Band turned their attention toward *SHOWCASE*, which Band had been trying to market for years. "Albert's frustration led to him insisting that I wrote a full-length screenplay based on 'The Death of Us.' This we called *KILLER ON THE WALL*, actually *KILLER, KILLER, ON THE WALL* (as in 'Mirror, Mirror, on

John Brunas, coauthor of Universal Horrors (McFarland, 1990), is a long-time contributor to horror magazines.



I BURY THE LIVING's cast included two supporting actors destined to achieve wider popularity on television sitcoms. Howard Smith (pictured ABOVE with Richard Boone) played Don DeFore's boss opposite Shurley Booth as HAZEL. Herbert Anderson (pictured BELOW with Boone and Theodore Bikel) played long-suffering Dad to Jay North's DENNIS THE MENACE.

the Wall,' the incantation spoken by the Evil Queen in *SNOW WHITE*), due to a fear that *KILLER ON THE WALL* sounded too much like a prison picture." The British released *I BURY THE LIVING* in the United Kingdom under its original, less-horrific title, *KILLER ON THE WALL*.

I BURY THE LIVING was shot over a period of nine days on the stages of Ziv Studios, the breeding ground of many a television series of the period. (The film has a pleasingly economic, TV-production feel to it.) The Immortal Hills exterior shots were filmed at a cemetery down in Old Los Angeles, not far from the campus of the University of Southern California.

Tautly written and directed, *I BURY THE LIVING* charts a steady course in the chills-and-suspense department and never once veers from its intended purpose. Band and his creative team took pains to develop a somber mood aurally as well as visually. (In one dialogue exchange, the sound of Andy chiselling the name of his latest victim into a tombstone can be faintly heard in the background.) Helping to sustain this



atmosphere is Gerald Fried's haunting score. Arguably the finest composer working in "B" horror films of the late 50s, Fried underlines the tension of each scene with his musical cues; the addition of a harpsichord provides a nice Gothic flourish. A vital contributor to the early films of Stanley Kubrick, Fried lent his highly recognizable style to several of UA's best sci-fi/horror releases during this period.

"You may recognize the theme that dominates Fried's score," Garfinkle says. "Byron Chudnow, a first-class journeyman editor and former classmate (he later directed my screenplay for *THE DOBERMAN GANG* in 1972), used to wail mournfully an Old World folk song while accompanying himself on the guitar:

Hey, ho, nobody home.
Meat nor drink nor money have I none,
Yet still
I will
Be ha-aa-appy.

Its funereal tone had always struck Byron, Albert, Gerry, and I as most appropriate to background the story's lugubrious events. Sure enough, Fried's initial piano sketch for the score featured it, to the delight of all."

Much as inanimate objects, such as eerie old houses, have been elevated to the state of living, breathing characters in shockers past and present, the cemetery map in *I BURY THE LIVING* is afforded the same personalized treatment. Though the screenplay makes it quite clear that (despite Garfinkle's recollections) it's not the map, but the (alleged) power within Bob Kraft, that is doing the killing, the map's intimidating "behavior" leads us to believe otherwise. Band's savvy direction, and the creative use of lighting and camera effects, combine to convince us that the map has a life of its own; that it is indeed a breathing, mocking, evil thing. (The configuration of lines even resembles two leering eyes and a nose.) In a series of arresting images, the map is grotesquely distorted, its clusters of black and white pins appearing as Daliesque figures across a barren landscape. Band and his creative team experiment with depth and dimension, introducing several weird optical effects—in one unforgettable shot, Boone is dwarfed by an outsized, illuminated version of the map, signifying its malignant influence invading his body and soul.

In an effort to bring their production in at \$100,000, Garfinkle and Band took a few creative shortcuts not uncommon to filmmakers at the time. "Our conclusion was that in 1956 you needed not only \$100,000, but also a 'hunk of footage'—newsreel or documentary—that could be edited into your production footage to give you feature length. Another procedure was to go on an 'insert stage' and shoot an inanimate object East, West, North, South, Straight Up and Straight Down—shoot it with such panache and abandon that it adds up to exciting kinetic cinema.

"Albert made a deal with Joe Westheimer (who received a special Oscar in 1991 from the Academy for career-long technical brilliance) to take our cemetery map onto Joe's 'insert stage' and get a usable, slam-bang 'hunk of footage' out of it, lighting it dramatically, moodily, giving it 'Fritz Lang character'—making the map the true antagonist versus our protagonist, Robert Kraft. We supplemented Frederick Gately, our director of photography, with Edward Vorkapich, son of montage genius Slavko Vorkapich, whom I had met in the Signal Corps, to give us the memorable, haunting look we knew the map had to have. Eddie also designed the map; designed pins of varied sizes to mount on the map and make



Louis Garfinkle writes: "At Au mouton de Panurge, the famous Rabelaisian restaurant in Paris in early October of 1958. The celebrants are my beautiful bride, the former Audrey Alpert; myself (age 29); the lovely Jackie (Mrs. Albert) Band; and the old Bandito himself. We had just wrapped FACE OF FIRE in Stockholm, Sweden. The Bands were heading back to Sweden for post-production, while the Garfinkles flew back to California so I could look for work."

them look overpowering. There was more than one map, with various sections blown up or distorted."

Criticism levelled against *I BURY THE LIVING* is invariably directed toward the film's notorious, anticlimactic, "cop out" finale. After painstakingly laying the groundwork for a genuine supernatural fantasy and developing the plot line in a plausible fashion (plausible, that is, within the context of fantasy), *I BURY THE LIVING* suddenly, shockingly shifts gears and becomes an (un)conventional murder thriller. Stripped of its otherworldly thesis, the incidentals of the plot just don't add up, consequently costing the picture a great deal of credibility. Those who enjoy being seduced by stories of the supernatural come away feeling resentful of having the wool pulled over their eyes. Images of such classic "cheat" films as Tod Browning's *MARK OF THE VAMPIRE* (1935) and William Castle's *HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL* (1958, in which the overtly supernatural goings-on are revealed to be carefully orchestrated plots either to trap a killer or to drive someone mad) or, worse yet, Fritz Lang's 1944 film noir, *THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW* (in which the nightmarish narrative turns out to be "only a dream"), spring immediately to mind.

"The filmed ending of *I BURY THE LIVING* bears no relationship to the one I originally wrote," Garfinkle maintains. His desire was to have the victims of the map rise from their

graves and stalk Kraft, who inevitably dies of a heart attack.

"The character of Andy McKee was written to provide mood alone as I first envisioned him. For him to have ended up a perpetrator of mass murder seems to me now to be a criminal malefaction on the part of the UA executives who sent down word from on high that 'audiences will never believe a map can have power of life and death over them'—the entire essence of my original story. If we continued to insist on the map having primacy, the deal was dead. For us to make the picture, the deaths had to be the work of a mad killer, etc. We should have walked away, but when you're young you believe that you can work anything out and turn sows' ears into purses of silk."

By following the dictates of the "front office" and laying the deaths at the feet of a supporting character, Garfinkle left several questions stubbornly unresolved. How, for instance, was Andy physically able to eliminate each of his victims, in some cases right under the noses of family members? Even harder to accept is the notion that the caretaker single-handedly unearthed all seven corpses and stashed them away—no mean feat even for a man half his age.

A movie with as bizarre a premise as *I BURY THE LIVING* couldn't have been successfully pulled off without the aid of a dedicated cast. "The cast was wonderful: handpicked,"

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ARON IN WONDERLAND

Aron Kincaid

Interviewed by
Kevin G. Shinnick

Born Norman Neale Williams in California, actor/artist Aron Kincaid has seen a lot of changes in both the state of the state and the state of the motion-picture industry he loves. Currently voicing the character of Killer Croc on Fox's **BATMAN: THE ANIMATED SERIES**, Aron lent his versatile tones to an interview with *Scarlet Street*, taking us to the Mount Sinai of Cecil B. DeMille's **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS**, the Rome of **SPARTACUS** and **CLEOPATRA**, the sun-drenched beaches of American International's teen/horror flicks, the San Francisco of the 1970s, and the dark, rain-swept alleys of a cartoon Gotham City. Come along for the ride . . .

80 SCARLET STREET

Aron Kincaid: There are a lot of bad things about Southern California, but there's a way to avoid them without turning your back on the realities of life. My grandparents were born here in the 1800s, and I grew up knowing the back streets and alleys. Today, I drive into town and see the remains of studios like Monogram; I talk with people who don't even remember the name Monogram—and these are people in the business. It's really sad, because I think anybody involved in a business—and movies are a business—should know the background. They don't care today; they've no interest in it. I'd bet that if you went to Paramount right now and asked who D.W. Griffith was, there wouldn't be more than 15 people who'd have an inkling. They celebrate people like David Begelman, who belongs behind bars. It's a sad state of affairs in Hollywood. You guys are brave to even write the things that you do on the old films. All this stuff was considered run-of-the-mill junk when it came out; now it looks pretty good in retrospect.

Scarlet Street: Yes, it does.

AK: You know, with your emphasis on Conan Doyle, you probably remember the actress Hillary Brooke. She's a neighbor of friends of mine. The people from that era saw so much—three times what I got to see. She's a nice lady. What was the Sherlock Holmes film she made—**THE WOMAN IN GREEN**?

SS: Yes.

AK: To me, she'll always be that woman with the 17-inch waist, with those sort of catlike eyes that tilted upwards. She had a great look.

SS: A lot of the 40s actresses did.

AK: You know what I think they've done? The people who make movies today hire people who look—to them—like themselves. They do it in an effort to make themselves feel more glamorous and exciting. Louie B. Mayer would never hire leading men who looked like him. When you think back through the 20s, 30s, 40s, and even into the 50s—you were familiar with every single face, even those who never graduated from "B"s. Sometimes I have trouble separating William Lundigan from Dennis O'Keefe, but that wasn't their fault—they were blonde and they were always in suits; it was very hard to tell them apart. And I would sometimes mix up Mona Freeman and Diana Lynn, but, for the most part, they all had—like that Swanson line—they all had faces then.

SS: It's true

AK: The people who hired them were the ones who deserved the credit, because they separated the wheat from the chaff. Today, it's all chaff. John Willis, who does *Theatre World* and *Screen World*, gives out the "most promising player" things each year. Looking back at the old ones, all the ones from the 60s, everybody who got a *Theatre World* award made it—and for a lot of them, it was their first play; they were kids in their first play.

I've never done Broadway. I would love to have done a New York play when I was living back there. I had an agent. He was the guy who put Robert Redford in *BAREFOOT IN THE PARK*—as a result, they saw me as a sort of third-string, plum-end Robert Redford. That was what they were pushing, and that was not what I had planned for at all. So none of that worked out very well. But John Willis picked 10 people as "promising personalities" in the 1966 *Screen World*, and of the 10 of us who were listed that year, we all worked. And basically everybody is still working, except the ones who died. Elizabeth Hartman, Joi Lansing, who died of cancer, and—I don't know what Tom Nardini's doing today, but there was Red Fergin, and Katherine Ross, and Edward Mulhare, Michael Parks, Geraldine Chaplin . . .

SS: *Good company.*

AK: Oh, yeah, it was nice. Unfortunately, I'd rather have ended up like Redford. (Laughs)

SS: *Right now, you're doing voice work for BATMAN: THE ANIMATED SERIES. You do the voice of . . .*

AK: Killer Croc, he's called. They had me do several others, too. They're allowed to use you for three voices per show. So, if a person's versatile—and most of the people in voice-overs are—they usually do three. In the first episode, *VENDETTA*, I was also the sort of Elisha Cook, Jr. type who's a stool pigeon, and a cop who's in charge of the police files. In both scenes, Killer Croc confronts these two characters—well, they were all me.

(Laughs) Only a cartoon will allow you to do this. It's sort of every actor's dream. I mean, I'd like to play everybody in the series—including the women! The very first voice over I ever did—I was 18 and trying to get an actor's agent. Thinking about it, anyway; I wasn't doing a lot about it. I *did* have a commercial agent who would send me for commercials, and I went out on a commercial for Sugar Corn Pops. I was supposed to crack a whip and say

"Sugar Corn Pops is for whippersnappers"—and I cracked the whip and shattered the camera lens! It was a mistake; I was no Lash LaRue! I felt awful. I didn't get the part—obviously—but, a week or two later, I went to what I thought was an interview for a breakfast cereal thing. It was the voice of a sheepdog. I thought it was an audition, but the guy said, "No, this is a job; we're taping this." I said, "Well, how did you get me?" He said, "Don't you remember me? I'm the guy whose lens you broke a couple of

and a trip to Europe, one to Hawaii, and one to Mexico. So I always knew that there was something in the voice.

SS: *How did you start acting?*

AK: That happened within seconds, literally, after making an effort to do it. I had done this little thing in *THE WASP WOMAN*, which was a movie that had already been shot. It was a Corman thing. They had to add 20 minutes for TV. A friend of mine in UCLA asked if I had any qualms about working with live bees. He said, "Are you allergic to them?" I said, "No,"

like any good actor would. "No problem!" (Laughs) And I was the keeper of the bees in that film! Then they were doing *SPARTACUS*, and they were running out of people in Hollywood, 'cause there were so many people in the cast. I got this little gig as Laurence Olivier's standard bearer, for \$16.38 a day. I still have my sandals. Well, there was an actress, who is now married to Michael Anderson—the director of *AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS*—and who is now, strangely, the stepmother of my friend, Michael Anderson, Jr. We're about the same age, so we're all connected somehow in all of this. She was auditioning for a play in Hollywood, Equity, and needed a ride. She said, "Would you give me a ride? And get a chance to see a real audition?" I said, "Boy, would I? I'd love it." I went in, they gave her a script, and they handed one to me.

"Oh, my goodness, they think I'm a professional actor!" (Laughs) I got up and read, and the guy interrupted me and said, "Out of professional courtesy, I have to read the rest of the actors, but the part is yours if you like it. Sit at the back of the theatre until I'm through." So I got the part in the show, and on opening night three different agents asked me to sign with them. I signed with an agent, and a week later was under



*As a boy, Aron Kincaid got to know the legendary Cecil B. DeMille while the master showman was filming the 1956 remake of *THE TEN COMMANDMENTS*, starring Charlton Heston (Top Left) and Edward G. Robinson (Middle Right).*

weeks ago." (Laughs) I said, "Oh, my God! How did you get me?" He said, "Well, I thought you had a voice that would make a good sheepdog. I remembered it." Well, that thing put me through UCLA.

SS: *Wow!*

AK: And all I did was bark twice and say "Ruff." It ran for four years. The check came every single month—took care of my room, board, the fraternity, my food, my books, my tuition . . .



During his self-described "pouty blonde period," Aron Kincaid was a man for all seasons. The photo below is from AIP's *SKI PARTY* (1965).

contract with Universal as John Forsythe's lab partner on the show *BACHELOR FATHER*.

SS: Really?

AK: And that led to all the different shows at Universal. And then the Vietnam war was getting ready to go full blast. My dad had been killed in the service. He was in the Army Air Force; he was a pilot. I hate war, I hate guns—



but I felt it was my duty to serve some time. So I signed up and joined the Coast Guard. I was stationed in Long Beach, and while I was there I dug my agent up and said, "Look, if something comes up . . ." That week, I went on an interview for a Paramount beach film, *THE GIRLS ON THE BEACH*. I got one of the five starring roles—and after that, I was rolling along as an actor. Although at UCLA, I was a cinematography major!

SS: Oh, really?

AK: I wanted to produce and direct. My biggest inspiration in life had been Cecil B. DeMille. When I was 14 years old, I called his office. In my deepest voice, I got the secretary and said, "My son is very interested in all of Mr. DeMille's work." And I tried to visit the set of his latest film. Finally, she said, "No problem," and I spent an entire summer on the set of *THE TEN COMMANDMENTS*. I couldn't believe it!

SS: Wow!

AK: They didn't know that I was going to spend the whole summer. I mean, the first time I went, I was put in with the tour. And when the tour was over, I went out and got a box of chocolates and a handkerchief and brought them to Florence Pole, who used to be one of Mr. DeMille's secretaries. She was appropriately touched by this manipulative little brat. (Laughs) She said, "Any time you want to come, any time at all." Well, I was there the next day, needless to say. And the next day I went and—this time I went right past the guard at the gate, and I said, "Good morning," and he said "Good morning." They all thought I was some executive's son. I went every day, said "Good morning." It was a wonderful experience. I wanted, more than anything, to work with DeMille's production company. Of course, he didn't miss a thing. Mr. DeMille had eyes like a hawk. We talked on various occasions, and he never asked me what I was doing on the set—although one time, I was sitting in this chair, and was absorbed in what was going on in front of me, and I looked up and there he was with the whole group. I nearly went

through the floor in embarrassment. I think he sort of got a kick out of me, somehow. He did tell me that when I finished my four years at UCLA, he'd have a job for me. I was in my sophomore year when he passed away—so that was the end of that—but it shaped my feelings for the business for 32 years. I mean, my whole life has been based around what I saw him do, the sets he used in his movies, the colors, everything that he did. I think he had that effect on a great many people.

SS: He had a very powerful influence on Hollywood.

AK: I used to go to his house, when I was a kid, after he left Paramount. After he passed away, the house was just exactly the way he had left it, complete with a fresh rose put on his desk every day. I would go into his den, which was his screening room, and you could smell the man's presence there, because he smoked this very strong tobacco called Father Dempsey. Henry Wilcoxon smoked it, too. They all smoked it; it's a special blend made by this little tobacco store here in Beverly Hills. The old lady is still there, and they still sell Father Dempsey. I have Father Dempsey in the fumador in my study, and my study now smells like Mr. DeMille's.

SS: That's a great memory.

AK: The sense of smell—it can bring everything back. I can hear his voice when I smell that tobacco. There's a scene they did where they had to rip this wall down between two sound stages, when they were doing the golden-calf sequence with the whole top of the mountain, when Heston comes down and the ground cracks open. That went on for weeks. I'd have to say that being on that set was the most exciting thing that ever happened to me in my whole life. I've had some exciting things happen in this life, Lord knows, but that was wonderful. There was a sense of fear about it. I never wanted it to end.

SS: How would you compare an operation like Paramount—watching DeMille work—with AIP? Was it a shock to your system?

AK: Oh, yeah, well . . . at American International, you had the feeling that it was a stepping stone to the future, so I was happy to be working there. I liked what I was doing; I got a big kick out of the fact that I was even in the movies. I used to say, "If I could just be in one film, that's all I ask for in life. Just one, so I could say I was in one." And then when I finished film number eight, and they're flying me around the country, and I'm sitting in Iowa, and Indiana, and there I am in CinemaScope, in a giant close-up, and I see all these people listening to ev-

every word I'm saying—that was fun! It didn't matter where the movie was made. Yeah, I knew what I was missing out on, because I would visit friends who were working on things like HELLO, DOLLY. You know, when I was in Rome, I was hired to be in CLEOPATRA, for the "Cleopatra's entrance into Rome" scene. I was just supposed to be an extra, but I was just 20 years old, and I thought, "This is great! I'm going to be in it! First SPARTACUS, and now CLEOPATRA. My whole life will be spent in these biblical spectacles. A teenage Heston!" (Laughs) But Elizabeth Taylor got sick and they kept putting the thing off. Winter came, and I was running out of money, and I couldn't stick around just to walk the streets of Rome in the chains of a barbarian, so I flew home.

SS: You did some dubbing first.

AK: Yeah, I went to France. This man that I met had me do different voices—there again, it's the old voice stuff coming back in again. I started doing voices on a regular basis about four years ago, when I realized that I was at an age and had a physical look that nobody is the least bit interested in in this town. I had hoped to come up through the ranks, doing those teenage things, and then slowly do older parts. I just assumed that I would do parts that called for men in their 20s, and men in their 30s, and men in their 40s . . . but I could see everything in Hollywood changing. I started doing voice overs. The first one I got was a regular role on THE TRANSFORMERS. I played Skylink, who was the largest of all the Transformers toys sold. It was so expensive, I didn't even buy one. (Laughs) It was sort of a Ronald Colman type: "All right, lads, everyone climb aboard!" That was the beginning, and then I did all of the cartoon shows that were on during the 80s: WILDFIRE, JONNY QUEST, FLINTSTONE KIDS, DUCK TALES. I was the Iranian Wrestler called the Iron Shiek on the HULK HOGAN series. It was amazing for a Nordic type like me to be cast as an Iranian—but, once again, the magic of not having your face seen made all the difference.

SS: Are they done like radio plays?

AK: We do them just like a radio show, and each company has a different way of doing them. BATMAN is the classiest, because we are each in individual booths. We do the whole show through and then they animate to the voice afterwards. Which is wonderful; it gives you a sense

of power. (Laughs). A particular way of phrasing will give the artist additional ideas, maybe having the head turn or lower, because the voice sort of does it.

SS: You're an artist yourself, aren't you?

AK: I've worked in animation and illustration through the 70s. I did about 24 movie campaigns; I designed and illustrated the one-sheets.

SS: For which movies?

AK: None of them were big pictures. I did one of the John Candy films, GOING BERSERK. And TREASURE OF THE FOUR CROWNS, which was real trashy. It was one of the trashiest ones I've ever done. In fact, I went down when they were printing the posters up, and took about two hundred of them, and said, "Well, maybe it'll become a cult movie, and I'll have all of these one-sheets someday. And I'll say, 'This is the last one,' and sell them all one at a time across America at swap meets." (Laughs) I did some of Marty Feldman's movies.

SS: IN GOD WE TRUST?

AK: I did the first one-sheet on that; then they changed it halfway through the campaign to one that looked very similar to HEAVEN CAN WAIT. That's the one everybody's used to seeing, but Marty himself picked the one that I did, because he had seen in a magazine a piece on my caricatures and he wanted me to do his one-sheets. Universal didn't want me, but he—being a star—was able to get what he wanted. So, that was my first one-sheet, and then I did one, surprisingly enough, for Disney. You'd think they would have their own artists do them. I did HERBIE GOES BANANAS. It was the poster for all the Spanish-speaking countries. Normally, the artist doesn't have to do the lettering unless it's BEN-HUR, all made out of rock, or something like that. In this case, it wasn't fancy lettering, but HERBIE GOES BANANAS in Spanish. Lots of "O's" in it, which are the worst, because they have to be made bigger than the other letters to appear the same size. I nearly went nuts on that one, but I had fun with it.

SS: Aron goes bananas!

AK: Yeah. (Laughs) I did it in the style of some of my favorite artwork that the Disney studios turned out. I used a Suroptic design in the lettering. I did it in red, white, and blue, to suggest America below the border and still have the Suroptic to show Mexico, where a lot of the film took place. And they blocked it all out. They left the lettering, but they took out my Suroptic design. I was really upset. Fortunately, before I gave it to them, I had it photographed. I have it in my port-

folio; I show it to people and say, "Now here it is, the way I turned it in, and here it is after they did what they wanted to it." Everybody always points to mine and says, "That one's so much better; why would they change it?" That's Hollywood today. There are a lot of wonderful things going on every five minutes in this town, but no one will ever see them, because somebody's got to go in and lift their leg on the fire hydrant—it's their way of being creative and putting their mark on it. And it's a shame. It's really a shame. The only ones they don't mess around with are people that they're in awe of—do you remember Richard Amsel?

SS: Yes.

AK: He did wonderful TV Guide covers and then he started doing posters. They never touched his work.

SS: Well, some of his posters were better than the films they advertised.

AK: Oh, definitely! It must be years, now, since he passed away from AIDS. He was one of the first ones, I guess. Sad, sad waste . . .

SS: Except for Elizabeth Taylor, Hollywood doesn't seem to pay much attention to AIDS.

AK: No. They'll attend a fund-raiser, where everybody gets a dinner. Their conscience is eased by putting the money down and writing a check, but it doesn't come out of their own pocket; they charge it to the studio and to PR. It doesn't cost them a thing, other than three hours of their time, and they don't have anything better to do. They can watch their obnoxious little children wreak havoc in Beverly Hills. No, it's a sad, sad state of affairs, but then I guess it's not just limited to Hollywood.

SS: Unfortunately, it's not. What's happening right now with you?

AK: Well, I'm going in soon on BATMAN. I asked my agent, "Is this a new character, or what? And he said, "I think this is just ADR"—which is what we used to call dubbing or looping. ADR stands for Additional Dialogue Replacement. Sometimes, they have a person come in and dub someone's whole part. I know, I've done that. I did the coming attractions for MATINEE, starring John Goodman . . .

SS: The Joe Dante film.

AK: I'd worked with Joe Dante a couple of months ago on EERIE, INDIANA. They did an episode where the dogs were going to take over the town, and this kid, who's gone to the dentist and had a thing put in his teeth, he can interpret what the dogs are saying; he hears them plot-



THE GHOST IN THE INVISIBLE BIKINI (1966) took the AIP gang off the beach and into a haunted house, where Sinistra (Quinn O'Hara) did her best to poison innocent Bobby (Aron Kincaid).

ting to kill all the humans. I was the lead dog; I was a big white Samoyed named Fluffy.

SS: Back to dogs, again?

AK: Yeah. In fact, you could say, literally, that my career went to the dogs. (Laughs) Happily, my career went to the dogs. I did that horrible show, *MARRIED WITH CHILDREN*. I did this scene where they're going off to England and the dog, Buck, is put in a kennel. And I was a rottweiler. Buck pulls into the kennel, and says, "Oboy, I guess I'm really lucky." And this big rottweiler in a cage looks over at him and says: "I could be a very good friend to you, in the flea bath—a very good friend." (Laughs)

SS: You worked with the great Vincent Price in *DR. GOLDFOOT AND THE BIKINI MACHINE*...

AK: Oh, we got along great. He's such a funny man. I mean, he seemed to

have some wonderful, wonderful jokes that only he knew about, that he's not going to tell everybody else. But that devilish gleam never left his eyes. And after that we did *SHINDIG* with him.

SS: He had to sing in that, right?

AK: Had to, yeah. (Laughs) I'd run into him at different social events—you know, these banquets and balls that they have in this town. And he never failed to recognize me and call me by name, which always made me feel good. So many of these people, as soon as you're finished working with them, they pretend they don't even remember the project, let alone you. Vincent was always the gentleman. And I was in awe of Coral Browne's talent

SS: His wife.

AK: I never got to meet her. He was never with her; I don't know why. He was always with somebody else, or

some group, or whatever. But I'd always ask about her, and eventually he thought that I was an old friend of hers, I think. He'd say, "I'll give Coral your love." (Laughs) And I'd never met the lady! But, he couldn't have been nicer. During *GOLDFOOT*, we were so frantic; we didn't have a lot of time to talk, other than lunch breaks and things like that. The one I did get to talk a lot with was Basil Rathbone, who was working in . . .

SS: He was working in *THE GHOST IN THE INVISIBLE BIKINI*.

AK: The poor man was stuck with all of us for four months. I remember thinking, "This is tragic, for him to have to be in this thing." And yet I was thrilled to death that he was, because it gave more credibility to what I was doing. I zeroed in on that guy. It was the opportunity of a lifetime. I wanted to know about the parties he and his wife, Ouida, gave. Their parties were the most elegant ones ever given in this town. I spent every second I could around the guy without making an obnoxious pest of myself—which I probably did, anyway. I brought things from home, just to have him sign them. Anything I had, and he would go through and change things that he didn't agree with, or that were misprinted. I had this one book called *Stars of the Photoplay*, and he crossed out his birth date and entered in another date—and then initialed it, to make it official! (Laughs) In years to come, he didn't want anyone to think some fan had done it; he wanted to let them know that it was Basil Rathbone himself who corrected this particular book.

SS: That's great.

AK: He was just great. He was so patient to be in something like that, because I would imagine it was a very unpleasant experience for him. To have worked in the magnificent films that he did—and then, all of a sudden, *THE*



Aron Kincaid confers with veteran performers Basil Rathbone and Patsy Kelly on the set of **THE GHOST IN THE INVISIBLE BIKINI (1966)**.



LEFT: Basil Rathbone is handed his contract to appear in American International's *THE GHOST IN THE INVISIBLE BIKINI* (1966). **RIGHT:** That's Aron Kincaid on the top of the steps with Nancy Sinatra, whose boots aren't made for walkin'.



GHOST IN THE INVISIBLE BIKINI with Aron Kincaid? I felt so sorry!

SS: Did he feel that way about it?

AK: No. Well, he never let on. He never let on—although he has one line in the picture that I'm sure summed up his feelings. A storm has just broken, and Nancy Sinatra has just finished singing "Geronimo" out by the pool, and everyone comes running in, screaming and yelling. Most of them were just a bunch of agitated young idiots and extras; they could've cared less who Basil Rathbone was. And Rathbone looked at them and said, "Revolting little pipsqueaks." (Laughs) He got it all out of his system with that line. He was the only one on screen when he said it, standing there, looking after them as they all babbled and ran down the hall like a bunch of silly geese—which they were. But he was a real gentleman and a fascinating person to talk to. I was hitting him with all these questions about Errol Flynn and working with different fencing instructors. We spent a lot of time talking about fencing, too.

SS: Oh?

AK: I had taken some at UCLA. I was sure that the Cornel Wilde films would go on forever, and I wanted to be prepared for it, because my heroes were guys like Stewart Granger. But, alas, it wasn't to be. They've done a few of those kind of pictures, but they've all been in Europe.

SS: The last American one was *SWASH BUCKLER*, back in 1978.

AK: And it was horrible. The one thing they don't seem able to do in American

films is show the period correctly. I mean, they set things in the 40s and they've got people saying "Go for it!" I was watching a 40s film the other day, and a person said, "Well, search your feelings for it," and I was suddenly jarred out of the 40s. I can't watch something like that. I figure life's too short to spend my time looking at something that hasn't been carefully done.

SS: British TV pays more attention to detail. It's too bad they don't do some American programs.

AK: No, no. They'd never do it. Although—and this is going to be interesting—my old friend from my crazy days in San Francisco, Armistead Maupin, wrote a newspaper serial called *Tales of the City*, which was eventually put into five hardbound books. All of us suffered his writing, having our dialogue snatched right out of our mouths—and then we'd read it in the papers the next day.

SS: Can you give us an example?

AK: Well, he was at my apartment one day, up on Telegraph Hill, and we were talking about earthquakes. We were looking at the TransAmerican pyramid, and at the top there's a light that flashes at the same pulse as a heart pulse. Bump, bump, bump. And I said, "You know, suppos edly, in Atlantis, at the highest point, they had a light at the top of the pyramid, much like the eye on the pyramid on the back of the dollar bill."

AK: And he said, "Really?" And I said, "Yes." And it's always been my theory

that a lot of us are reincarnated Atlantians. With that, there was an earthquake. Well, his hair had stood straight up, and so had mine, and I said, "Oh, my God." And a few days later, it was in *Tales of the City*.

SS: Sounds like it'll make a great film.

AK: It's been under option from Warners, Columbia—it's gone on and on and on since 1980. I took a particular interest in it because he named a villain Norman Neale Williams. And I said, "Look, by the time they film this, I'm going to be old enough to play Norman Neale Williams." And here it is, 1993, and I am old enough to play it. And British television is going to film it in San Francisco . . .

SS: British television?

AK: British TV is going to film this completely American, California, San Francisco story. And all these stupid studios had a chance at it for 15 years and hadn't done so. I hope they do it justice, because it's a witty, black comedy. It captures San Francisco in the 70s; I mean, everything is in there, from jockey shorts contest in the leather bars, to lesbians bonding and adopting Vietnamese orphans, to doyens of Hillsboro and their lunches at Trader Vic's—the whole thing is there, and it's hysterical. If it's done right, I think it's something that people are going to hear a lot about in the years to come.

NEXT
CREATURE OF DESTRUCTION

Now's the time to drop by
Scarlet Street

See page 6 for our Fall Subscription Special

DISC - - TEEN

ZACHERLEY'S LOST TV SHOW

BY RICHARD SCRIVANI

Newark, New Jersey. Friday, April 22nd, 1966. Approximately 5:30 P.M. Two nervous teenagers sit facing Camera One in Studio A at WNJU-TV Channel 47. Accustomed to being dancers on this afternoon band show, they are a bit uneasy today about having lines to deliver and, the show being live, hope they don't blow it. The studio is huge, the size of a gymnasium. (The only larger studio on the East Coast is Studio 8H at 30 Rockefeller Plaza in New York City, which nine years down the road will become the home of NBC's SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE.) It's hot. In the full glory of the klieg lights, the temperature can climb as high as 100 degrees with nothing for relief but one large floor fan. It's now 5:58, two minutes to air time. At 6 P.M. the party will begin again as it has six days a week since May of 1965. Dancing! Local New Jersey garage bands battling it out in contests promising the winners a recording contract with World Artists Records! The latest hits from the U.S. and England, and sometimes a guest shot by such hot pro bands as The Lovin' Spoonful and The Doors! It's show time, and the teenaged twosome, in a parody of a then current commercial, are ready to open the program:

HE: DISC-O-TEEN is a dance show!

SHE: DISC-O TEEN is a horror show!

HE: It is not! It's a dance show!

SHE: A horror show!

The host appears behind them—a familiar face, but not in this setting. He steps between them and cackles, "Wait! You're both right! DISC-O-TEEN is a horrible dance show!!" What? Did I see what—could it be Zacherley? I know he disappeared from TV a few years ago—what's he doing hosting a teen dance program?

Flashback. October, 1957. Syndication company Screen Gems has just released a package of 52 horror and mystery films to local television stations all over the United States.

Dubbed SHOCK!, chiller classics from Universal and Columbia are introduced to a new generation of kids who, save for the mention of FRANKENSTEIN (1931) or DRACULA (1931) or exposure to a stray werewolf film or two, never knew that such creepy fare existed. For a full year these films guarantee high ratings to any station that runs them, and run them they do, at the Midnight Hour, sometimes (as in New York on WABC-TV Channel 7's SHOCK THEATER) three times a week, eventually offering repeats in the early part of the week, ensuring hard-core fans a chance to see the ones they may have missed the first time around.

As much fun as it is, monster mania eventually begins winding down and, during the summer of 1958, WABC starts looking for a live host, hoping to bolster the ratings of movies that have been run well into the graveyard dirt. Their search quickly ends when John Zacherle, a 40-year-old horror host in Philadelphia, is lured from his spacious quarters at Philly's WCAU-TV Channel 10 to Channel 7's small basement studio in Manhattan.

When "Roland" (accent on *land*) moves into his New York digs he becomes simply "Zacherley," the final letter added for reasons unknown. For nine months, until June of 1959, Zach gives his viewers vintage stuff: making monsters; sewing together cauliflower "brains" to make one large superbrain; digging to the center of the earth; operating on oversized amoebas; fighting with Isobel, his wife-in-a-box; serenading us with the Transylvania Gypsy Band; and launching homemade rockets. Then, suddenly, he is gone. No ceremony, no fanfare. To those who have become addicted to his antics, this is simply unacceptable. Unfair. Zach has become as much a part of the classic films as Karloff, Lugosi, and Chaney, Jr.!

We needn't have worried, as it turns out. Zacherley resurfaces in the fall of 1959 in full regalia, inhabiting a new old lab (and a larger one) at New York's WOR-TV Channel 9.



Behind the scenes at Disc-O-Teen

Splash, splash! Is it Zach or the Horror of Party Beach?



Disc-O-Teen was always a swingin' affair.



It's party time!

*Hey,
Man!
How
60s ...*



*Zach's holding the bag—
or rather, Gasport.*

It caught on in a flash back in 1962 (reaching the number one spot on October 20), did so again in 1973, and it's still a graveyard smash in 1993. It's Bobby "Boris" Pickett's "Monster Mash," which, along with Zacherley's "Dinner with Drac," stands gorgeously in the forefront of Frightdom Rock 'n' Roll. Bobby and the Crypt Kicker Five brought the horror boom of the 60s to the airwaves with his dead-on impersonation of Karloff the King (tossing in a bit of Bela for good measure), lisping his way to a hit single, a hit album, and a career that, with his appearance this October at Berlin, Massachusetts', Spooky World, continues to this day. Here's how it all began . . .

Bobby Pickett: As a kid, I loved novelty records. I remember Stan Freberg's stuff, Homer and Jethro, out of the country-



western field—I loved all their stuff. Dad managed movie theatres in Somerville, Massachusetts, and he used to show all kinds of movies. Of course, when FRANKENSTEIN was rereleased in the 40s, when I was just a kid, I remember seeing it over and over again. FRANKENSTEIN and DRACULA and THE MUMMY and THE WOLF MAN . . .

Scarlet Street: Kid heaven!

BP: It was. (Laughs) Well, that's how I got involved, combining those movies with a love of popular music, particularly novelty stuff. When I got out of the army in 1959, I did a stand-up comedy routine with impressions, and two of my favorites were Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi. I incorporated them into a monster satire act, I won \$25 at these talent contests that they had around the Boston area. Then

I moved to Los Angeles in 1961 and ran into four guys that I'd grown up with in Somerville, four Italian boys who were forming a singing group, The Cordials. I joined the group as the bass-baritone, and we used to sing for our supper around Los Angeles. One of the songs we used to do was "Little Darlin'" by The Diamonds. Well, there's a monologue in the middle—"My darlin', I need you to hold your little hand in mine"—and I said to Lenny Capizzi, the leader of the group, "Let me do this as Boris Karloff." And he said, "Okay!" (Laughs) So I did it and the audience cracked up. After the show, Lenny said, "Remember that record, 'Alley Oop'?" We know Gary Paxton." Paxton was 17 when he did "Alley Oop" and then he got ripped off and became a producer. Gary heard us sing and signed us to an exclusive recording contract—and in the midst of all this, we came to him with "Monster Mash." He listened to it once on an old tape recorder, just a piano and my voice, and he said, "This is a number-one record!" And I said, "Yeah, sure. Just give me a couple of copies for my friends and family." (Laughs) As it turns out, we went into the studio, which was located kitty corner to Hollywood High School in the early spring of 1962—and in that same studio, that same day, was Jimmy Rogers recording "Honeycomb" and Herb Alpert recording "Brave Bull."

SS: Incredible! Did "Monster Mash" undergo many changes before you the release version?

BP: No. It wrote itself in about two hours.

SS: With whose help?

BP: Mine and Lenny Capizzi's.

SS: Did you do many TV variety shows with the song?

BP: I did the STEVE ALLEN SHOW. I did TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES, BEAT THE ODDS. I was a guest on game shows—me and Jack Jones on TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES with Bob Barker! (Laughs) I was on THE DATING GAME.

SS: Oh! Did you . . . ?

BP: I won! I won tickets to Bobby Darin's opening at the Ambassador Hotel. It was great, because I had worked with Bobby in Jacksonville, Florida about a year before. He was great at impressions, and he loved my Boris Karloff. In fact, he did "Monster Mash" with Bob Hope on a TV special that year.

SS: Hope should have had you.

BP: Yeah! That's what my father said! (Laughs) My father says I'm the Guy Lombardo of Halloween.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE TRANSYLVANIA TWIST?

SS: Did you ever meet that other Boris?

BP: I never met Boris Karloff, but he was actually in Wallach's Music City buying a copy of the album, the original "Monster Mash," when a London Records promotion man happened to be there. They had a brief conversation. Karloff said, "Oh, yes! I love this!" And Karloff himself sang the song on AMERICAN BANDSTAND!

SS: Really?

BP: His legs were bad, so he had to sit in a chair most of the time, reading cue cards to "Monster Mash."

SS: A lot of parent groups and psychologists complained when the horror boom came in the late 50s and early 60s. Did you ever come under fire?

BP: I came into the line of fire of the BBC in 1962, when they banned "Monster Mash" from the airwaves. They banned it on October 12, 1962, saying that it was offensive. (Laughs) Whoever made that decision changed their mind 11 years later. In 1973, it was rereleased by London Records and became number two in England and number one in Australia. So whoever made the decision either changed their mind or passed away.

SS: One or the other.

BP: One or the other. Well, you know the old story, don't you? When Bela Lugosi died, he was laid out in his Dracula costume in an open coffin. Boris was there, and when he passed by the coffin he leaned down and whispered, "Bela, are you putting us on?"

BOBBY "BORIS" PICKETT

INTERVIEWED BY JESSIE LILLEY

Sporting a brand-new collection of grade "B" oldies, he cavorts this time on videotape, which affords the luxury of three broadcasts of the same show. The celluloid offerings during this second phase are hardly worthy: *WHITE PONGO* (1945), *ZOMBIES ON BROADWAY* (1945), and *AVALANCHE* (1946) are a distinct comedown from what came before (although the funky quality of the flicks seems only to make Zach's act funnier than ever). But before you can say "Gasport," September 1960 creeps around and our favorite ghoul vanishes again, this time on a much longer hiatus.

Two years pass with little but two record albums, *MONSTER MASH* and *SCARY TALES*, both released in 1962. Finally, in the fall of 1963, a new Zacherley incarnation is upon us. There he is, as well-preserved as ever, this time at WPIX-TV Channel 11 in New York. The show this time 'round: *HERCULES* cartoons! Aimed at the after-school kid audience, Zach's schtick remains the same. If anything, it's even funnier, a mood enhanced by a technical crew who make no attempt to stifle their reactions to the bizarre goings on. Our hero finds himself surrounded by the junior audience talents of "Officer" Joe Bolton, "Captain" Jack McCarthy, Chuck McCann, and "Old Philosopher" Eddie Lawrence. But the brass at WPIX eventually decide that a monster hosting a kid show is perhaps the wrong move, so the winter of 1964 finds Zach at the reins of Channel 11's *CHILLER THEATER*. Fifties horror rules here, with titles including *KILLERS FROM SPACE* (1954), *ATTACK OF THE 50 FOOT WOMAN* (1958), *CURSE OF THE FACELESS MAN* (1958), and *FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER* (1959). It is a moderately short affair, lasting only until the spring of 1964.

And then . . .

It was at WPIX that John Zacherle met Barry Landers, a young man working as floor director for all the shows in the afternoon lineup. Leaving WPIX, Barry contacted the owners of a new station in New Jersey, whose concept was to do multilingual broadcasting.

"Barry called me one day and told me that he had just gotten a job at Channel 47," recalls Zach, "and he had given them some program ideas. One was to have a live dance show as part of the English-language section of the live programming. He asked me if I wanted to be the M.C. I said, 'Well, let's not do like Dick Clark; let's play two or three songs in a row. It would make a better-looking dance show if we segued from one tune to another.' We kept the idea of my appearing in the old costume, because we figured the same people who grew up with all that stuff were now in the dancing age."

On the strength of his reputation as the "Cool Ghoul" (due in no small part to his hit record "Dinner With Drac" in 1958), Zach would remain in makeup and do the show as a sort of "vampiric Dick Clark." His initial interest in pop music was negligible: "When I left Philadelphia, I was aware of the 50s music and actually worked with a company, Cameo Parkway, that had Chubby Checker, Bobby Rydell, and so on. It was kind of fun, that music, and I got to know disc jockeys and all that because I had a hit record. Friends of mine, we grew up in the Big Band era and they're still living there! I really can't handle that music much anymore. I lost interest in it sometime in the 50s or 60s, and this to me was the best popular music that I had ever heard."

Promoting the show was a challenge, since Channel 47 was transmitted over UHF (ultra high frequency), which meant that viewers would need either a UHF converter or a brand new set to pull in the show. "The whole station was difficult to promote," remembers Zach, "because you had to have a special



Writer Richard "Frankenstein's Monster" Scrivani didn't bolt when Zacherley married him off to *Dracula's Daughter* on a special Halloween edition of *DISC-O-TEEN*.

box to pick up the station. It was the beginning of UHF, so we never knew how many people were watching. You couldn't take any ratings; the ratings books didn't have it listed. One of the investors was the man who made the converter boxes. Maybe he knew how many he sold and that would give a clue as to how many were watching the station."

The huge studio facilities, owned by New Jersey's Public Broadcasting Corporation (Channel 13), were sectioned off and used for the multilanguage lineup. "It was a very confusing place to work, because the big room was divided up into areas. It was sometimes difficult to go from one live thing to another, especially with a bunch of kids around." A "home base" was created in one corner of the large set. Zach, in what he called "the cave," presided over what was predominantly cobwebs, eerie lighting, and a laundry hamper containing Mrs. Zach, emitting the now familiar noises resembling a rhesus monkey in heat. The remainder of the set consisted of riser boxes for female dancers and columns festooned with gauze and cheesecloth spider webs.

The music was basically Top 40. "I guess listening to the radio we knew what was popular and what was danceable. And the girls were always interested in the music." Filling the studio was no problem. On each weekday half-hour program, Zach had as his guest a band from a local high school, each one usually bringing a horde of willing classmates to dance and cheer them on. Asked if he minded sharing the spotlight with the kids instead of remaining a solo act, Zach was quick to explain, "No, it was wonderful! My God, yeah! I was always anxious to see how many would show up each day. It was great fun. I didn't really ever work solo; I always had movies, you know, to go along with what I was doing. In this case, I had live kids."

In addition to the weekday run, a Saturday show was taped on Friday evenings following the afternoon live show. These weekend installments, a full hour in length, were often costume affairs, Zach determining the theme of the week. Among the more memorable were dead-of-winter beach parties at which bathing suits were worn, the Reptile Ball, a Roman Toga Party, Spy Show (almost everyone wore black), Hillbilly Day, a "Schizo" show in which Zach appeared in half his makeup, and three Grand Halloween Balls, during which the kids showed up as their favorite monsters.

The Saturday shows were more often the ones on which established talent would appear. This writer had the pleasure of watching such groups as The Left Banke ("Walk Away, Renée"), The Critters ("Younger Girl"), Blues Magoos, Keith, The Lovin' Spoonful, McCoys, and The Doors rub shoulders with Zach and his young "family." Local DJs (AM radio in those days) would also drop by, among them Charlie Greer and Chuck Leonard. But by far the biggest thrill for me was appearing as the Frankenstein Monster, with my date luridly decked out as Dracula's Daughter, and being "married" by the Reverend Zacherley during the 1965 Halloween Ball. The following year, I appeared in the same outfit, only to be upstaged by Michael R. Thomas, a future makeup artist in similar (albeit much more professional) togs. Thomas went on to a professional career in features (1977's *THE SENTINEL*) and television (*SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE*), contributed an article on Jack Pierce's Frankenstein Monster makeup to *Scarlet Street* (#7), and designed the makeup for (as well as appeared in) *Scarlet Street*'s television ad.

Among the throngs of kids shuttled in from high schools all over the tristate area, local Newark teens could be found making their way faithfully to the studio almost daily, and if security guard John Gates (affectionately known as "John the Cop") decided to let you through, and if you were photogenic and a good dancer, you could become one of DISC's regulars. A group of 12 die-hards who rose to this status enjoyed enough local exposure to actually receive fan mail. One former regular, Christine Domaniecki, still as strikingly pretty and youthful today as she was in the 60s, remembers: "John the Cop could make or break you. If he liked the way you looked, you were in. If you were rowdy or had an attitude, you were out. We had permanent tickets, and after a while John never even bothered to check. We would get fan letters which we didn't even get to read. They would throw them away. I asked Barry Landers why, and he said some of the letters contained 'strange requests.'"

Zach would often highlight the regulars, recalls Christine. "I had my 18th birthday on the show. Zach would always get involved; he would write to all the girls that would write to him. He would answer every letter. There was a real gentleman involved there."

The real gentleman had some memories of an unusual incident that occurred during the summer of 1967: "The show went on through the Newark riots. One day three kids showed up; their father had brought them. And the Sweet Inspirations were booked in and showed up. They were from Newark. That was Whitney Houston's mother, you know: Sissy Houston. Three ladies. We had three kids and three ladies and that was the whole show!"

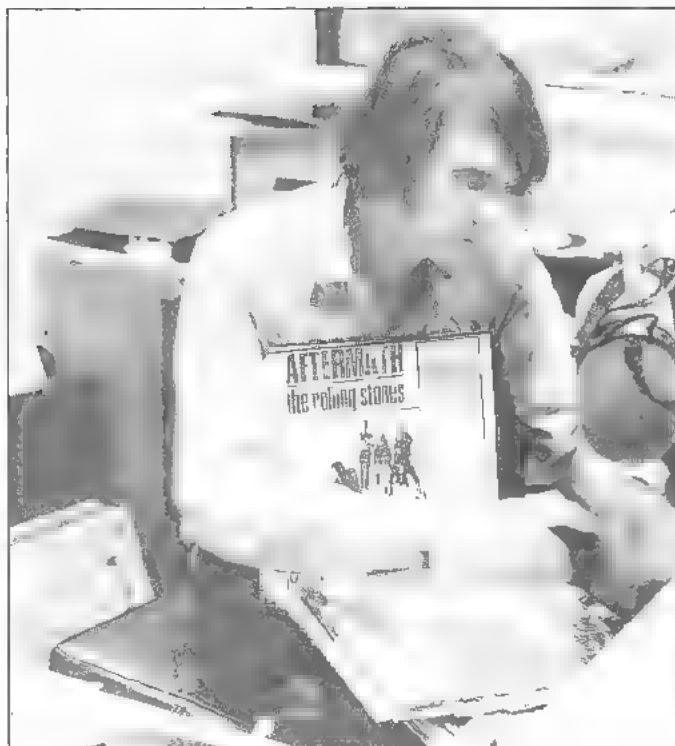
It was in the fall of 1967 that storm clouds appeared on the horizon for the Monster Go Go. Rumors of cancellation caused viewers and resident kids to launch a protest, not only against the show's impending demise, but for its expansion to an hour in length. Against all odds, and to everyone's surprise, the hour show briefly became a reality. But it was short-lived, and in November station manager Ed Cooperstein made the final decision: DISC-O-TEEN would be no more. Even Zach never knew the real reason behind the cancellation. "I don't remember whether they were still struggling to get commercials; there were not many commercials on the station as it was. It was not an expensive show to do, but there may have been a change in management."

On November 4th, 1967, the final DISC-O-TEEN aired. There was no on-air announcement, no indication of anything amiss; the only hint of change from the previous day was Zach's treatment of the installment as a two-and-a-half-year anniversary.

Sadly, there are scant traces left of the show's existence. Aside from a handful of photographs, many of them snapshots, not much remains. Memories, however, remain in abundance. No one will forget the magnanimity and downright kindness of John Zacherle himself. His office, a treasure

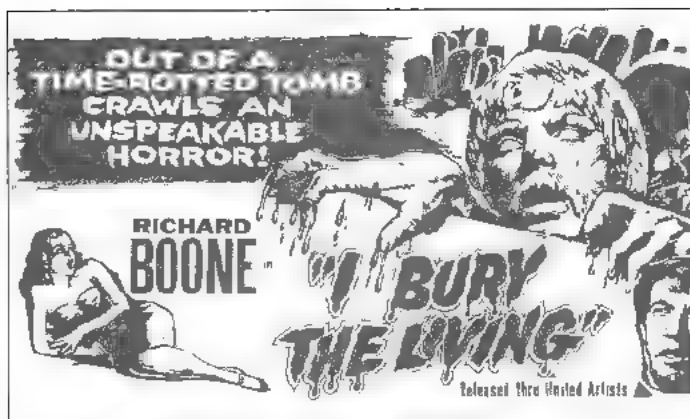
chamber of fan-sent paintings, drawings, mobiles, and sculptures, was always open between shows to the kids. I was witness to his generosity on several occasions, watching as he supplied bus fare for stranded teens out of his own pocket and even drove a family or two home! The earmark of a genuinely caring person, these were gestures above and beyond the call of duty and demonstrated that being in "the business" does not always require an oversized ego.

Twenty-five years later, on February 3rd, 1991, a gala DISC-O-TEEN reunion was held at The Hop, a 50s-style dance club in Totowa, New Jersey. Zach himself hosted the affair in costume. During the party a surprise was unveiled: Joe Loré, a former Channel 47 technician who often ran the sound board for the show, presented Zach with a 20-minute videotape containing the best of DISC-O-TEEN's last two shows. Though they were long given up for lost, Joe had managed to "spirit away" the two hour-long shows for posterity. It was nice to know that a sampling of Zacherley's "lost show" still ex-



John Zacherle out of costume in the 1970s, as a disk jockey on WNEW-FM.

Continued on page 97



I BURY THE LIVING

Continued from page 79

Garfinkle proudly says, "They loved and believed in the project and in themselves. It was a great shoot." There isn't a false note in Richard Boone's performance. Convinced that it isn't the map, but he himself, who has the capacity to destroy ("Something in me killed them. Something in me."), Boone's character undergoes a metamorphosis as he is brought to his knees by the nightmarish experience. Kraft slowly changes from a detached, self-involved community leader to an anguished, conscience-stricken man driven to the brink of suicide; he is compelled to look deep within himself and examine his soul, and is severely shaken by what he finds.

Scoring high marks in the supporting cast are Howard Smith as Boone's blustery, outspoken Uncle George, Herbert Anderson (Jay North's harassed dad on TV's *DENNIS THE MENACE*), and Robert Osterloh. In her motion-picture debut, television actress Peggy Maurer (the wife of director Arthur Penn) does quite well in a negligible part. Russ Bender and Lynn Bernay are both familiar to followers of the early Roger Corman/AIP cult quickies, and Glenn Vernon will always be remembered by horror buffs as Boris Karloff's doomed "Gilded Boy" in the 1946 Val Lewton classic *BEDLAM*.

That versatile character actor, Theodore Bikel, made his Hollywood acting debut in *I BURY THE LIVING*; his 11 previous films (1952's *MOULIN ROUGE*, 1953's *THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS*, 1954's *THE DIVIDED HEART*, 1957's *THE PRIDE AND THE PASSION*, *et al.*) were all made abroad. MGM's *THE VINTAGE* (1957), though shot in France, was dubbed in Hollywood before the production of *I BURY THE LIVING*. With his youthful features camouflaged under a shaggy mane provided by makeup legend Jack Pierce ("creator" of *Frankenstein's Monster*, the *Wolf Man*, and *Kharis the Mummy*), the multit talented actor, writer, and folk singer gives a full-bodied performance, investing his showy part with nuance and fitting strokes of bravura. Clearly dedicated to his life's work, performing his daily tasks on the grounds of the Immortal Hills with misplaced glee ("I'm a granite man myself!"), Andy gives little indication of his homicidal leanings, making his unmasking as the culprit difficult to accept. "Andy was based on an old Scotsman I had known since infancy in Seattle who took care of the Hills of Eternity Cemetery," Garfinkle recalls. "Scotty, as my father called him, had the most delicate Scotch burr coloring his dust-dry speech. He had a true kinship with the soil and stone of the Seattle burial ground."

Theodore Bikel wasn't the producers' initial choice for the part. "Our original choice for McKee was the great Finlay Currie (Magwitch in David Lean's 1946 production of *GREAT*

I BURY THE LIVING

Credits

A Maxim Productions, Inc. presentation. Released through United Artists in July 1958. Produced by Albert Band and Louis Garfinkle. Directed by Albert Band. Original story and screenplay by Louis Garfinkle. Director of Photography: Frederick Gately. Visual design by E. Vorkapich. Film Editor: Frank Sullivan. Music by Gerald Fried. Production Manager/Assistant Director: Clark Paylow. Script Supervisor: Sam Freedle. Set Decorator: Gene Redd. Music Editor: Eve Newman. Sound Editor: Jack Kirschner. Sound Mixer: Roy Meadows. Sound by Ryder Sound Services, Inc. Special Effects: Westheimer Company. Makeup by Jack Pierce. Property Master: Leo J. Cornett. Wardrobe by Bob Richards. Gaffer: Don Carstenson. Running time: 76 minutes.

Cast

Richard Boone (Robert Kraft), Theodore Bikel (Andy McKee), Peggy Maurer (Ann Craig), Howard Smith (George Kraft), Herbert Anderson (Jess Jessup), Robert Osterloh (Lieutenant Clayborne), Russ Bender (Henry Trowbridge), Glenn Vernon (Stu Drexel), Lynn Bernay (Beth Drexel), Ken Drake (Bill Honegger), Sam Flint (Charlie Bates), Cyril Delevanti (William Isham).

EXPECTATIONS). But no insurance company would cover him. Too old! He was perfection, because Currie looked like Richard Boone's grampaw! Anyway, Finlay Currie was still around 20 years later, still knocking 'em dead!"

In a recent interview, Mr. Bikel remarked that he based his characterization on "old crusty Scotsmen I had observed." He agreed that the compromised ending did damage to the film in general, described Richard Boone's attitude toward the project as "workmanlike," and said that he regarded Jack Pierce as "a good man, but I spent too many hours in the makeup chair. Even the removal took 45 minutes."

I BURY THE LIVING marked the first step in Albert Band's lucrative association with horror/suspense pictures. Relocating his family to Europe, Band turned to Stephen Crane once again, adapting the author's short story "The Monster" with Louis Garfinkle penning the screenplay and coproducing. Filmed in Sweden, *FACE OF FIRE* (1959), a somber, mood-encrusted suspense thriller with arty aspirations, features James Whitmore as a beloved handyman who becomes the target of hate after his face is disfigured in a fire. At various times throughout the 60s and 70s, Band toiled as a writer, producer, and director on such violent action epics as *THE TRAMPLERS* (1965); *HERCULES AND THE PRINCESS OF TROY* (1965); *THE HELLBENDERS* (1967); and *A MINUTE TO PRAY, A SECOND TO DIE* (1967, written by Garfinkle). Following in his dad's footsteps, Albert's son Charles carved a successful career for himself in the realm of low-budget exploitation pictures. As head of Empire Pictures, Charles made Albert the film company's executive vice president of production, using his talents on *GHOULIES*, *TROLL*, *FROM BEYOND* (1986), and *GHOULIES II* (1988), among others. In 1978, *THE DEER HUNTER*, whose original story was cowritten by Louis Garfinkle, was honored with an Oscar as Best Picture of the Year by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, garnering a total of nine nominations and five statuettes. Most recently, Warner Bros. announced, for a production in the \$60- to \$90-million dollar category, Garfinkle's most recent screenplay, *BENYA THE KING*, based on Isaac Babel's classic novel *Tales of Odessa*.

A certifiable sleeper, fondly remembered but seldom critiqued, *I BURY THE LIVING* is strongly recommended to horror buffs who prefer their chills on the subtle, rather than the sensational, side.



Universal Horrors

Dark Horse Comics recently released the Universal Monsters comic series based on several of the classic film company's finest horror films. The project includes top-notch talent recreating in comic form FRANKENSTEIN (1931), DRACULA (1931), THE MUMMY (1932), THE INVISIBLE MAN (1933), THE WOLF MAN (1941), and CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON (1954, pictured bottom right).

The series may be the finest comic adaptations of movies ever presented. Most comic adaptations seem anemic compared to the original films. Fortunately, Dark Horse captures the energy of the Universal thrillers.

Because the comics are published in brilliant color on high-quality paper, the technical magic of Ted Turner was not needed to "enhance" the experience. The subtle blues and scarlets dominating the comics complement the moody, black-and-white images of the original classics. In fact, the colors were gleaned from original movie posters and Universal color descriptions.

Although the comics remain basically faithful to the original story lines and scripts, there are some noticeable deviations. Most striking are the depiction of the dagger being plunged into the chest of Dracula and a living heart being torn out of Renfield's chest. Some purists may find this and other "interpretations" somewhat distasteful.

Dark Horse Comics is known for their movie adaptations and spin-offs. They have already had great success with their comic book versions of GODZILLA (1956), STAR WARS (1977), ALIENS (1986), and PREDATOR (1987).

As veterans of the movie-to-comic business, Dark Horse had the necessary experience to get the project off to a strong start. Editor Dan Thorsland admits that Dark Horse was unable to legally recreate the faces of Universal's actors. Still, they come as close to the

"reel thing" as possible. (For example, the resemblances of the drawings to Bela Lugosi and Lon Chaney, Jr., are undeniable, if of necessity inexact.)

The comics are striking. Artistically, *Dracula* looks almost as if it were composed of colored cels from the original film. *The Creature from the Black Lagoon* comic received high marks from *Scarlet Street* for its swimwear-rich content. The scene in which our intrepid team of scientists try to free the Rita (that's the boat, remember?) from the Gill Man's underwater entanglement is as exciting today as it was almost 40 years ago.

According to Thorsland, Dark Horse hopes that the comics will be a big hit among Universal executives. Thorsland plans to continue the series beyond the films, to such stories that never happened as "The Return of the Wolf Man" and "The Bride of the Creature."

The six adaptations are a sure thing, but the sequels are still not negotiated. Thorsland indicates that, following in the webprints of the original, a 3-D version of *The Creature* comic may also be a possibility.

Out of the Night...

In comics, it is almost inevitable that two completely unrelated characters meet as a means to hype sales. Example:

Topps Comics' intriguing *Dracula versus Zorro*.

Struggling to make a name for itself, Topps is a company moving in several directions at once. Much to its credit, Topps has maintained impressive quality control for a new publisher.

As strange as it initially sounds, *Dracula versus Zorro* is a solid concept. After all, our favorite vampire has been around for hundreds of years. Who better than the valiant Zorro to defend damsels from the fangs of Dracula?

Topps' first comic book was tied to last year's Francis Ford Coppola film, *BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA*. This year, *Zorro* promotion coincides with what they have termed "a mega merchandising campaign already underway." Big licensing deals are shaping the toy and animation projects. *THE NEW ZORRO* is already on the Family Channel, righting every wrong this side of Pat Robertson, and 1994 may see a Steven Spielberg version of the swash-buckler. Heck, Topps would have been downright negligent if they had not done a *Dracula versus Zorro* comic. As hard as it is to admit it without giggling, the book looks pretty good.

Innovative Titles

Though it is rarely seen on the newsstand, Innovation Comic's *Quantum Leap*



The Creature from the Black Lagoon™ and © 1954 Universal Pictures Co., Inc. Renewed 1982 by Innovation Comic Studio, Inc. All rights reserved. Licensed by MCA/Universal Motion Pictures, Inc.

is a consistently good book. The comic takes off where the television series should have never ended.

Innovation has a knack for adapting television programs that are either long gone or recently cancelled. *Beauty and the Beast*, *Lost in Space*, and *Quantum Leap* are fan favorites for the company, even though the networks no longer consider them air-worthy. Innovation's approach has always been to stretch the boundaries of the television presentations. A recent issue of *Quantum Leap* had Dr. Sam Beckett leaping into the body of an extraterrestrial. It was a fascinating premise that Innovation explored confidently and expertly.

Keep on the lookout for these and other Innovation titles. Because they are not highly sought by collectors, many comic stores do not stock them unless they are specifically requested.

Just Checking

In case you were wondering, Batman is recovering remarkably well. So is Superman. Stay tuned for more hype.

Everything but the ...

Kitchen Sink Press is another comic company noted for quality product and disappointing distribution. The company is best known for its Will Eisner *Spirit* reprints. (Much to the delight of *Spirit* fans, the reprints are currently



Dracula™ and © 1931 Universal Pictures Corp. Renewed 1958 by Universal Pictures Co. Inc. All rights reserved. Licensed by MCA/Universal Merchandising Inc.

focusing on the early 1940s issues of the revolutionary character.)

Despite the political correctness of the 90s, spicy nostalgia remains popular. Railed against and ridiculed by some political action groups, men's "leg art" magazines are experiencing a revival by Kitchen Sink. The company is now releasing *Women of Whisper: Pin-Up Art of the 1940s*, a trading-card collection featuring the covers of such classic men's magazines as *Beauty Parade*, *Whisper*, *Wink*, and *Titter*. The set is linked to Kitchen Sink's other trading-card collections, including *Spicy*, featuring covers from the 1930s, and *Pocket Pin-Ups* and *Digest Dolls*, featuring covers from the 1950s.

It Came from Malibu

Who are Malibu Comics and how did they get so much cash? The answer lies in the fact that they seem able to work well with other media. The company recently released a TV commercial campaign for their comic books. Apparently it's the first time this has ever been attempted. According to Malibu, the 30 and 60 second commercials on MTV, the Cartoon Channel, Nickelodeon, and USA were a huge success.

Expect more multimedia stuff from this innovative young company.

—Buddy Scalera



THE MOVIE BUFF CHECKLIST

The Ultimate Authority on
Male Nude Scenes in the Movies!

Campfire Video Productions announces the release of the new fourth edition of their acclaimed book on male nudity in the movies. *The Movie Buff Checklist* is a complete history of the male as a sex object in mainstream theatrical films, from the earliest peepshows to today's R-rated T&A specials. It is a thoroughly researched, 250-page paperback featuring a history of nudity in the movies, over 200 photos (many never before published), and an annotated listing of nearly 2,000 male movie nude scenes. Ideal for anyone interested in this unique aspect of film history. This is the original—this is the best! Don't buy a cheap rip-off! Only \$19.95, plus \$3 p&h.

Campfire Video Productions
P.O. Box 71318 • Los Angeles, CA 90071

Inspector Morse's Watson

An Interview with Kevin Whately

by Steven Cramo

When *INSPECTOR MORSE* made its debut on British television in 1987, its creator, Colin Dexter, had no idea that the character would become a worldwide institution. Soon afterward, 750 million people around the world were tuning in to follow the crime-solving adventures of the sullen, middle-aged detective and his good-natured sidekick, Detective Sergeant Robbie Lewis.

Actor Kevin Whately has been with *INSPECTOR MORSE* from the beginning, playing the part of the long-suffering Lewis. Born on February 6, 1951, in Tyneside, Whately became interested in acting at an early age. "I always wanted to be an actor, from about the age of 13. I did a lot of school plays as well as plays at home. I had an older sister who wrote very well. We had a little wooden garage beside the house and the four of us put on performances for our parents and the neighbors."

The actor spent the early part of his career on the stage, first working in repertory theatre in Perth, Scotland. "In my final year at Central Drama School in London, the artistic director of Perth Repertory, Joan Knight, came down to the school to direct a production. I happened to have the lead in the show, and she was looking to cast singers for a couple of musicals she was putting on in her summer season that year. I had been a professional folk singer for a while when I first left school and was recommended to her. She took me on, and I stayed in Perth for a full year and did 15 shows. I had a great time and it was a wonderful basis for an acting career."

Along with his theatre work, Whately appeared in the occasional television series, including the hospital-centered soap opera *ANGELS*, as well as a six-week stint on the British institution *CORONATION STREET*. His work in the stage play *AC-COUNTS*, by Michael Wilcox (who later wrote the *INSPECTOR MORSE* episode *LAST BUS TO WOODSTOCK*), led Whately to his first regular television series: *AUF WIEDERSEHEN PET*. A huge hit in England, this comedy series focused on a group of Geordies (natives of Tyneside) working on a construction project in Germany.

While appearing in a play destined for London's West End, Whately was approached for the part of Lewis. "The producer of the first two *MORSE* series, Kenny McBain, had been working for Central Television developing a new series called *BOON*

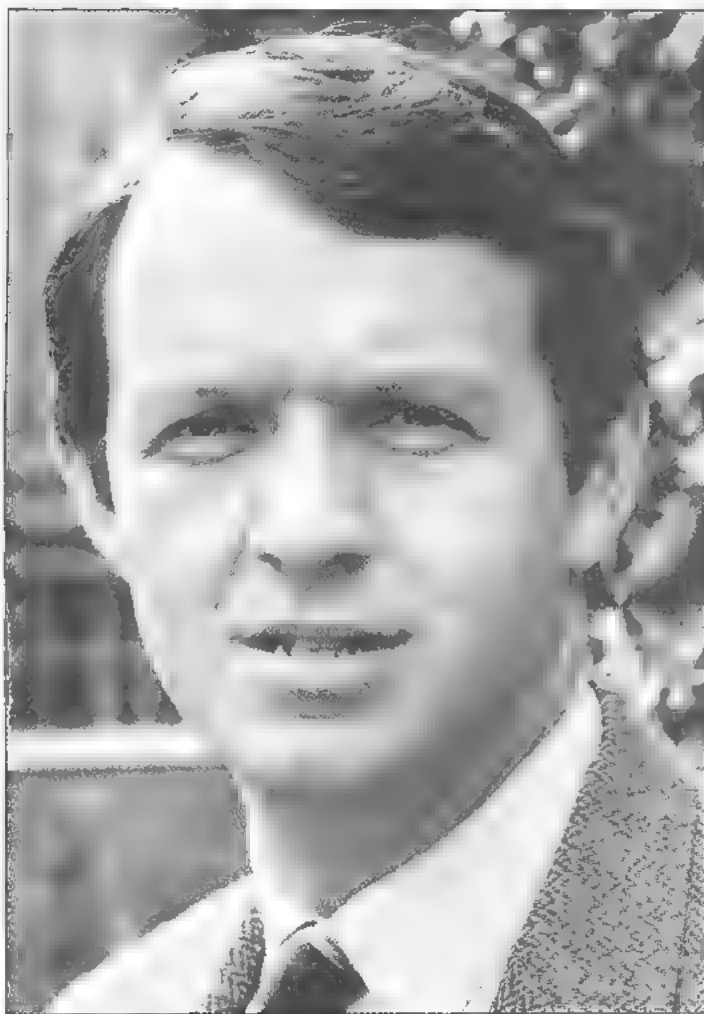
while I was there doing *AUF WIEDERSEHEN PET*. It always irritated Kenny that my series got bigger ratings than his, so we had sort of a friendly competitive thing going. He decided that I would be a good foil for John Thaw's Morse, so I went up and read with John in front of Kenny and the casting agent, Michelle Gish, whom I also knew. The play I had been working on folded and, luckily, Kenny had kept the part of Lewis open for me, so I went straight into that.

"I always think of Lewis as the donkey," says Whately. "Morse always tends to sit around being inspired or thinking laterally or drinking beer, and poor Lewis plods around and does the donkey work. He's a sort of Everyman, really. I think all these inspired detectives—Sherlock Holmes, Poirot, what have you—have to have a mundane sidekick whom the public can relate to and who reflects the average person's brain power. Lewis also has a function of keeping Morse's feet on the ground and pointing out to Morse when he might be getting extravagant with his ideas."

Although Morse has always been rude to Lewis, the

writers have managed to balance this out in progressive episodes. Lewis has become thicker-skinned, allowing the insults to bounce off him. Morse won't admit it, but he appreciates his sidekick and needs to have him around.

Of his 26 *MORSE* adventures, Whately chooses *DECEIVED BY FLIGHT* as his favorite. This particular episode revolves around a cricket team that is involved in drug smuggling. "The idea for the episode came from a chat I'd had with Colin Dexter. I've dreamed about playing cricket for England ever since I was a boy," recalls Whately. "Colin was still providing plots for the screenplays, so he came up with the idea for this episode where Lewis goes undercover and joins a



Kevin Whately as Detective Sergeant Robbie Lewis



Morse (John Thaw, LEFT) and Lewis (Kevin Whately, RIGHT) don't always see eye to eye, but the hard-drinking, opera-loving chief inspector and his common-sense detective sergeant have an abiding respect for one another. Recently, the pair traveled to Australia—THE PROMISED LAND (CENTER)—to track down a police informer, and wound up sticking around in order to solve a kidnapping and murder.

cricket team. We spent half the production time diving around a North London cricket pitch in beautiful sunny weather. I had a ball. The episode was also written by one of my favorite writers for the series, Anthony Minghella."

Between filming *INSPECTOR MORSE* episodes, Whately has worked on various other projects. In the spring of 1992, he appeared in the children's film *B & B*, for Thames Television. The production picked up several prizes while doing the rounds at children's film festivals, and recently won a Writer's Guild award. "It was a joy to do," comments Whately. "It was about a youngish widower and his daughter trying to set up a bed-and-breakfast business when he loses his job as an architect. An evil property developer tries to buy the house to turn the area into large hotel and holiday complex, and the film was basically about their fight to thwart him. 'I had a terrific costar, a girl called Alex Milman. She's 12 and just the most wonderful child actress I've ever worked with. We had a lovely crew and just had a very good time shooting.'"

From crime-solving, Whately has turned to medicine in his current role of Dr. Jack Kerruish in a new series entitled *PEAK PRACTICE*. "The idea for the series came from Ted Childs, who's the head of drama at Central Television. His wife's a physiotherapist nurse and several people in his family are doctors. The idea stemmed from the fact that our National Health Service in Britain is in turmoil at the moment. The conservative government are busy dismantling it, and several rural areas are being severely affected by such things as the EEC production quota. It's changing the nature of many rural areas. They're encouraging people to stop producing food or whatever and turn the land over to things like golf courses. So it just seemed like an interesting idea to set a series about the National Health Service in a rural area. It's been handed over to a terrific writer, Lucy Gannon. She's written some very good stage shows and is currently working on our series." Kerruish is a general practitioner

who leaves his work in Africa and returns to England to revamp a fairly run-down practice in the country's Peak district. "Kerruish is an energizer, a pro-actor, not a re-actor, and I'm excited about playing him."

Having portrayed a number of diverse characters, both on the stage and in television, how does Whately prepare himself for each role? "That depends on how technical a profession that character is in," says Whately. "Obviously, for *INSPECTOR MORSE* you'd expect us to have done quite a lot of research into police procedure. Actually, we never even attempted to pretend that what we were doing was anything like police procedure. We always thought of it as a fantasy and played it accordingly. Of course, over the years, I did pick up a fair amount of police procedure—but what we did, I suppose, was fairly bluffable, because, to a real policeman, anyway, police procedure is utterly boring if you portray it as it really is. We took a lot of liberties with it."

"With my current role as a doctor, I've done quite a lot of research, because practicing medicine is not something you can take liberties with. So it depends, really, but basically when I develop a new character I look within myself to make contact with the character and use as much of my own personality as I can."

What does the actor see for himself in the future? "I've never had any particular goals or ambitions. Although I did years and years in the theatre, I don't think I ever fully realized my potential as a theatre actor. I've been sidetracked the past 10 to 12 years almost exclusively in television. I do try to keep the stage end going a bit, but I haven't done any classics for several years. A character I would like to play is Angelo in Shakespeare's *MEASURE FOR MEASURE*. It's a role that's always fascinated me. I studied it in school for exams and I think the play itself is underrated. It's such a universal play about political power and the corruption of power. The character would be a very difficult one to portray, as would be the role of Macbeth, something else I'd like to take on. I'd play both characters sympathetically, as likeable men who are led astray. I'd find my own empathy and sympathy for them."

Steven Eramo is a writer specializing in British TV. His work has appeared in U.K. Magazine and The Scottish American.

Deceived by Flight

MORSE Reviewed by Sean Farrell

"He rang me, Lewis. Yesterday. When he rang, we were interviewing those . . . (Trails off). It was him."

"Oh, right! It didn't click."

"The message was: He knew what he wanted to tell me."

"To tell you about what?"

"I don't know, Lewis. I don't know. Dead men can't speak, can they?"

It is easy to see why *DECEIVED BY FLIGHT* is Kevin Whately's favorite episode. Not only is it an excellent entry in the *INSPECTOR MORSE* series, it is one in which the actor's character, Sergeant Lewis, gets to shine. The story grew out of a lunch between Whately and *MORSE* author and creator Colin Dexter. The actor mentioned his childhood love for the game of cricket, and Dexter, knowing a good idea when he heard one, wrote the story for *DECEIVED BY FLIGHT*, concerning an Oxford cricket team.

The script by Anthony Minghella (based on Dexter's story) begins with the arrival of Anthony Donn (Daniel Massey) at Oxford University. Both Donn and his room are being closely watched by a man and woman with binoculars. Once the porter leaves him alone, Donn, looking pensive, takes out a handgun.

Morse and Lewis are squabbling over what radio station to listen to in their office when Morse gets a phone call. It is from Donn, who turns out to be an old friend of Morse's from their college days at Oxford. Donn invites Morse to supper that evening.

Morse is busy at the time with a case involving arson at a "radical" bookstore. Two people are dead, and on the walls next to the burnt-out shop are antigay slogans. Putting the case aside for the time being, Morse visits Donn. He is curious as to why his old friend had contacted him after so long, but Donn only offers a feeble excuse. Morse feels that there is something Donn wants to tell him, but is holding back. Oddly, just before Morse leaves, Donn tells him a story from a book about Zen Buddhism: a gift he gave to

his wife, Kate (Sharon Maughan), a radio talk-show host. But Morse isn't sure what the story means, or what Donn is trying to say. "If you remember what you wanted to tell me, give me a call," Morse tells his troubled friend.

The following day, there is a break in the arson case. Morse is busy interrogating a suspect.

Back at the university, Donn, practicing with the cricket team, apparently has a change of heart and tries to call Morse, who, still interrogating the arson suspect, gives orders that he is not to be disturbed. Donn leaves a simple message: he remembered what he wanted to say to Morse.

Morse never again sees his friend alive. Donn turns up dead, electrocuted by the bizarre means of a live wire in his mouth. The medical examiner, Dr. Grayling Russell (Amanda Hillwood), believes it to be suicide; Morse, however, has his doubts. As Lewis points out, if Donn had wanted to kill himself, why not simply use his gun?

In a meeting with Roland Marshall (Norman Rodway), the wheelchair bound coach of the cricket team, Morse mentions that most murders are committed by people who knew the victim. And here was Donn, at Oxford, surrounded by friends—namely, the cricket team.

Morse considers them all likely suspects, but he needs more information—so he recruits a reluctant Sergeant Lewis, who has just begun a much-needed week of leave, to infiltrate the cricket team by taking Donn's place. This also requires Lewis to act as porter in the university's hotel, where he comes in contact with Peter and Philippa Foster (Goeffrey Beevers and Jane Booker), who turn out to be the couple who kept Anthony Donn under heavy surveillance just before he died. Claiming to be a writer researching a book, Foster says he just happened to have checked in one day before Donn "checked out." Morse is understandably suspicious.

Things heat up even more during a cricket match, when Sergeant Lewis, still undercover, shows a flair for the game. Unfortunately, Morse (who finds sports as exciting as watching grass grow) falls asleep, missing Lewis' winning moves.



Murder isn't cricket



Romance often blossoms and dies for Inspector Morse. Pictured: John Thaw and Zoe Wanamaker in the recent episode FAT CHANCE.

Morse comes to life, however, when the spectators are startled by a woman's scream. Rushing into the team's locker room, Morse finds Peter Foster dead, a pair of scissors sticking out of his chest. Roland's nephew, Jamie (Nat Parker) found the body.

Launching yet another murder investigation, Morse discovers from Foster's "wife" that they are actually undercover police investigating cocaine smuggling. They believed that someone

in the cricket team was responsible; that same someone apparently killed Foster. Philippa convinces Morse to let the cricket team go on their world tour—with Lewis still undercover—in order to catch the smugglers in the act.

The team prepares to leave without one of the players, Vince Cranston (Nicky Henson), who plans to meet them at the seaport. Morse, playing on a hunch, visits Kate Donn, who claims that she is on her way to work. Offering to give her a ride, Morse searches her library while Kate gets ready. He finds the Zen Buddhism book that Anthony Donn mentioned. Something clicks.

After driving her to the railway station, which is near the seaport, Morse keeps Kate under surveillance. Sure enough, he

spots her giving a last, romantic goodbye to Vince Cranston, who's off to meet the cricket team.

Philippa Foster tells Morse that customs has turned the team's bus inside out, but no drugs were found. Where could the cocaine be hidden? Morse comes to a dreadful realization. He detains Roland Marshall before Lewis can wheel him onto the hovercraft. Forcing the old man out of the wheelchair, Morse uncovers a large stash of cocaine hidden in the wheelchair seat cushion. The mystery is solved: Roland Marshall, with the help of his nephew, has used his own cricket team to smuggle cocaine!

Morse also has his men hold Vince Cranston, who insists that he had nothing to do with the smuggling. But that's not why Morse wants him. It is the Zen Buddhism book that offers the clue to the final mystery, the murder of Anthony Donn, for it was the discovery of this book that led to Donn's death.

Early in the show, Morse shows an interest in Dr. Grayling Russell, the medical examiner charmingly played by Amanda Hillwood. But the only time they meet is when they're at a crime scene—a rather awkward spot in which to ask someone for a date.

The missed opportunity makes one wonder if Morse will ever find the right woman. Ironically, for all of his bad luck with the opposite sex, the British tabloids recently called Morse "one of the sexiest men on TV."

John Thaw, who has made the Morse role his own, insists that the above praise does not apply to him. "Women," Thaw says, "think Morse is sexy, not me. It's nothing to do with the way he looks; it's just the way he is. Morse likes women; he's sensitive and romantic and he doesn't hide it if he's attracted to someone. But he's also a challenge. Women see him as the eternal bachelor. They think they can change him, but he's so set in his ways, it's impossible."



DISC-O-TEEN

Continued from page 90

isted. After the affair, Zach commented to a New Jersey *Star Ledger* reporter that, 25 years after the show went off the air, the reunion was "like finding a lost family."

The demise of DISC-O-TEEN took Zacherle down a road culminating in his 70s and 80s career as an FM radio D.J. "This friend of mine, as the show closed down, said 'Why don't you go to WNEW-FM?' They decided to grab the format that WOR-FM had begun, which was called 'progressive rock.' So the guy I went to at WNEW asked his son, and he said it would be a good idea to have Zacherle on."

Asked how he put it all in perspective, John Zacherle looks back on the DISC-O-TEEN era with an air of amusement and sums it up with a smile: "I never anticipated doing this show or doing horror movies, either. My whole life has been never anticipating what was happening. No planning at all!"



Richard Scrivani is a regular contributor to Scarlet Street. The photographs in this article come from his personal collection.

The Cool Ghoul played ghostly host to a slew of New Jersey rock 'n' rollers hoping to make it into the big time.



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This year's batch of new titles is one of the best selections we've ever had. Most of them rare and on video for the first time. PLEASE NOTE: We have a new category this year, MARTIAL ARTS THRILLERS. We hope you enjoy the action-packed titles in this new section. Some of them are pretty amazing.



SCIENCE FICTION

THE LOST CONTINENT (1951) Cesar Romero, John Hoyt, Hugh Beaumont, Hillary Brooke, Whit Bissell, Acquafredda. An atomic-powered rocket disappears over the south pacific. An expedition to recover lands on an unknown jungle island filled with bloodthirsty dinosaurs. From 35mm. \$173

INVASION U.S.A. (1952) Peggie Castle, Gerald Mohr, Dan O'Herlihy, Noel Neill. The U.S. is invaded by unknown enemy troops. Bombs are dropping on major cities and installations including an H-bomb on New York. A 50s gem. From 35mm. \$167

GEISHA GIRL (1952) William Andrews, Martha Hyer, Archer MacDonald. A forgotten sci-fi film. A mad scientist develops explosive pills more powerful than nuclear bombs. They fall into the hands of two wacky American G.I.s. The Japanese police send in a super hypnotist to help. From 16mm. \$163

THE JUNGLE (1952) Rod Cameron, Cesar Romero, Marie Windsor. The sole survivor of a jungle expedition returns to civilization with tales of giant, woolly mammoths stampeding in the deepest part of the Indian jungle. Another expedition sets out to find these prehistoric beasts. From 35mm. \$174

KING DINO SAUR (1955) Bill Bryant, Wanda Curtis, Douglas Henderson. An earth rocket lands on a newly discovered planet. The expedition members discover a strange island filled with marauding dinosaurs. They use an A-bomb on it at the film's climax! From 35mm. \$175

HORRORS OF SPIDER ISLAND (1959) Alex D'Arcy, Barbara Valentine. Hilarious schlock about a plane load of models that crash lands on a jungle island. Their manager is bitten by a giant spider and turned into a hairy monster. Ahh! From 35mm. \$166

LAST WOMAN ON EARTH (1960) Anthony Carbone, Betsy Jones-Moreland. NOW IN COLOR! Three people are faced with grim realities when they discover they're the only survivors of a world nuclear holocaust. Roger Corman directed. From 35mm. \$062

GAPPA (1967) Tami Kawai, Yoko Yamamoto, Koji Wada, Yui Otake. Similar to GORG0. A baby reptilian monster is captured and taken to Tokyo for exploitation purposes. It's parents get extremely agitated at this and come after him and slomp Tokyo. Itai! Letterboxed in the scope format. From 16mm. \$169

WHEN WOMEN LOST THEIR TAILS (1971) Sema Berger, Frank Wolff. The sequel to WHEN WOMEN HAD TAILS is another caveman fantasy comedy featuring the scantly clad Ms. Berger. Story concerns rival cave tribes that begin their incompetent preparations for warfare. From 35mm. \$170

INFRA MAN (1975) U Hsiu-Hsien, Wang Hsieh, Terry Ju, Y. Man-Tsu. Possibly the most action-packed sci-fi film ever made. Our title hero battles to save the earth from hordes of horrible monsters. Great fun. Letterboxed in the scope format. From 35mm. \$171

PLANET OF THE DINOSAURS (1978) James Whitworth, Pamela Bellaro, Harvey Shane. A spaceship lands on a distant planet. There the crew finds themselves menaced by many prehistoric dinosaurs. Excellent stop motion animation. From 16mm. \$172

HORROR

THE BAT WHISPERS (1930) Chesler Morris, Jina Merkel, Chance Ward, Richard Tucker. One of the great early, sound horror films. People gathered in an old dark house are menaced by a hooded criminal known as The Bat. Hidden somewhere in the mansion is a fortune. The use of miniatures is superb. From 16mm. H150

THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT (1938) Emily Williams, Ernest Thesiger, Anna Karen, A. A. Hill. A lady is accused of murder. He and his girl are pursued across the dark, rainy countryside only to find themselves in the creepy house of a mad killer who plans to murder them. A must see for 1930s horror fans. PLEASE NOTE: Our video master is somewhat better than our usual standard, but definitely acceptable, especially considering the film's greatness. H191

THE DEAD TALK BACK (1957) Aldo Farnese, Scott Douglas, Laura Brock. A previously unreleased horror film. A scientist creates an apparatus that communicates with the dead! He attempts to contact a murdered girl so she can finger her killer. Pure hilarity. Ed Wood would've worshipped this. From 35mm. H 92

TRAUMA (1962) Lorie Richards, Lynn Bari, John Conte. A gripping psychological horror film about a young girl who suffers from amnesia after witnessing a grisly murder in a swimming pool. She returns to the forbidding, gothic mansion where it happened to discover the truth. Very well done. From 16mm. H194

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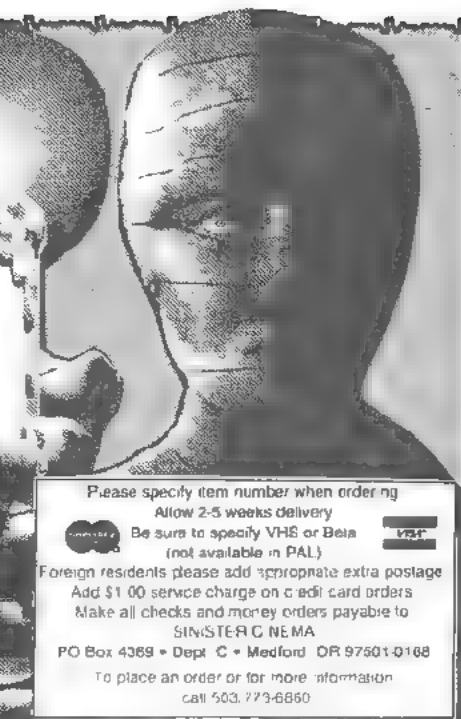
TRAUMA

LYNN BARI JOHN CONTE LYNN WARREN COLE WARREN DAVID GARNER LORIE RICHARDS

TALES OF FRANKENSTEIN/ THE PROFESSOR (1958) Anton Delfring, Don Megowan, Helen Westcott, Ludwig Stossel. TALES OF FRANKENSTEIN marks the marriage between Universal and Hammer. Delfring is Baron Frankenstein, who creates a misshapen monster (played by Megowan in Karloffian makeup). Terrific, old style lab scenes and creepy graveyard settings. We've also added on THE PROFESSOR (1958) starring Doug Hobart as a rampaging villain. Is-between is a ten minute drive-in intermission. It's a knockout. From 16mm and 35mm. H193

BLOOD AND BLACK LACE (1966) Cameron Mitchell, Eva Bartok, Thomas Renner. One of Mario Bava's best. Beautiful models in a luxurious fashion salon are being fiendishly slain by a masked killer wearing a glove with metal claws. A superb atmosphere filled with horror and dread. From a technical 16mm print. H195

THE NIGHT EVELYN CAME OUT OF THE GRAVE (1971) Anthony Steffen, Giacomo Rossi-Stuart, Erika Blanc. A psychotic playboy lures prostitutes into his torture dungeon to satisfy his sadistic cravings. He's haunted by the corpse of his dead wife. An R rated cut, Italian horror film. From 35mm. H196



SCHOOL THAT COULDN'T SCREAM (1978) Fabio Testi, Karin Baal, Johann Fuchsbauer. A teacher from a girls school is having a fling in a boat with one of his students when they see a knife killing on the shore. Other grisly murders follow in this Italian horror thriller. Letterboxed. From 35mm. H197

SWORD AND SANDAL

SAMSON AND THE SEA BEAST (1960) Kirk Morris, Margaret Lee. Samson finds himself at odd with a vicious band of pirates. He's taken prisoner but later freed by a noblewoman who later faces death in a sword fight. Color. From 16mm. \$368

HEAD OF A TYRANT (1960) Massimo Girotti, Isabelle Corey, Renato Baldini. A beautiful girl gives herself to a cruel tyrant who has conquered her city. She parts to gain his affection, then murder him. A long unseen gem. Color and scope. From 16mm. \$369

COLOSSUS AND THE HEADHUNTERS (1963) Kirk Morris, Laura Brown. The mighty Colossus flees to an island after escaping a deadly earthquake. There, he finds himself battling a ferocious tribe of headhunters as he tries to save a deformed queen. One of Morris' better sword & sandal efforts. Color. 8mm. \$370

LAST OF THE VIKINGS (1961) Cameron Mitchell, Edmund Purdom, Isabelle Corey. Two Viking brothers oppose an evil warlord who's proclaimed himself King of Norway. The warlord is destroyed but only one of the brothers survive. Color. From 16mm. \$371



DUEL OF CHAMPIONS (1961) Alan Ladd, Jacques Sernas, Francis Bofors, Robert Keith. A Roman general is captured by the marauding Alans and his troops slaughtered. He escapes and returns to Rome only to find disgrace. Color. From 16mm. \$372

RAY DENNIS STECKLER

Please note: All films in this section come with beautiful color packaging in a sturdy amory box.

THE INCREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURES WHO STOPPED LIVING AND BECAME MIXED UP ZOMBIES (1964) Cash Flagg, Carolyn Brandt, Brett O'Hara. Ray (aka Cash) plays a freebader who visits an eerie spaceship. He's hypnotized and turned into a murdering zombie. Hidden away in caves are other zombie hypnotism victims who escape at the film's climax. From 35mm. RS01

THE THAILL KILLERS (1965 aka THE MANIACS ARE LOOSE) Cash Flagg, Brick Bardo, Herb Robins, Liz Renay, Carolyn Brandt. Probably Ray's best movie. The riveting story of a psycho killer, his loonylunes brother, and two ax-wielding buddies who've recently escaped from the looney bin. An actor and his wife are caught in the middle of their bloodthirsty insanity. From 35mm. RS02

THE LEMON GROVE KIDS (1966 aka LEMON GROVE KIDS MEET THE MONSTERS) Cash Flagg, Mike Cannon, Carolyn Brandt, Coleman Francis. Experience some of the wackiest humor ever as Ray and his buddies do their amazing imitations of the Bowery Boys while battling aliens and monsters. Ray's imitation of Huntz Hall is virtually perfect. From 16mm. RS03

RAT PINK A BOO BOO (1986) Vin Saxon, Carolyn Brandt, Titus Moebe. Carolyn plays the girlfriend of a rock singer. When she's kidnapped by thugs, The Blue Characters swing into action. Almost dreamlike in its moodswings. Original title was RAT PINK AND BOO BOO but the illist at the lab blew it. From 35mm. RS04

BLOOD SHACK (1971 aka **THE CHOOPER**) Carolyn Brandt, Ron Haydock, Jason Wayne. A creepy film about an actress who inherits a ranch with a haunted house. A hooded, sword-wielding, devil god is believed to have committed many sayings there, including the recent murder of a young girl. From 16mm. RS05

BLOOD SHACK (1971 aka **THE CHOOPER**) Directors Cut! This film's original, hour-long running time was unacceptable to distributors, so Ray "padded" it out to over 70 minutes. In his new edition, Ray has carefully stripped out the "padding" and reconstructed the film to its intended running time. The result is a better paced and highly atmospheric. It also boasts a new music score. Specify, "DIRECTORS CUT" From 35mm. RS06

BODY FEVER (1970, aka **THE LAST ORIGINAL 'B' MOVIE** aka **SUPER COOL**) Ray Dennis Steckler, Carolyn Brandt, Bernard Fein. The ruthless leader of a dope ring is after the woman who ripped him off. It's up to a clever private eye to find her before the drug boss does. Interesting, exciting, and witty. From 16mm. RS07

THE HOLLYWOOD STRANGER MEETS THE SKIDROW SLASHER (1970) Pierre Agostino, Carolyn Brandt. Two maniacs are on the loose. One slashes the throats of alcoholic men, the other strangles call girls. The two are strangely attracted and this leads to a bloody climax. Definitely rated "R". From 35mm. RS08

LAS VEGAS SERIAL KILLER (1985) Pierre Agostino, Ron Jason, Kathryn Dawry. Based in part on a true story, this grisly film is about a sadistic killer of young show girls and prostitutes. Rated "R" for nudity and violence. From 35mm. RS09

EXPLOITATION

YOUTH AFLAME (1958) Joy Reese, Warren Burr, Kay Morley. The tale of two sisters. One good, one bad. The bad one seeks thrills and excitement, the good one tries to see her straight. Gee what an original picture. Great cast. Re-released in 1959 as **HOOCH GIRLS**. From 35mm. X075

VIOLATED (1954) Jill Dawn, Vicki Carlson, William Marfel, Jason Nile. Police are baffled by a series of hair-fetish murders in which the killer stays in his victims and then gives them a haircut. The suspects are a paunchy old man with a thing for young girls and a sexy photographer. Unbelievable. From 35mm. X078

FRIGID WIFE (1981) Jeanne Neher, Sid Noel, Robert Clarke, Reed Hadley. A really hokey, enjoyable exploitation film about a frigid wife who goes to her husband for help. He tries to strangle her out by telling her the story of another couple who had the same problem. They don't make any like this anymore. From 35mm. X077



SUBURBAN ROLLETTE (1987) Bill Keavin, directed by Hershel Gordon Lewis. The kind tale of sexually frustrated housewives and husbands in suburbia and what they do to relieve these frustrations. Not as risqué as some of Lewis' other films, but very suggestive and most enjoyable in its own low budget way. From 35mm. X079

JUVENILE SCHLOCK

DEVIL ON WHEELS (1947) Noreen Nash, Darryl Hickman, Jan Ford, James Lawdell. A man and his family have a londer blunder in their new car with a traffic judge. Soon after the man's son gets involved in drag racing, which leads to tragic results. One of the first 'D' movies to deal with hot rods. APMC film. From 16mm. J530

THE CURFEW BREAKERS (1957) Regie Toomey, Paul Kelly, Cathy Downs, Marilyn Madison. A gas station attendant is murdered by a crazed, teenage drug addict. This prompts community leaders to look into the problem of teenage drug traffic. An initiation Elus is also featured. From 35mm. J531

DANGEROUS YOUTH (1958) Frankie Vaughan, Carole Leslie, George Bellar. British teen idol Vaughan stars as a tough, Liverpool gang member who becomes a rock and roll star and the lines himself in the army. An interesting premise considering Elvis has just been drafted. From 16mm. J532

LOST, LONELY AND VICIOUS (1959) Ken Clayton, Sandra Giles, Lynn Chauvin, Barbara Wilson. In this rare 'D' movie, Clayton plays a young actor with dreams of stardom. He falls around with a bevy of beautiful babes only to find himself in hot water because of it. From 35mm. J529

THE CHECKERED FLAG (1963) Peggy Vendig, Joe Morrison, Charles Martin, Evelyn King. A wild movie. The wife of an aging millionaire race car driver talks a young rookie into helping her dispose of her hubby. Their plan brings horrifying results. The ending of this film is a knockout, and not what you expect. Similar in some ways to **FREAKS**. Lots of racing scenes. From 35mm. J533

MYSTERY-SUSPENSE-FILM NOIR

PLEASE NOTE: All titles in this section are just \$12.95, plus \$2.05 per title for packaging, handling, and postage.

NIGHT BIRDS (1930) Jameson Thomas, Muriel Angelus, Jack Raut. Early British mystery thriller about a mealer criminal named "Flash Jack," who heads a gang of top-hatted robbers that rob the wealthy. A detective tracks the scoundrels to a posh night club. M219

THE KING MURDER CASE (1932) Conway Teele, Natalie Moorhead, Don Alvarado, Marceline Day. A vicious young woman becomes involved with blackmail. Murder soon follows in this nifty Chesterfield whodunnit. From 16mm. M220

PRISON SHADOWS (1936) Eddie Nugent, Lucille Lund, Joan Barclay, Forrest Taylor. A fighter is convicted of manslaughter for later his opponent with a punch that landed after the bell had rung. After he's paroled the same thing happens again! A three-filing girlfriend is banded this bizarre murder plot. From 16mm. M221

SWAMP WOMAN (1941) Ann Corio, Jack LaRue, Jay Novello, Mary Hull. An escaped convict is pursued into bayou country by the police in this PRC rarity. Ann plays a dancer recently returned to her swamp country origins who becomes involved in the situation. Her "leak peering" dance scene is a hot number. A little spicely the first 10-15 minutes. From 16mm. M222

TRIPLE DECEPTION (1956) Michael Craig, Brenda de Branzie, Julie Arnall. The setting is Paris. A daring impostor is linked to a multi-million dollar murder ring. An exciting British mystery shot on location. From 16mm. M223

STARK FEAR (1962) Beverly Garland, Skip Homeier, Kenneth Tobey. The sadistic tale of a man who mentally tortures his wife and eventually plans to murder her. The rape scene involving Garland is most disturbing. Not a "happy" film by any standards, but well acted by its three principle players. From 16mm. M224

EVERY MAN IS MY ENEMY (1970) Robert Webber, Elsa Martinell. This is a gripping well made crime thriller about an international gang that tries to pull off a jewel robbery. When it fails, the American member of the gang attempts to find out who the traitor was in the go. Color film. M225

DIARY OF AN EROTIC MURDERESS (1978, aka **DIARY OF A MURDERESS**) Marnia Neil, Richard Conte, Anthony Stoklos. Almost a horror film. A femme fatale worms her way into the mansion of a millionaire played by Conte. After disposing of him, she goes after his son. An interesting Italian gothic thriller with a twisted, sardonic ending. From a gorgeous 35mm print. M226

SPY, ESPIONAGE, AND INTRIGUE

GUERILLA GIRL (1953) Helmut Dantine, Marianna. This well paced espionage thriller is centered in Greece during WW2. A widowed gypsy girl locks horns with Nazi intelligence. Originally released by United Artists. From 35mm. SP11



PATTERN FOR PLUNDER (1952) Keenan Wynn, Mai Zetterling, Ronald Howard. A quartet of WWII vets search for a fortune in lost Nazi loot. They arrive at an ancient coastal castle overlooking a beach riddled with quicksand where the cursed "tidal wave" of San Michel has taken many lives. Mystery and horror elements add to this erotic B+ thriller. From 35mm. SP12

KEEP TALKING BABY (1981) Eddie Constantine, Mariella Luzzi. Eddie's framed for murder and ends up in prison. He escapes and rounds up the organization that put him there. From 16mm. SP13

TARGET FOR KILLING (1968) Stewart Granger, Cliff Jurgers, Molly Peters, Adolfo Celi. A secret agent is sent to Lebanon to prevent a crime syndicate from assassinating a young heiress. Our debonair agent saves the girl and wins her affections as well in this very well made Italian spy thriller. From 16mm. SP14

JUNGLE THRILLS

COW THE KILLER (1931) Documentary. The first talkie dealing with Cannibalism. Savage martial rights, native sexual behavior, and sacrificial ceremonies are just some of the light topics covered in this obscure jungle documentary. From 16mm. J045

FORBIDDEN JUNGLE (1950) Don Harvey, Forrest Taylor, Alyce LaPlante. A big game hunter is hired to track down a missing boy who's grown up wild in the jungle. He befriends the young jungle boy and prevents him from being taken into captivity. Has a real schlocky B&W movie feel to it. Fun. From 16mm. J046

TARZANA, THE WILD GIRL (1972) Ken Clark, Fran Poles. A plane crashes in the jungles of Africa. Years later an expedition finds a girl who may have survived the crash. She's beautiful, scantily dressed, and living wildly in the jungle. Similar to **JANE JUNGLE GODDESS**. Rated "R". From 35mm. J047

WANG WANG (1963 aka **KARAMOJA**) One of the strangest jungle documentaries ever filmed. "They live on blood and beer" the ads claimed. An inside look at many of the strange customs of an African native tribe. Filmed by an American dentist on safari. Rated "R" upon re-release. J048

FORGOTTEN HORRORS

PLEASE NOTE: All titles in this section are just \$12.95, plus \$2.05 per title for packaging, handling, and postage.

TANGLED DESTINIES (1932) Vera Reynolds, Glenn Tryon, Joyd Whitlock, Doris Hill. An old dark house thriller. An airplane makes a forced landing in the desert. After traveling through a dense fog, the passengers come to a deserted house. Shortly after they enter, the lights go out and a shot rings out! From 16mm. FH45



GREEN EYES (1934) Snively Grey, Charles Starrett, Dorothy Reuter. A costume party at a large country mansion turns to horror when the guests find their host stabbed to death in a closet. A guest and the police try to solve the mystery. From 16mm. FH46

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE (1935) Chick Chandler, Shirley Grey, Dorothy Boyer, Claude King. A reporter sets out to prove the invalidity of circumstantial evidence by staging a fake murder and taking the rap for it. Unfortunately, the "fake murder victim" proves to be really dead! From 16mm. FH48

KELLY OF THE SECRET SERVICE (1936, Lloyd Hughes, Sheila Marmors, Forrest Taylor. A tear gas grenade is thrown into a laboratory and a radio controlled bomb apparatus is stolen. An agent is called in to solve the case which leads him to a creepy mansion honeycombed with secret passageways. From 16mm. FH47

MARTIAL ARTS THRILLERS

THE GODFATHER SQUAD (1973) Bruce Liang, Shirley Compton. Drug traffickers hire a mafia family to murder intergal agents. They're thwarted by a Kung Fu movie star. They offer him a part in a new movie so they can use him to his death. From 16mm. KF01

STING OF THE DRAGON MASTERS (1973) Angela Mao, Joon Ree, Carole Hwang, Nenji Kazama. Korean underground leaders use their martial arts skills against government sponsored street gangs and the police. The niece of a callous priest becomes involved in the activities. From 16mm. KF02

MASTER OF THE FLYING GUILTYLINE (1975) Jimmy Wang Yu, Kam Kang, Lung Kun Yee. In 1732 a one armed rebel of the former Ming Dynasty kills two disciples of a blind martial arts master. The sightless one sets out for revenge armed with an incredible weapon that's hurled through the air upon its victims' heads, thus decapitating them. Non stop action. Scope and 35mm. KF03

NINJA, DRAGON MASTERS OF DEATH (1975) Chen Young, Yang Chin, Kozuki Bruce, etc. A call girl is murdered. Suspicion falls on a steady onetime businessman. Then it's discovered the girl was killed by a secret Ninja poison used only by a renegade Ninja sect. Incredible action. Scope and color. From 35mm. KF04

SUPERMANCHU (1977) Chang Yu, Tien Mi, Pai Ying. A gang of Chinese thugs enters a small inn. They kill the owners and rape their daughter. The owners son a Kung Fu expert, sets out to claim revenge for his dead family. Rated "R". Scope and 35mm. KF05

SPAGHETTI AND EURO WESTERNS

MASSACRE AT MARBLE CITY (1964) Mario Adorf, Brad Harris, Horst Frank, Dorothy Parker. During the gold rush, a rancher is killed by bandits disguised as Indians. The son of the murdered man gets the local sheriff and the Indians to help track down the murderers. A sprawling well done spaghetti western. W009



GUNMEN OF RIO GRANDE (1964) Guy Madison, Fernando Sancho, Madeleine Lebeau, Gerard Touby. Trouble breaks out in a Mexican mining town just south of the Rio Grande. Wyatt Earp is summoned to help clear up the lawlessness. From 16mm. W009

DIANGO SHOOT FIRST (1968) Glenn Saxton, Evelyn Stewart, Fernando Sancho. Django inherits much of the property in a small western town after his father is murdered. Plenty of gunfights and hot girls as Django tracks down the killer. From 16mm. W010

IT CAN BE DONE AMIGO (1971) Bud Spencer, Jack Palance, Renato Cestie, Dany Saval. A western casanova seduces the sister of a tough gunfighter. The gunfighter gets wind of it and comes after him. Look out! There's a nice touch of wit attached to the proceedings. W011

MEXICAN HORROR/SCI-FI

PLEASE NOTE: The following titles are available in Spanish only with no subtitles.



THE ASTRONAUTS (1958 aka **LOS COSMONAUTAS**, Ciavillazo, Asia, Luisa Puerto, Andres Soler. A main female astronaut turns journey into outer space. Their target is the moon in this Mexican sci-fi comedy adventure. In Spanish only. From 35mm. MX01

THE HOUSE OF TERROR (1958 aka **LA CASA DEL TERROR**) Jon Chaney, Jr., Tin Tan, Yolanda Varela. A mad scientist robs graves for his resurrection experiments. One of them happens to be a mummy that when brought back to life, turns into a White Wolf (Loh). Released here as **FACE OF THE SCREAMING WEREWOLF** in Spanish only. From 35mm. MX02

THE BLACK PIT OF DOOM (1954, aka **MISTERIOS DE ULTRATUMBA**) Gaston Santos, Rafael Bertrand. A mad doctor is executed for murder. He comes back from the dead in a horribly disfigured body and seeks to murder his ex-colleagues daughter. A fine Mexican horror film. In Spanish only. From 35mm. MX03

CASTLE OF THE MONSTERS (1967, aka **CASTILLO DE LOS MONSTRUOS**) Ciavillazo, German Robles, Evangelina Elizondo. A Mexican version of A. & C. MEET FRANKENSTEIN. A holywood couple spends the night in a castle where they encounter Frankenstein, Dracula, the Wolfman, the Mummy, even the Creature from the Black Lagoon. In Spanish only. From 35mm. MX04

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Here's the lineup

DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 48 (#DI-48)

HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL (1959) Vincent Price, Carol Ohmart, Richard Long, Carolyn Craig, Elissa Cook. Directed by William Castle. Probably Vincent Price's most widely seen film. One of director Castle's greatest 'gimmick' horror films. An eccentric millionaire and his sleazy wife hold a party in a haunted mansion. Any guest that spends the night receives ten grand...if they're alive in the morning to collect it.

THE BAT (1959) Vincent Price, Agnes Moorehead, John Sutton. Another Alfred Arliss drive-in schlocker we've all grown to know and love. A mad, hooded killer known only as 'the Bat' leaves a trail of terror and murder in a creepy old gothic mansion filled with horrified people. Great fun as the fiend uses his claw-like hand to rip out the gurgling voice of his victims. A slick remake of the 1926 silent classic.



PLUS



DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 50 (#DI-50)

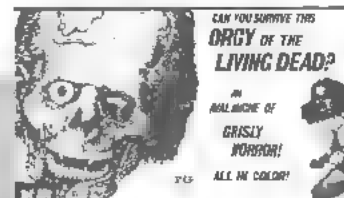
CURSE OF THE DEVIL (1973) Paul Naschy, Faye Falcon. Naschy played a werewolf more times than all the other major horror stars put together. In this Paul's seventh lycanthropic opus, he's turned into a snarling beast by a group of female devil worshippers who are descendants of an ancient witch who was executed by one of Paul's distant relatives 400 years earlier. Recently remastered from 35mm. Definitely rated "R".

TOWER OF SCREAMING VIRGINS (1971) Terry Torday, Jean Plat. In the late 60s and early 70s, imported horror films were bounced all over the place. Paired with one film for awhile, then refiled and paired with another film a few months later. In this well traveled European sexploitation/horror thriller a French Countess who lures off her lovers, disposes of them in very brutal fashion. Recently remastered from 35mm and another definite "R" rating.

DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 51 (#DI-51)

FANGS OF THE LIVING DEAD (1968, aka MELENIKA, Anita Eckberg, John Hamilton, Diana Lorys. Anita inherits a haunted castle where she's terrorized by the niece of a woman who was burned as a witch. This was actually released as part of a triple bill called the 'Orgy of the Living Dead Show', (sorry, our tapes can only hold two movies). Well, two outta three ain't bad.

KILL BABY KILL (1966 aka **CURSE OF THE LIVING DEAD**) G. Ross Stuart, Erica Blanc, Max Lawrence, Directed by Mario Bava. One of the great European horror films of the 1960s. Set in the 1800s. The murderous ghost of a young girl seeks revenge on the villagers that caused her death. Lots of swirling mists, cobwebbed rooms, black cats, and shadowy figures. Overall, an incredible film. Also part of the 'Orgy of the Living Dead' triple bill. UNCUT



Fangs of the Living Dead

Warning: Mario Bava's

Curse of the Living Dead

WARN: NO one ever expected that the first day, when in a mental hospital, as a result of attending a hearing to the horror program. Being a part of the program, when the pictures are showing a lot of insurance policy insuring the lives of each one of the patients. We hope you a lot of advantage at the program. And after entering the next a without doors so at his own risk.

DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 52 (#DI-52)

LOST, LONELY, AND VICIOUS (1950) Ken Clayton, Sandra Giles, Lillian Chauvin, Barbara Wilson. First time on video! In this one of the rarest of all 'D' movies, Clayton plays a young actor with dreams of stardom who fools around with a bevy of beautiful babes only to find himself in hot water because of it. Released by the same folks that gave us **TEENAGE THUNDER**, Howco International.

JAIL BAIT (1955) Timothy Farrell, Steve Reeves, Lyla Talbot, Delores Fuller. When Howco released **LOST LONELY AND VICIOUS** they needed something to play with it for double bill purposes, so in some areas of the country they lagged on this Ed Wood goodie that they'd released a few years before. Farrell plays a gangster wanted for murder who attempts to have his face changed via plastic surgery. The results are disastrous. Ed wrote and directed. A real hilarity.



DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 53 (#DI-53)

BELA LUGOSI MEETS A BROOKLYN GORILLA (1952) Bela Lugosi, Sammy Petrillo, Duke Mitchell, Charlita, Muriel Landers. Spurred on by the earlier success of his **BRIDE OF THE GORILLA**, producer Jack Broder decided to make a comedy-jungle-horror thriller with Lugosi and those infamous Martin and Lewis imitators Mitchell and Petrillo. The result was one of most hilariously awful movies of all time, rivaling **PLAN 9** for pure badness. Bela plays a mad scientist with a formula for transforming a man into a gorilla. Recently remastered and upgraded.

BRIDE OF THE GORILLA (1951), Lon Chaney, Raymond Burr, Barbara Payton, Tom Conway. Jack Broder's Reelart Company made a nice chunk of change on this Voodoo Jungle Thriller. Burr plays a man haunted by a native curse that slowly drives him from the woman he loves (Payton), and into the jungle where he eventually transforms into a gorilla. A nice 'B' Effort with a fine cast. Though it was never part of a standard double bill, it was rereleased in some areas with **BELA MEETS A BROOKLYN GORILLA**.

DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 54 (#DI-54)

BLOOD FIEND (1966) Christopher Lee, Juliet Grey, Jenny Tili. Has a plague of vampirism related Pansy? French law enforcement officers are perplexed by a series of 'blood' related murders. The mystery is centered around a grand guignol stage show and a beautiful young stage actress who seems to be hypnotized. One of Lee's better low budget shockers.

VAMPIRE PEOPLE (1966) aka **THE BLOOD DRINKERS** Ronald Perry, Ed Fernandez. A mad nobleman and his vampire slaves terrify a small town until the villagers finally rise up and turn against them. This very interesting Filipino fright film was shot in a combination of color and sepia tones which give it a pronounced atmosphere of eeriness and dread.



DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 55 (#DI-55)

SWORD AND THE DRAGON (1956) Boris Andrejev, Natalie Medvedeva. A wonderful Russian fantasy. A legendary warrior, Ilya Mourometz, leads a life of fantastic adventures. He fights to save his people from an assortment of horrible monsters including a 3-headed dragon, a wind demon and other legendary creatures. One scene features a mountain of living men. From the director of **MAG C VOYAGE OF SINBAD**. In color. Listen for Paul Frees' voice as the villain.

THE DEVIL'S COMMANDMENT 1956 aka **I, VAMPIRE**, Gianni Canele, Dario Michaelis. Considered by many to be the granddaddy of modern Italian horror films. Directed by the two masters of Italian horror, Riccardo Freda and Mario Bava. The story concerns a mad scientist who kidnaps young girls and drains their blood to help rejuvenate an aging, evil duchess. Recently upgraded and letterboxed in the scope format.



DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 56 (#DI-56)

BLOODSUCKERS (1970) Peter Cushing, Patrick MacNee, Padack Mower, Imogen Hassall. A retired Greek army officer helps a beautiful young girl search for her fiancé who's been put under a spell by a cult of devil worshippers. He's eventually turned into a living vampire via the cult's evil influence. Recently remastered from 35mm. Rated 'R'.

BLOODTHIRST (1966) Robert Winston, Yvonne Nelson. An obscure b+w monster movie about a strange woman who retains youth via ritual killings and weird experiments. Also featured is a cool looking monster that looks like something you would have seen on the Outer Limits. This interesting Filipino horror film sat around for five years before being released stateside.



DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 57 (#DI-57)

THE CHOPPERS (1961) Arch Hall, Jr., Marjanne Gaba, Tom Brown, Bruno Vesota. Now this is a drive in movie. Arch and his gang of J.D. buddies strip abandoned cars along the highway of all valuable parts which they sell to shady used parts dealer, Vesota (who's really excellent in the part). Gaba, who was a Playboy centerfold and Ricky Nelson's girlfriend, is an absolute knockout! This film has a real black and white, drive-in charm that's almost irresistible. Recently remastered from 35mm. From Fairway International.

EGGAR (1962) Arch Hall, Jr., Marilyn Manning, Richard Kiel, William Waters. A camp masterpiece from Fairway International. Truly awful in the most wonderful way. Arch discovers a caveman living in a nearby desert cave, who takes a fancy to his girlfriend Marilyn (who looks absolutely stunning in her bikini). He kidnaps her and her father. Arch comes to the rescue! (what a guy) Subtler than Schlock.

DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 58 (#DI-58)

MONDO BOLDORZO (1964). Hosted by Boris Karloff. FIRST TIME ON VIDEO! From 35mm. In this, what has to be one of the greatest of all mondo movies, you'll see a midjet rock and roll star, Japanese bondage, an oriental opium den, children coke addicts in Ecuador, a transvestite bar and many other totally bizarre customs and happenings. Truly one of the weirdest movies ever made.

SPIDER BABY (1964) Lon Chaney, Carol Ohmart, Jill Banner, Mantar Moreland. One of the best low budget horror films of the '60s. Chaney, in one of the best performances of his career, is the household master of an eerie mansion full of reclusive psychos. A tasty blend of pure horror and black comedy that keeps you coming back for more. An unforgettable film.

DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 59 (#DI-59)

HORRIBLE DR. HICCOCK (1962) Barbara Steele, Robert Reming, Montgomery Glenn. Unquestionably one of the better Italian horror films of the 1960s and certainly one of Barbara's best efforts. She plays the unsuspecting wife of a respected doctor who's actually a moving necrophiliac. In addition to this, he also plans on using Barbara as a guinea pig in an experiment to restore the beauty of his first wife, once believed dead but who's actually alive. A tremendous music score.

AWFUL DR. DRLOFF (1962) Howard Vernon, Conrado San Martin, Diana Lorys. First time on video! A mad doctor stalks the foggy backstreets in search of young girls who he kidnaps and murders. He drains their blood and attempts to graft their side to the horribly disfigured face of his daughter. A real stunner, but good. Considered by many to director Jesse Franco's best film and a great example of medical science fiction mixed with pure horror.



DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 60 (#DI-60)

THE FIENDISH GHOULS (1959) aka **MANIA**, Peter Cushing, Donald Pleasence. Probably the best Burke and Hare movie ever made. (no offense, Boris). Cushing is outstanding as the ambitious Dr. Knox who stops at nothing to receive a steady supply of bodies for his research. Very brutal and shocking for its time. Pleasence is in top form as one of the murdering grave robbers. Our print is the final British version, running approx. 90 minutes.

HORRORS OF SPIDER ISLAND (1959) aka **IT'S HOT IN PARADISE**, Alex D'Arcy, Barbara Valentine, Reiner Brand, Heide Neuner, Eva Schauland. First time on video! An airplane full of showgirls and their manager crash lands on a remote island. Their manager is bitten by a poisonous spider and is transformed into a hairy monster. Look out girls! Really corny and campy in the most nonsensical way. From 35mm. Sunny dipping scene, intact!



THIS OFFER ABSOLUTELY ENDS AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT NOVEMBER 30, 1993

Book Ends

The Scarlet Street Review of Books

THE MONSTER SHOW

David J. Skal

W. W. Norton & Co., 1993

432 pages—\$25.00

In his introduction to *The Monster Show*, writer David J. Skal spotlights Diane Arbus, the fashion photographer who achieved notoriety after she turned her camera toward the dark, unexplored fringes of society. Recruiting sideshow freaks, midgets, mental patients, and other of "nature's mistakes" as her subjects, Arbus' disturbing images, unflinchingly rendered in stark black and white, pointed the way toward a new aesthetic in pop art, one which would take a horrible toll on its creator. Arbus committed suicide in 1972, but Skal uses her story as a springboard to launch his self-described "Cultural History of Horror," tracing America's fascination with the macabre from the pre-20s carnival geek shows to our present-day effects-laden horrorfests.

Skal is well up to his task. His last literary venture, *Hollywood Gothic* (Norton, 1992), the saga of Dracula's birth in the mind of Irish writer Bram Stoker and his evolution, via the stage and screen, into a world-renowned symbol of evil, has taken its place among the best horror-film books. *The Monster Show* is scarcely less impressive, as Skal probes through the greasepaint and putty, exploring the themes and subtexts lurking beneath the surface of vintage and contemporary Hollywood monstrosities. What emerges is an informed, witty, and eminently readable fusion of movie history, hard facts, and spirited interpretation, presented on a level of scholarship conspicuously absent from similar cinematic studies.

An indefatigable researcher, Skal has scoured the most obscure archives, tracking down little-known production information on FRANKENSTEIN, DRACULA, *et al.*, and has uncovered some incredible illustrations to supplement his text. (Check out the still of THE MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM on page 173.) Plumbing the old MPPDA (Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America) files proves particularly enlightening, as Skal reveals the ludicrous extent to which the 30s horror films were molded by local and national censorship boards. The greater part of the book, however, is given to

an analysis of how horror movies reflect the times in which they are made. The Hollywood musical may have caught America's unshakable optimism even during the Depression, but the proverbial flip side was represented by the classic monster tales. Vividly capturing the decade's despair, Karloff's sad and brutish Frankenstein Monster silently expressed the audience's seething, barely suppressed desire to strike back at society. In the 50s, Cold War fears gave rise to the atomic leviathans of THEM (1954) and GODZILLA (1956). More recently, such sinister figures as Freddy Krueger and Hannibal Lecter provided a grisly antidote to Reagan and Bush's empty "Don't worry, be happy" posturing.

Some of this isn't exactly original (the flesh-eating zombies roaming the decimated suburban shopping mall in George Romero's 1979 DAWN OF THE DEAD are again embraced as cryptic caricatures of consumerism in the 70s) but fortunately, Skal's background as a novelist is much in evidence. *The Monster Show* has a driving pace and suffers no lack of narrative zest as Skal spans the decades. The author's tendency to wear his social consciousness on his sleeve may occasionally cause readers of a different political stripe to raise an eyebrow (mine remained stubbornly unraised); others may balk at the elevation of Tod Browning as a sort of secular Godfather of the American horror movie.

All quibbles aside, Skal's insights are provocative, his scholarship impeccable, and his writing of a caliber that should humble even the most respected scribes of horror-movie books. *The Monster Show* is an event.

—Michael Brunas

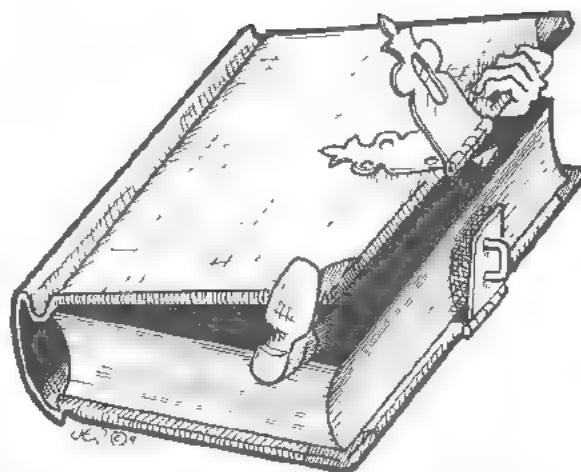
THE WAY THROUGH THE WOODS

Colin Dexter

Crown Publishers, Inc., 1992

296 pages—\$20.00

It's a two-way street. Devotees of the Great Detective are forever up in arms when a film or television portrayal of Sherlock Holmes doesn't toe the Conan Doyle line. They want their Sher-



lock to look like Sherlock, be he an actor who's put on a little too much weight (Jeremy Brett) or one who wears his hair shoulder-length (Anthony Higgins in the recent CBS atrocity SHERLOCK HOLMES RETURNS). On the other hand, what does an author do when an TV series star becomes the definitive representation of his character?

If the author is Colin Dexter, creator of Inspector Morse, he lets a little television find its way into his novels—which explains why reading Dexter's latest Morse mystery, *The Way through the Woods*, is very much like reading a novelization of one of the TV episodes. One of the best episodes. Perhaps the best episode.

Dexter certainly doesn't rest on the laurels of the TV series and its stars, John Thaw (Morse) and Kevin Whately (Detective Sergeant Lewis). *The Way through the Woods* has an abundance of riches: pithy quotations, fine character dialogue, an engrossing murder mystery, a map of the crime's timbered landscape, and a plethora of incidental (and not so incidental) puzzles of the sort to please the crossword-solving soul of the Chief Inspector.

Winner of the Gold Dagger Award for Best Crime Novel of the Year, *The Way through the Woods* concerns the disappearance and probable death of a young girl. Morse cries murder, but without a corpse he's having a hard time convincing anyone—at least until an anonymous poem, a clue to the crime, turns up at police headquarters. What follows is a thoroughly engrossing mystery with more twists and turns (and much more fun) than a mirror maze.

Fans of the TV series can only hope that *The Way through the Woods* will eventually find its way to the small screen. (Thaw has decreed that he's through playing Morse, but we must travel hopefully; there's talk of a special.) Meanwhile, those who have yet to discover the hard-drinking, classical-

music-loving Chief Inspector and his ever-patient Detective Sergeant on the pages from which they sprang should delve into *The Woods* at their earliest possible convenience.

—Richard Valley

GUIGNOIR AND OTHER FURIES

Edited by George Hatch
Horror Head's Press, 1991
144 Pages—\$6.95

Guignoir and Other Furies is an excellent collection of short horror stories, published by Horror Head's Press. In his introduction, editor George Hatch explains that the book's title is symbolic of the merging of two genres, the Grand Guignol and the film noir, resulting in 13 extremely dark, downbeat, and often savage stories.

"Guignoir" is also the title of one of the best stories in the book, by Norman Partridge. Told in first-person narrative by Frank McSwain, it concerns the shady dealings of Frank; his twin brother, Larry; and their father, who all work a seedy carnival which once made a stop in Fiddler, a small town in California. Years ago, an infamous


mass murderer named Hank Caul went on a rampage in Fiddler, killing and then skinning his victims. The boys' father bought Caul's car, a 1950 Nash, as a carnies attraction and is currently working on a deal to buy an even more gruesome souvenir. But the town fathers of Fiddler prove to be just as devious as the carnies, and when Larry dies as a result, Frank decides to go on a grisly vengeance spree worthy of Hank Caul.

"Blessed be the Bound," by Lucy Taylor, is another stunning story. Also written in the first person, it details the final hours of a young woman in a prison cell, awaiting her sentence, which turns out to be a most graphic and horrible punishment. Although it is a very short tale, Taylor effectively describes a frightening, Big Brother like America that is caught in the grip of religious fanaticism. "Dark Angel, Archangel," by Kevin J. Anderson, is a more fanciful (though equally enjoyable) story concerning a battle of wills between the Grim Reaper and his replacement, the White Lady. The Grim Reaper has been master of death for centuries, taking souls both human and animal, until his masters, the mysterious beings

known as the Aurorae, decree that it is time for another mass extinction on earth. But the Reaper, proud of the respect he has gained from the humans, refuses to do the Aurorae's bidding, causing them to strip him of his powers and replace him with someone who can—and will—give the human race the same fate as that of the dinosaurs. Still, the Grim Reaper is not by any means down for the count.

Another marvelous story, Graham Watkins' "Balefire," involves two Vietnam vets who are haunted by an atrocity they witnessed during the war. The serial killer in William J. Laughlin's "Stabstrack" sees himself as an artist, leaving his dead victims lying in the street as works of art to be reviewed by the media. As gruesome as this may sound, Laughlin manages to inject some underlying humor into this superb story. There are other good yarns in *Guignoir*, such as Scott H. Urban's "The Chute" and Gerard Houarner's "The Concrete Labyrinth," as well as some stories that fall short. Overall, this collection is highly recommended to anyone looking for something different in horror.

—Sean Farrell



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**DETECTIVE STORIES
FROM THE STRAND MAGAZINE**

Selected by Jack Adrian
Oxford University Press, 1991
374 pages—no price listed

**STRANGE TALES
FROM THE STRAND MAGAZINE**

Selected by Jack Adrian
Oxford University Press, 1991
373 pages—no price listed

On the few occasions when I have thought of *The Strand Magazine*, it was for its role as publisher of the Sherlock Holmes stories by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Yes, there was other material in it, but it really existed for Holmes. These books have cured my blinkered vision.

Jack Adrian, in his introduction, gives the reader a fine portrait of George Newnes, publisher of *The Strand* as well as other popular magazines of the time, and his chief editor, H. Greenhough Smith. He includes an engrossing capsule history of the magazine from its inception in 1890 (the first issue, dated January 1891, went on sale before Christmas 1890) to its demise in 1950. This was a revelation, as I had always associated *The Strand* with Victoria's England, a world of hansom cabs, top hats, walking sticks, and whalebone corsets, when in reality it survived through two world wars and changed with the times.

Adrian has written an introduction for each book, and both are well worth reading. Forewords, introductions, and authors' biographies in this sort of collection are often little more than icing on the cake—pretty, perhaps, but superfluous. Jack Adrian's work is an exception. He is a reader's dream of an editor, with a clear, clean writing style and an obvious love of his material.

Each chapter is prefaced by small word sketches of the authors involved. Adrian has managed to bring these men and women to life, giving us glimpses into their lives, personal foibles, and writing styles, along with such tit-bits of information as this excerpt from his piece on author Augustus Muir:

Time has taken its revenge on at least one of his articles: in 1930 he wrote a fulsome piece about his visit to "A Treasure-House of Books," the home of Thomas J. Wise, the greatest bibliophile of his day—soon to be brought down . . . as the greatest humbug, forger, and literary scoundrel of his day.

In his bio of Mr. Beverley Nichols, Adrian writes:

When reviewing one of Nichols' books Graham Greene insisted on picturing him as a maiden lady . . . in rather old-fashioned mauve with a whalebone collar.

Do not miss the chance to meet these authors, both the famous and the forgotten. They are, in their own ways, as fascinating as their stories.

Now for the meat of the matter: the stories themselves. This is a truly eclectic collection, widely varied in time period, substance, and writing styles. Not every story will appeal to every reader, but a majority will appeal to all.



John Thaw as Inspector Morse

For *Strange Tales*, the editor has assembled a potpourri of ghosts, madmen, monsters, and cataclysms to interest the most jaded. I had expected these stories to be rather dated, and in language and viewpoint they mostly are. In structure, however, in the building of suspense and in the mostly bone-chilling finales, these pieces are as fresh as anything done today.

"Waxworks," by W. L. George, starts with a date between two common people and builds to a shattering climax. It would be very much at home on Karloff's old THRILLER series. "A Torture of Hope," by Villiers de l'Isle Adam, reads as if it were a postscript to Poe's "The Pit and the Pendulum." L. T. Meade's "A Horrible Fright" reminded me of those few occasions on which I found myself alone in a subway car—except for one other person.

In "The Black Grippe" by Edgar Wallace and "The Fog" by Morley Roberts, we are given two wildly differing takes based on the subject of blindness. "The Thames Valley Catastrophe," by Grant Allen, could easily have been the plot for an Irwin Allen disaster movie. Indeed, the worst I can say about this book is to quibble about the dust jacket illustration. The moment I saw it, I wondered what Adolf Hitler was doing in an Edwardian wax museum. Surely someone at the publisher's must have noticed the resemblance!

Detective Stories is also a book with something for everyone. Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot is here in "The Dream," as is G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown in "The Vampire of the Village," a new story for me. I found "Tokay of the Comet Year" by H.

Warner Allen to be well-written and full of well-drawn characters, but something of a cheat, as the solution requires specialized knowledge not available to the reader. All in all, however, this collection provides a marvelous view of English crime.

This brings me to my one quarrel with this book, namely the title. The middle chapters of the collection, from "Legal Niceties" to "Mostly Murder," simply do not belong in a volume which purports to contain only detective stories. These pieces are almost all interesting, and some are brilliant, but there are no detectives, either amateur or professional, involved. If I had to use one word to describe such a diverse lot, it would be "mystery." Substitute this word for "detective" and you have the proper title for this book.

The last chapter, titled "The Master," is, of course, pure Holmes. Here are three of Conan Doyle's works, ranging in date of publication from 1904 to 1926, plus a pastiche by Ronald Knox upon which Sir Arthur himself might have looked with pride.

Finally, Adrian presents us with an unsolved mystery—namely, the true identity of the author of "Inquest." The name "Loel Yeo" pops up once as the name of the author of this story and is never heard from again. Adrian has searched other magazines in vain, and has even tried using the name as a anagram, to no avail. He cannot believe that the wit, style, and substance shown in "Inquest" were whipped up as a one-shot deal, and neither can I. My best guess is that some literary giant, publicly disdainful of the genre, created it, but who? Here is a case demanding some genuine detective work. Happy hunting!

—Ken Schactman
Photo © WGBH/Mobil

BELA LUGOSI SCRAPBOOK

Continued from page 64

Victor Fleming and his RENEGADES company with Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy, Noah Beery, George Cooper, Gregory Gaye, Bela Lugosi and other Fox players, are on location in the Mojave Desert, but they are not suffering much from the intense heat.

Water is being sprayed on their tents. In addition, special electric refrigerators are with the unit. These have been wired to the generators ordinarily used for outdoor lighting.

—*Telegraph*, New York, New York,
August 22, 1930

Something in the nature of foreign politics was the basis of many talks between two actors appearing in the Fox picture, RENEGADES. Bela Lugosi and Gregory Gaye met during scenes of this story of the Foreign Legion and compared notes. Lugosi was an infantry captain during the World War and had to flee his native Hungary when he found himself on the wrong side of the political fence after the Armistice. He came to America as a political refugee and then became an actor.

Gaye's experience was fleeing Russia, where he was a cadet at the Russian Naval Institute during the war, and joining Kolchak's White army.

—*Telegraph*, New York, New York,
September 16, 1930

OH, FOR A MAN (1930)

Lugosi received sixth billing in his next motion picture. The original title, STOLEN THUNDER, the title of the magazine story by Mary F. Wilkins, was finally released as OH, FOR A MAN.

From the tensely dramatic role of Dracula, in the stage play of that title, to the quite mild role of a singing teacher in OH! FOR A MAN! at the Fox, is a far leap for Bela Lugosi, eminent Hungarian actor, but he bridges the gap nicely. The Mary F. Wilkins story concerns a burglar and a prima donna, with the burglar entering the prima donna's apartment to steal her jewels and remaining to steal her heart. Later the prima donna marries him and encourages him to train his voice, and that is where Lugosi enters, as the singing teacher of a burglar.

—*News*, Hollywood, California, November 16, 1930

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN (1931)

Before the release of DRACULA, Lugosi took a small part in FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN, an Olson and Johnson comedy. Notices for the film are sparse in Lugosi's scrapbook, but they attest to his growing star status, all thanks to DRACULA, which allowed him to ask for and receive much higher salaries:

One of the highest salaries in the history of filmdom has just been paid.

Five hundred dollars a minute was the figure and it was doled out to Señor Bela Lugosi for a part in

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN at Warner Brothers.

To get Lugosi for the part they had to agree to pay him a guarantee of one week's salary, or \$1000. He was to play the part of an East Indian magician.

He rehearsed the part twice—that took about ten minutes—and worked before a camera for exactly two minutes. He got the grand.

Lugosi came to Hollywood to play Count Dracula in Universal's film version of the play, DRACULA, in which he created the name role.

—*Telegraph*, New York, New York,
September 25, 1930

All the while Universal was trying to decide whether or not to go ahead with the filming of DRACULA. One of the main concerns of the front office was the repulsive nature of the subject itself. Still, the sensationalism of the vampire theme and its continuing great success on stage finally convinced Universal to launch into production. When it became known that the studio was searching for someone to play Count Dracula, speculation in the press centered upon Lon Chaney, Conrad Veidt, Bela Lugosi, and others.

Louella Parsons ran a piece on the impending film, noting that Tod Browning had suggested a relatively unknown actor for the lead role: "I favor getting a stranger from Europe," says Tod, "and not giving him a name. It takes away from the thrilling effects of the story." Then the news broke that Lugosi had been signed to play the role:

Bela Lugosi, the only logical man for the role of the vampire in DRACULA, has been given the role after weeks of tests and uncertainty. Practically every well-known character actor in the business has been considered for the role before Lugosi was signed.

The noted actor had played the role on the stage in Europe and America for many years and was held by many as the man for the film version.

Universal officials made a special trip to the northern part of the state where Lugosi was starring in DRACULA, before finally deciding upon him.

Lugosi was definitely signed for the role on Saturday. He will start work at Universal on the weird drama about September 22. Tod Browning, director of many mystery films, including some of Lon Chaney's best pictures, will direct.

—*News*, Hollywood, California, September 15, 1930

Lugosi's scrapbook faithfully chronicles his rise from European screen villain to cinema legend. In much later interviews, Lugosi would wish that American audiences could have been more like European audiences in their willingness to accept an actor in a wide variety of roles. In reality, his alternative to being the horror man was to be a character actor in a career of mediocre renown. I believe he knew this and chose wisely to take the film role as Dracula, even though he knew it would probably wed him even closer to the persona he had been trying so hard to escape. Had he lived to see the adulation and respect paid him after 1958, I think Bela Lugosi would have died a man much happier with his decision.



Don G. Smith is an Associate Professor of educational foundations at Eastern Illinois University. He is the author of *Lon Chaney, Jr.*, and *The Cinema of Edgar Allan Poe*, both forthcoming from McFarland. All scrapbook photos courtesy of the author.



Ruth Roman has made several appearances on *MURDER, SHE WROTE*.

RUTH ROMAN

Continued from page 50

know, I was never that career minded. I should have pushed harder, but I didn't. I took a few things that I shouldn't have taken, which is not good. A lot of people want to work just to work, but no, I'm happy. I have a lovely home; I live on the water and I love the water and I have a fine son and no problems.

SS: Are you set for any *MURDER, SHE WROTE* episodes this season?

RR: Not unless they go back to the beauty parlor. The trouble is, once you're cast that way, you can't be called back unless it's for that character. I did about five or six of them—and I mean, what can you do at the beauty parlor? There's not much you can do in a beauty parlor! (Laughs)

SS: Except get a perm. Well, we'll hope to see you on something soon.

RR: You know, I still get an awful lot of fan mail. I get mail from Germany, which I can't understand. I get a lot of mail from Germany and Japan. I'm in the position that most actresses my age are in, you know? They're not writing those parts. It's nice if they would and, if something comes up, I certainly would love to take it—but I'm very content. I had a marvelous career and I was very happy and, God knows, Warner Brothers gave me such press that I can go anywhere in the world and be recognized. It's amazing, the press they gave the contract players. I mean, I don't know how the kids can do it today.

SS: Well, we want to thank you very much for this interview. You've answered every question.

RR: Oh, fine! You can now write a short novel. (Laughs)

THE KILLING KIND

Continued from page 40

scene together, Louise apologizes to Terry for her drunken behavior as he sits playing his guitar by the pool. Terry cuts to the truth behind Louise's rationalizing:

Next time you're stoned, lady, and you don't actually know what you're doing, and you don't actually know that you're horny, and you're not actually yourself, why don't you just hop into a Goddamn cold shower?

Stunned, Louise turns to leave, but, looking back at the boy and his instrument, responds with deadly accuracy:

That thing that you hold so close to you, like a woman. You can't even play it.

Terry smashes the guitar to bits and runs into the boarding house. (That the film's sex object is unable to "perform" is not merely a facile irony, it is the driving force behind the killing.) Louise smiles with grim satisfaction, but continues to watch Terry from her bedroom window throughout the rest of the film.

Savage's boyish charm and brooding mannerisms have served him well in many subsequent pictures, but even as the innocent, relatively well-adjusted farm boy in *HAIR* (1979), the actor brings a slightly off center spin to his roles. Viewers never quite know what's going on behind Savage's intense, tight-lipped demeanor, and the suspicion is always present that it's safer not to know.

A seldom-seen sickie.

—*The Psychotronic Encyclopedia of Film* (1983)

THE KILLING KIND is Curtis Harrington's most neglected motion picture. Coverage is virtually nil in both general and genre-specific film books, including Leonard Maltin's *Movie and Video Guide* (Signet) and (an obvious choice) John McCarty's *Psychos: Eighty Years of Mad Movies, Maniacs, and Murderous Deeds* (St. Martin's Press, 1986). The director's own take on his work has changed with the years. Interviewed in *Cinema* magazine (1974), Harrington said "... I did the film because of my long association with George [Edwards] and the fact that he wanted me to do it. If some producer whom

I didn't know had proposed the same project to me I might have turned it down." Today, Harrington claims "I'm very proud of it; I think it's one of my best films."

He's right; *THE KILLING KIND* is indeed one of Curtis Harrington's best films. After a slightly bumpy start (the rape, staged on a Santa Monica beach, is choppy edited, making it look as though some of the nudity had been trimmed), the director overcomes budget restrictions to produce a coherent, richly detailed work. Harrington is in especially fine form during the murder scenes, enriching what otherwise might have been standard cat-and-mouse suspense by focusing on the terror of Terry's victims, their desperate attempts to escape, to fight back, to cling to life. Like Hitchcock does in *TORN CURTAIN* (1966), Harrington takes pains to show that murder is an often messy, protracted affair; the result is that even so unpleasant a girl as Tina gains a measure of audience sympathy before departing this mortal coil.

In the Movie Psycho Hall of Fame, the forgotten Terry Lambert deserves his place with the Immortals. Vastly superior to such robotic madmen as Jason Voorhees and Michael Meyers, humanly flawed in ways denied such otherworldly assassins as Freddy Krueger, Terry stands side by side with Norman Bates, a boy only a mother could love.

Cast

Ann Sothern (Thelma Lambert), John Savage (Terry Lambert), Ruth Roman (Rhea Benson), Luana Anders (Louise), Cindy Williams (Lori Davis), Sue Bernard (Tina Moore), Marjorie Eaton (Mrs. Orland), Peter Brocco (Father), Helene Winston (Flo)

Credits

A Media Cinema Release. A Media Trend/George Edwards Production. Director: Curtis Harrington. Screenplay: Tony Crechalon and George Edwards. Executive producer: Leon M. Zell. Associate producer: Sal Grasso. Producer: George Edwards. Music composed and conducted by Andrew Belling. Director of photography: Mario Tosi. Assistant director: Jack Robinette. Film editor: Bryon Crouch. Set decorator: John Franco, Jr. Costumes: Tom Rasmussen. Makeup: Joe McK. ney, Sound recordists: George Maly, Vic Williams. Gaffer: Peter Saxby. Music editor: Don Ernst. Script supervisor: Peg Robert Smith. Casting: Caro Jones. Titles and opticals: Modern Film Effects. Prints by Movielab. Rerecording: Todd A-O.

CURTIS HARRINGTON

Continued from page 44

CH: Well, what can I say? The sea is visually fascinating, you know? It's suggestive of the unconscious mind, of being parallel with the conscious mind in relation to the surface world.

SS: *It's almost a character in NIGHT TIDE, really*

CH: Yes. I love pictures of it. I love to photograph it. The other aspect of that is that I was, from quite an early age, fascinated by the seaside communities—Santa Monica and Venice, California. Particularly Venice, California. The very idea of someone building a miniature Venice on the West Coast of California, I think, is a fascinating thing. I was taken there as a child; I have dim memories of being taken to the Venice pier, which, by the time we made *NIGHT TIDE*, no longer existed. It had been torn down. The whole atmosphere of Venice is one of the major elements that I tried to capture in *NIGHT TIDE*. I think it's particularly visible in the chase sequence, where Dennis follows the woman in black to the captain's house. That was all filmed in Venice, California.

Next Issue: GAMES



Curtis Harrington wrote the plot outline for RETURN TO PEYTON PLACE (1961), which author Grace Metalious adapted as a sequel to her original novel, Peyton Place (1956). Pictured: Mary Astor, Tuesday Weld, and Eleanor Parker.

CARROLL BORLAND

Continued from page 70

he did this wonderful double take. Here's Lugosi with blood pouring down his head, and I'm glaring from the back seat. He drove right up on somebody's lawn, honking the horn. Honk! Honk! (Laughs) And we drove off!

SS: *Quietly.*

CB: Quietly. Lugosi and I were chuckling, but I don't think Lillian ever knew what had happened. She was a very logical person. I think it's logical that her son is a lawyer.

SS: *So many articles and biographies paint Lugosi as being humorless . . .*

CB: Lugosi had this marvelous sense of humor that nobody ever saw! But I loved him and it was beautiful. Everything that people said Lugosi wasn't, he was to me. Everything that people did not see in Lugosi, I saw.

SS: *When you first met, it was before his problems with drug addiction . . .*

CB: That came later. He had a bad war wound in his arm. And it hurt. In his films, you never see him carrying things; you never see anything like that. You see him with his arm around someone, but never lifting. I never saw him under the influence of anything. He would come to our house, he would have a glass—a little one—and

that was his tot for the evening. And he would sit. He did take drugs, later; I knew that. But he took drugs 'cause he hurt.

SS: *Did he ever mention Boris Karloff? Did they get along?*

CB: No! They hated each other! Lugosi said that Karloff took his parts, and that was it.

SS: *In a recent issue of Scarlet Street, we published a photo of Karloff and Lugosi smiling at one another.*

CB: Yes! With gritted teeth! (Laughs) Lugosi was a determined actor. It's understandable; I think the hardest thing I ever did was give up theatre. When my daughter Ann was born, I studied child growth and development, and after a hundred years I became a faculty member at Pacific Oaks College. I loved it; I'm not objecting, but—acting is something you don't get over.

SS: *Did you maintain relations with Lugosi after you made MARK OF THE VAMPIRE?*

CB: Yes.

SS: *You were friends?*

CB: Yes.

SS: *Got together?*

CB: No.

SS: *No?*

CB: No. He had a wife and a baby.

SS: *The baby's grown up to be a tall, handsome . . .*



Carroll Borland

CB: He's not tall enough, he's not handsome, and he's not . . .

SS: *Not his father.*

CB: No.

SS: *When did you see Lugosi last?*

CB: The last time I saw Lugosi, he was coming out of a bank as I was going in. We said hello, and that was it. He was going down Sunset Boulevard in a car, and we sort of waved at each other and that was it. But I left Ann in her crib to go to his funeral. He really touched me. He was part of my life. He was a very interesting man and I loved him very dearly. And I like his son.

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THE UNINVITED

Continued from page 34

ish, somewhat scruffy Dr. Scott of the novel becomes the mature and dapper Alan Napier, who confided to interviewer Greg Mank that he regarded this as his "only really good role in Hollywood." Cornelia Otis Skinner's Miss Holloway is one of the few clichés of the movie, but the celebrated stage actress brings the required qualities of veiled menace, icy control, and sexual ambivalence to the role; the character is as explicitly lesbian as the Production Code then allowed.

Donald Crisp, the stalwart actor who turned every character he ever played into, well, Donald Crisp, is shown to fine advantage as Commander Beech. (The actor reportedly holds the record for appearing in more movies than any other.) Starting off in his usual stuffed-shirt mode, Crisp's character takes on added dimension and desperation as the film progresses. Finally dying in his attempt to save Stella from the evil ghost of his own daughter, Beech emerges as the unexpected hero of the drama. (In this, his last scene, Crisp is in particularly good form.)

"There's a Sleeping Beauty magic about the kid," says Rick of Stella, and Gail Russell fully lives up to the description. As angelic as anyone who ever stepped out of a fairy tale, Russell's touching, relaxed, and thoroughly assured performance doesn't bear a trace of the legendary stage fright that was her professional undoing. The downfall of this fine actress is one of the great Hollywood tragedies. (She was found dead at age 36 in an apartment littered with empty liquor bottles.)

Russell was assured of a most promising career after the release of *THE UNINVITED*. She continued her association with Lewis Allen in her next assignment, in which she was given the unique opportunity of actually playing one of her former costars. In *OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY* (1944), based on Cornelia Otis Skinner's autobiographical book, Russell played the actress on a whirlwind European holiday in the 20s. (The picture was successful enough to spawn a sequel, *OUR HEARTS WERE GROWING UP*, two years later.)

Following this excursion into fluff, Paramount tried to rekindle the magic of *THE UNINVITED*, reuniting Allen and Russell for another thriller. Principal photography for the new venture, *FEAR*, got underway in the spring of 1944; the studio cunningly changed the title to *THE UNSEEN* in a bla-

tant attempt to cash in on their earlier hit. The film, often misrepresented as a sequel to *THE UNINVITED*, actually foreshadows 1946's *THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE* (which David O. Selznick was then readying for production) with its focus on a gloomy old house, an imperilled heroine, and a plot designed to keep the audience guessing the identity of a serial killer. Russell played a newly-hired nanny to the two precocious brats of Joel McCrea; the kids seem to know more about the phantom strangler stalking the neighborhood than the police. This handsome shocker had no lack of atmosphere and even managed some powerfully suspenseful scenes, but neither Allen nor co-writer Raymond Chandler could bring much sense to the garbled story line. Critical response to the picture, which was released in 1945, was ho-hum, and Paramount lost their appetite for the horror business.

THE UNSEEN promptly sank into oblivion, but a kinder fate awaited *THE UNINVITED*. Now basking in the warm glow of nostalgia, it retains its power to chill and captivate. (No horror movie catches the lush romance of old-time Hollywood as does the scene of Ray Milland wooing Gail Russell by playing "Stella by Starlight.") In 1992, *THE UNINVITED* stepped back into the spotlight, enjoying a major revival on cable TV (courtesy of American Movie Classics) and a simultaneous, long-awaited home-video release. Its reputation as the definitive ghost movie may be rivalled, but not quite eclipsed, by *THE INNOCENTS* (1961) and *THE HAUNTING* (1963), yet for many viewers, the soft flickering of a candleabra, the tinkling of a piano, a whiff of mimosa, and the ethereal beauty of Gail Russell still represent the supernatural's finest hour on celluloid.



Credits

Released 1944, Paramount Pictures Corporation. Director: Lewis Allen. Screenplay: Dodie Smith, Frank Partos. Based on the novel *Uneasy Freehold* by Dorothy Macardie. Associate Producer: Charles Brackett. Director of Photography: Charles Lang, Jr. Score: Victor Young. Running time: 98 minutes.

Cast

Ray Milland (Roderick Fitzgerald), Gail Russell (Stella Meredith), Ruth Hussey (Pamela Fitzgerald), Donald Crisp (Commander Beech), Alan Napier (Dr. Scott), Cornelia Otis Skinner (Miss Holloway), Barbara Everest (Lizzie Flynn), Dorothy Stickney (Miss Bird), Elizabeth Russell (Mary Meredith).

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Quotations compiled by Sally Jane Gellert

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Obiter Dicta

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"Oh, I don't know, Meg . . . I'm having a bad day—it's been a real bad day."

BETH HENLEY
Crimes of the Heart

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Cinna

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DOROTHY MACARDLE
The Uninvited

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Tales of Mystery and Imagination

She said we were all doomed. We have to find out what she meant.

JON BOORSTIN
Dark Shadows, New Series, Episode 3

Thanatophobia (n): a morbid dread of death, or (sometimes) of the sight of death: a poignant sense of human mortality, almost universal except amongst those living on Olympus.

Small's English Dictionary

Yowsir! Yowsir! Yowsir! Here they are again—those wonderful, wonderful kids, still struggling, still hoping as the clock of fate ticks away. The dance of destiny continues. The marathon goes on and on and on. How long can they last? Let's hear it. C'mon, let's hear it. Let's hear it.

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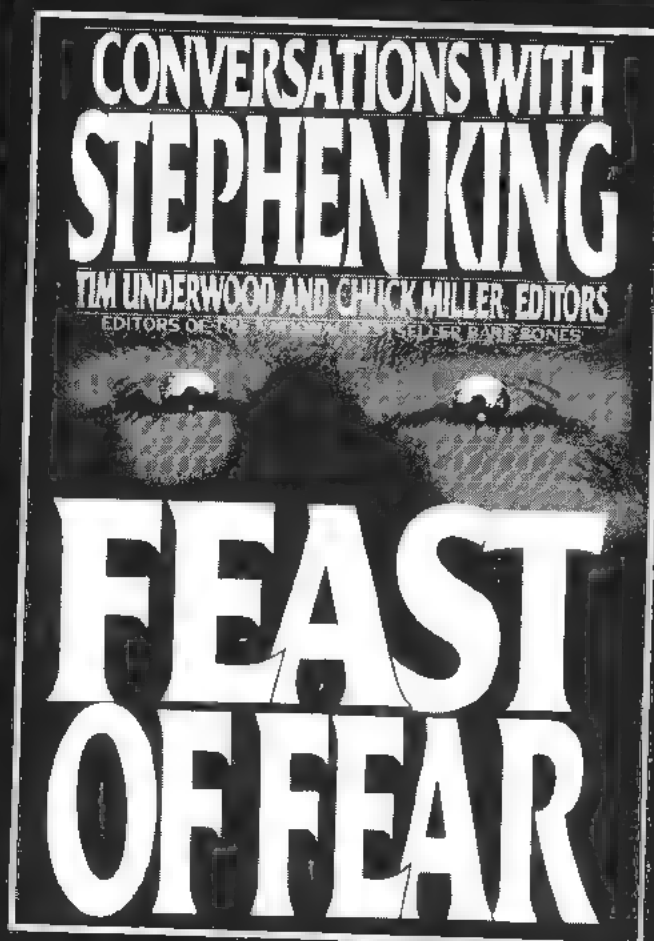
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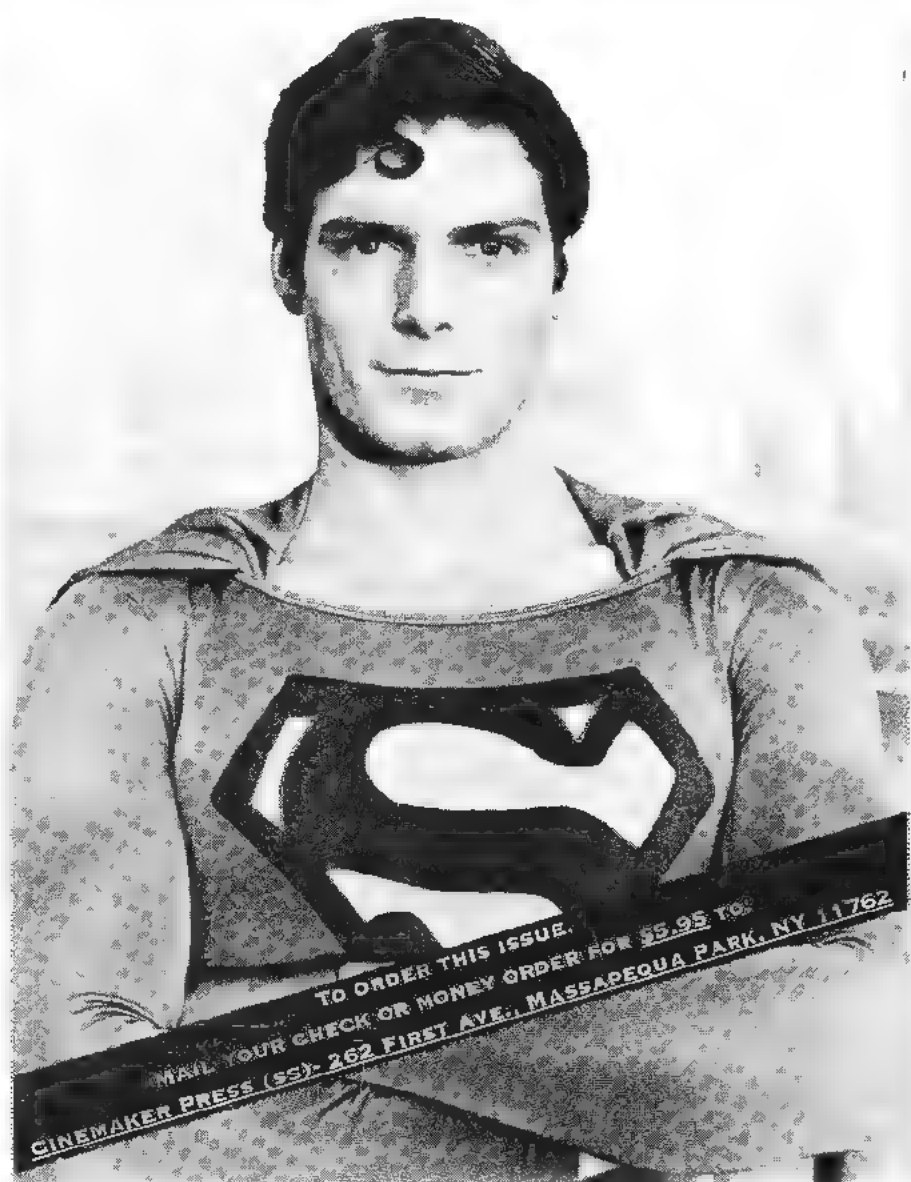
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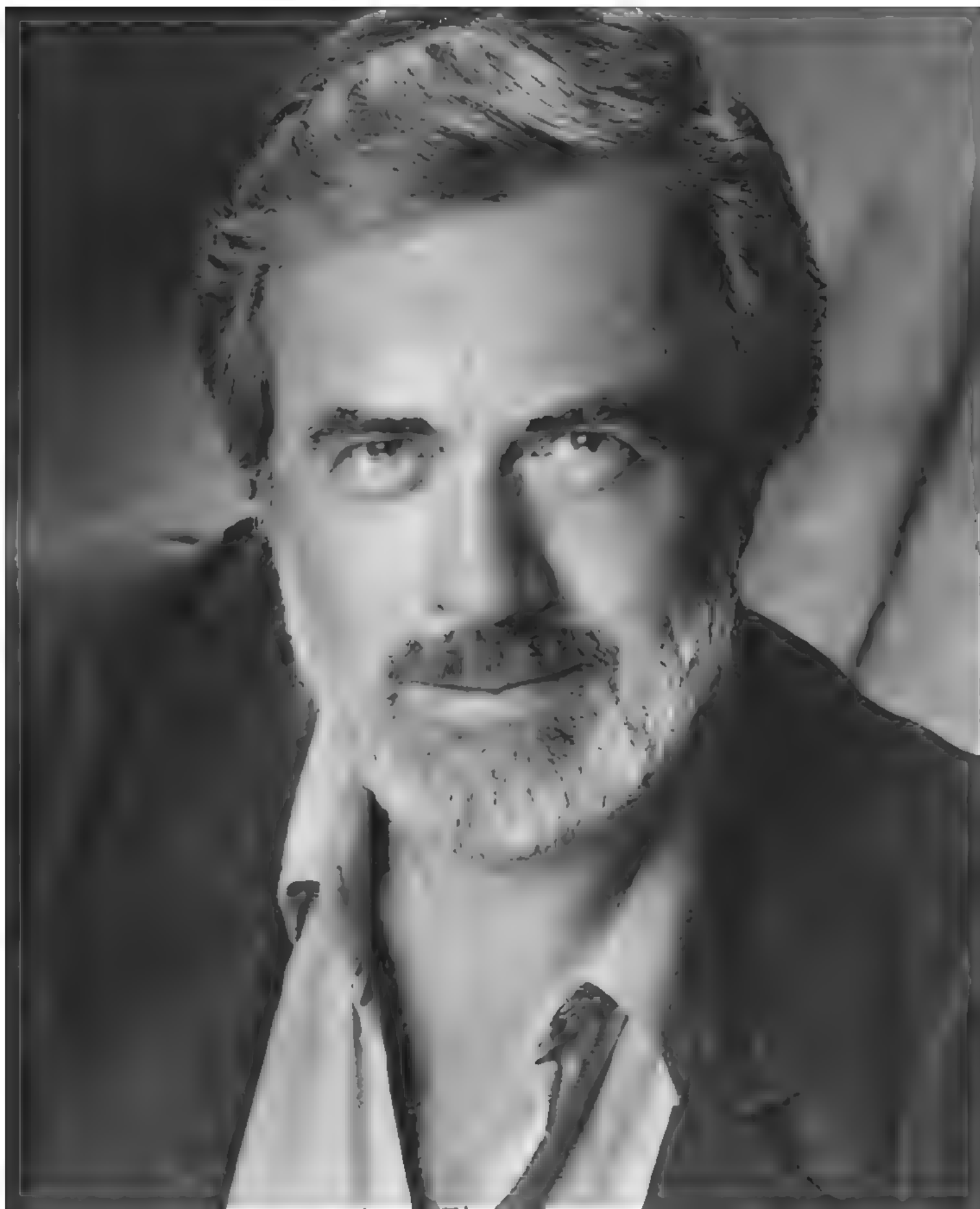
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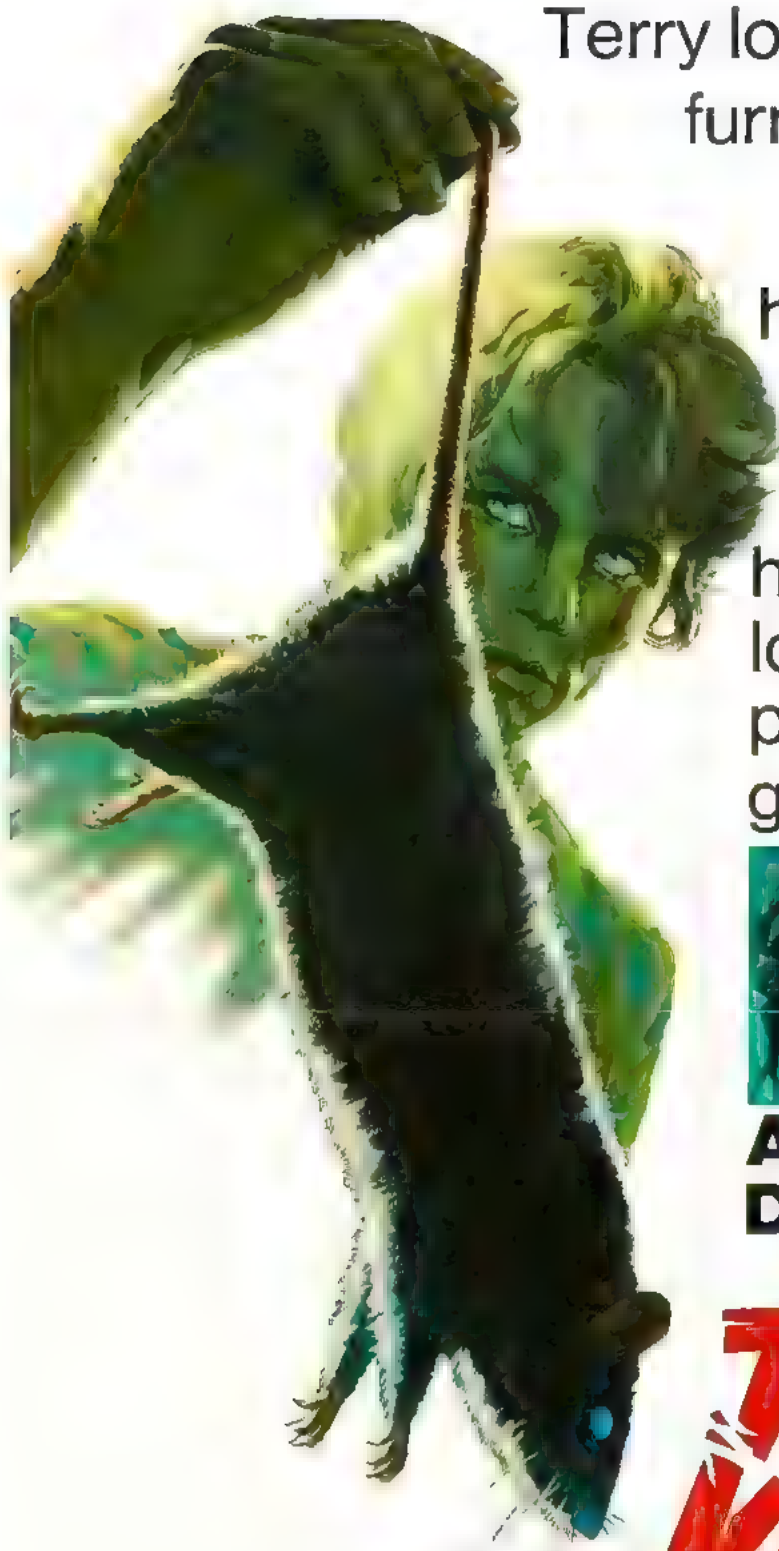
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• I'LL BE THE FIRST
• IF YOU
• DON'T TALK & SING
• SEE A DANCE
• SHE'LL BE THE FIRST
• WHEN A KING COMES

RELEASED BY THE RKO
THEATRE COMPANY

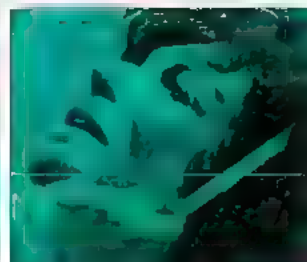
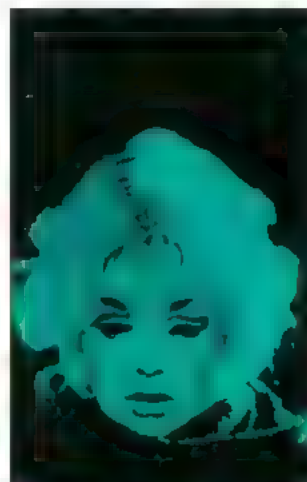
MADE IN
U.S.A.



Terry loved soft,
furry, little animals,

he loved his mother,

he
loved
pretty
girls...



**ALL
DEAD!**



The Killing Kind

PUBLIC NOTICE: You read about Mass Murderers
every day. Now you will learn how to identify them.

R RESTRICTED
Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 17

A MEDIA TREND-GEORGE EDWARDS Production Starring

ANN SOTHERN · JOHN SAVAGE · RUTH ROMAN as Rhea Benson

CO STARRING
LUANA ANDERS · CINDY WILLIAMS · SUE BERNARD · TONY CRECHALES and GEORGE EDWARDS · TONY CRECHALES
SCREENPLAY BY
ORIGINAL STORY BY

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER PRODUCED BY DIRECTED BY ASSOCIATE PRODUCER
LEON MIRELL · GEORGE EDWARDS · CURTIS HARRINGTON · SAL GRASSO · COLOR · A MEDIA CINEMA RELEASE











WAS SHE HUMAN...

or was she a beautiful
temptress from the sea,
intent upon loving,
consuming and killing?

Night TIDE

starring

DENNIS HOPPER with **LINDA LAWSON** as "MORA"
and **LUANA ANDERS** • **GAVIN MUIR**

Produced by **ARAM KANTARIAN** • Written and Directed by **CURTIS HARRINGTON**

An AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL Release • A FLMGROUP Presentation





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NIGHT TIDE

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 2. Введение
 3. Глава I. Общие сведения о предприятии
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 5. Глава III. Анализ хозяйственной деятельности
 6. Глава IV. Анализ эффективности использования ресурсов
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 9. Глава VII. Анализ перспектив развития
 10. Заключение
 11. Список литературы
 12. Приложения

August, at Mountain View, Tenn. (see below for her diary entry on her visit with the author and the party to go over during their stay at Mountain View, Tenn. 1904).

63/60

Disneyland

A DISNEYLAND RECORD

Hi-Diddle-Dee-Dee

29c
LG-736

45
RPM

From the ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK of

WALT DISNEY'S
Pinocchio



plus a Story from Pinocchio

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

© 1954 WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS



👤 "PRISONERS" A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE 🎬



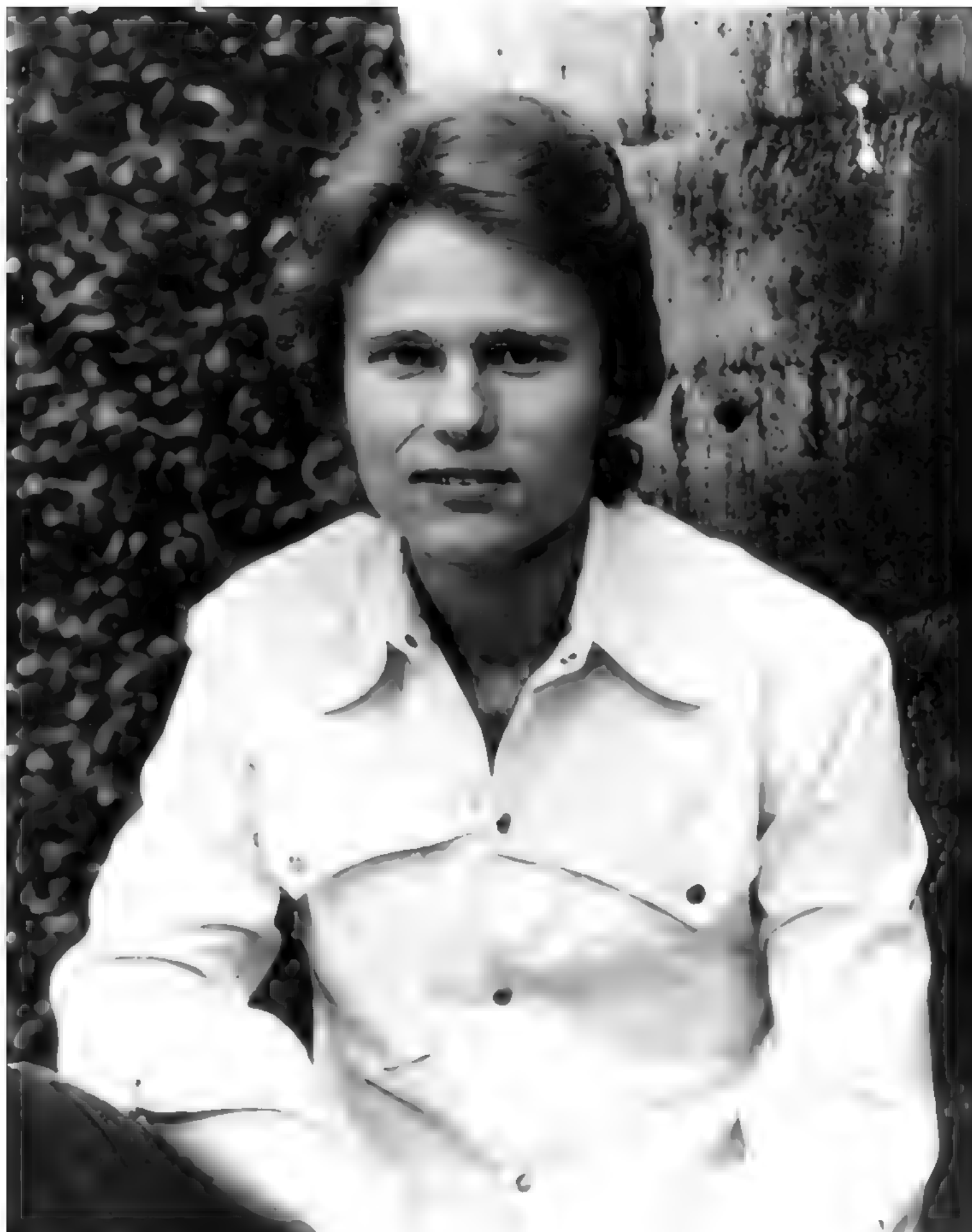








ED 49-10









RAY
MILLAND

RUTH
HUSSEY

DONALD
CRISP

The Uninvited

... CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER ^{and} GAIL RUSSELL
Directed by LEWIS ALLEN Screen Play by Carlo Sironi and Irwin Paltrow A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



From the Most Popular Mystery Romance since "Rebecca"

The Uninvited



The Story of a Love That Is Out of This World!



Introducing the Exciting Beauty of Paramount's New Star, Gail Russell!



starring
RAY MILLAND
RUTH HUSSEY
DONALD CRISP
with
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER
and
introducing **GAIL RUSSELL**



Directed by LEWIS ALLEN • Screen Play by Dodie Smith and Frank Partos • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



















**I HAVE SEEN
"THE UNINVITED!"**



**I NOW KNOW
THE DEAD
CAN STILL
INFLUENCE
THE LIVING!**

**YOU WILL TOO
WHEN YOU SEE
"THE UNINVITED"**